Along the
MISSION TRAIL

In the Netherlands E. Indies

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Pedanda, a Hindu Deity in Bali

Along the Mission Trail

II. In the Netherlands East Indies

By

BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D.

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Foreword

(*From a letter of Bishop Verstraelen to the author*)

After reading with great interest the manuscript of the second volume of your travelog series, I am filled with confidence that the book will accomplish what is intended of it — that is to say, that it will work much good in making our Little Sunda Islands mission far better known than it now is among the American Catholic people.

During the two months that you spent with us, in 1922, you were not only a keen observer of things as they are actually to be found in our mission, but you were ever ready and more than willing to receive information and to be guided in forming your own impressions through recourse to our own missionaries — priests whose long and extensive experience in the Little Sunda Islands has eminently fitted them to see into the very heart and soul of the people, as it were, and to set forth actual conditions as they are to be found, day after day. Thus your book carries with it a note of veracity and of realism not always to be found in such works. To be sure, it stands to reason that in treating of certain matters of more or less local import, you now and then make statements which might be contested in certain quarters; but with questions of this sort it is utterly impossible to suit all. Many, many travelers, and even our own missionaries, are often found to differ in their estimation of certain lo-

cal characteristics, traditional customs or missionary problems. But I am sure that you have, all in all, given a truthful and rather vivid picture of our mission life here, and that of our native charges. Moreover, there is nothing written, that I know of, in the English language, that comes anywhere near meeting the need, to present to English-speaking Catholics an interesting and truly authentic description of this, after all, rather extensive and decidedly important island group in the midst of the Netherlands East Indies. And in doing what you have done you have rendered a decided and valuable service to our mission field and our mission cause, for which I extend to you my sincere acknowledgment of indebtedness, assuring you at the same time that this book is also greatly appreciated by the faithful priests and missionaries working under my jurisdiction. May the Lord bless you and all your efforts in this special field or department of your labors.

Ndona — Endeh, June 17, 1925.

† Verstraelen

Vicar Ap. of the Little Sunda Islands

Introduction

The first volume of the *Along the Mission Trail* series carried the travelers across the American continent, to Hawaii, Japan, and thence to the Philippine Islands; and the chief concern of the book was to introduce the whole question of mission affairs in the Philippines while describing particularly the mission life, work, and problems of our Fathers, S.V.D., in the province of Abra, P. I. The narrative of the present volume takes us into a region less known to a majority of American readers — I refer to that part of our globe known as the East Indian Archipelago.

Leaving Manila, we sailed to Singapore, thence to Java, the most famous and most important of the islands of the Netherlands East Indies, and finally to the Little Sunda Islands, which comprise the apostolic vicariate of the same name — a mission territory of fascinating interest and constantly growing importance. It is with the Little Sunda Islands missions that this second book of the series has principally to deal.

The East Indies possess characteristics specifically distinct from those heretofore noted and experienced on our missionary travels. The very physical aspects of the Islands, with their watery wastes, with their prodigious and most luxurious growths, with their mighty and frequently volcanic peaks; and the dense forest jungles, with an enervating climate which ever suggests an appeal to the

senses and instincts rather than to reason — these, with here and there a weird, mysterious setting of living conditions and prevalent religious beliefs, brought home to my mind an entirely new conception of life and one's outlook upon it. And all of this is, in a measure, reflected in the statement of the mission conditions and problems of the archipelago and its inhabitants. Therefore, it is to be hoped that the narrative of this new volume will be found to possess a fascination and appeal entirely its own, and that the reading of it will arouse a lasting interest in this particular section of the Lord's Vineyard in the East Indies. B. H.

Techny, Ill., July 6, 1925.

CHAPTER I

On to Singapore, the Next Goal

Memories of the Philippines missions — Goanese descendants of old Christians — Darkest Borneo — The romance of the Borneo missions — Singapore in sight — The friendly passport officer — A warm reception — From the Brothers' House to the Procure of the Paris Foreign Missions — St. Joseph's Institute — The Convent of the Holy Child Jesus a true house of mercy.

One definite portion of the missionary tour which it had become my privilege to share with the Superior General of our Society had been covered when we left the Philippine Islands. Aboard the S.S. *City of Cambridge*, bound for the Little Sunda Islands, and with Singapore miles away, we spent our leisure time discussing the noble work done by the self-sacrificing missionaries in the Philippines, and the difficulties they are facing with heroic fortitude. To us the knowledge, through observation, of these labors was a convincing proof that the Holy Spirit is working as mightily in the Church today as when the Apostles spread the news of salvation among the nations and gathered the harvest of souls on the altar of martyrdom. Our experiences in traveling with these men over mountain and river, living with them, sharing their poverty and privations, had deeply affected us. Discounting their personal needs, we found them ever enlarging on present hopes and future projects for their people. We saw with our own eyes the urgent need of priests and teachers to offset the ravages to the Faith made by twenty-five years' secularization of education. Filled with over-

whelming respect and veneration for these noble men, we left them with the hope that the souls for whom Christ yearned "with an everlasting love" might be brought into union with His holy Church.

Our ocean voyage was comparatively uneventful, save for the appearance in the distance of three steamers, which hardly attracted the attention of our companions on the vessel — the captain with his three officers and crew. Even the flying-fish, darting high above the waves, their bodies shining like big dragon flies, made no impression upon the seamen, so familiar were they with the sight. The greater part of the crew were Mohammedans from Bombay, with three Irishmen, a few English boys, and seven Goanese who were Catholic descendants of those natives converted by St. Francis Xavier: thus we were still on the mission trail. One of the three faithful Irishmen availed himself of the occasion to make his confession, saying that he had not had time or opportunity to approach the sacraments during the last two years.

On Sunday, January 29, our good Goanese made all necessary arrangements, and we had Mass in the dining-room, every Catholic on board attending. That same morning we passed Borneo, far to the north of its extensive coast-line. Perhaps few who read these lines know that Borneo is the third largest island in the world, — Greenland being first, and New Guinea second, — while the coast-line is as long as that from New York to San Francisco. The island has never been extensively exploited, particulary inland; but its undiscovered wealth is known to be enormous, with great beds of coal, diamond mines, and oil wells. However, the Royal Dutch Oil Company have huge works here, and supply fuel to numerous steamers.

The name of Borneo has ever been a synonym for savagery. Do not think that piracy, head-hunting, and poisoned darts shot from blow-guns are horrors extinct in Borneo today. Ask the mariners who sail these waters; ask the keepers of the lonely lighthouses, the officers who command the outposts in the bush. The island is covered with dense forests and impenetrable jungles, ridged by mile-high mountain ranges, seamed by mighty rivers, inhabited by savage beasts and savage men. It is the terrible humidity which makes the climate dangerous, — a humidity due to innumerable swamps, which are also the sources of pestilence and fever, and to an incredible annual rainfall, which averages over six and a half feet of water. No wonder that in the Indies Borneo is known as "The White Man's Graveyard."

The foundation of the Borneo mission reads like romance, and I hope to be pardoned for digressing so far as to recount its history somewhat at length.

In the early fifties there was a certain Spanish seaman, Captain Quarteron, who commanded a sailing vessel in the tea trade, plying between Cadiz and Hongkong. On one of his outward bound voyages, as he was passing along the coast of New Guinea, he espied what seemed to be the top of a mast protruding from the water. Lowering his ship's boat he proceeded to the spot and, taking the necessary soundings, found that the mast belonged to a sunken wreck which he thought might contain some treasure.

On his return to Spain, he gave up his commission as a captain, and, obtaining funds from friends, went out to Manila, where he purchased a small brig; and having manned it with divers, he sailed to the sunken wreck on the coast of New Guinea. After a few days' work, he

salved a considerable treasure from the deep, returning with it to Hongkong.

As he was sailing past the coast of Borneo, he ran into one of the terrible typhoons that are so frequent in the China Sea. In a short time his little vessel was overwhelmed by the waves, and all gave themselves up for lost. In the midst of the danger, Captain Quarteron threw himself on his knees on the deck and made a vow that, if he and his crew were spared, he would devote himself and the treasure he had salved to the conversion of the pagan tribes of Borneo.

His prayer was heard, the little vessel rode safely through the storm and in due time arrived at Hongkong. Having placed his treasure, approximating 200,000 Mexican dollars, in safe keeping, he returned to Europe, entered the College of Propaganda in Rome, was ordained priest, and was sent to Borneo as its first prefect apostolic, on August 27, 1855.

He landed on the island of Labuan, where he made his first mission station. Unfortunately, the population of Labuan and the adjacent coast of Brunei was almost exclusively Mohammedan, and the pagan tribes of the interior were so unsettled that no missionary work could be done among them. However, Father Quarteron discovered some two hundred Christian Filipino slaves who had been captured by the pirates and sold into slavery to the nobles of Brunei, and he gladly ministered to them. A considerable portion of the treasure he had salved was spent by Father Quarteron in purchasing the freedom of these Christian slaves and sending them back to their Catholic friends in the Philippines.

Other stations were started, both in Brunei and on the north of that river, Father Quarteron paying frequent visits to Manila, and also to Singapore, while acting as

the navigator of his own little schooner. The late Radjah of Sarawak knew Father Quarteron very well. The missionary sometimes visited the Radjah in his own schooner, and he made his first soundings along the coast of Sarawak. The Radjah described the language of Father Quarteron as a mixture of Malay, Spanish, and Latin.

In the year 1879, worn out by sickness and old age, the priest returned to Rome and requested the Propaganda to give the mission to one of the recently established missionary societies. Hence it was that in 1881 the prefecture of Labuan and North Borneo was handed over to St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, Mill Hill.

Passing beyond Borneo, we reached the Anambas Islands[1] about noon, and later the famous Netherlands East Indies (Insulinde, Island India) lying, a vast archipelago, on both sides of the equator. As we approached Singapore our ship slackened speed so as to avoid arriving at midnight.

It was our last night on board. At six o'clock in the morning, on Monday, January 30, we saw the island and city of Singapore before us. From the south came a beautiful white steamer, the *Melchior Treub*. The thought at once struck me that this might be the vessel which would carry us to Java, and singularly enough, matters turned out a few days later exactly as I had conjectured.

Singapore has been called the crossroads of the Orient, for it lies just halfway between four hundred million Chinese and three hundred million Indians. It is the meeting-place of the nations. When the English wish to

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[1] There are ninety-six little islands in the Anambas group, with some four thousand inhabitants: Mohammedans, Malays, or pagan Orang Laut. They cultivate the sage palm and the cocoanut; they fish, build praus, and export some building timber to Singapore.

go to Australia or New Zealand, they stop at Singapore. So do the people of Europe, Egypt, or Africa, when visiting China, Manchuria, Japan, or the Philippines. The city itself contains about four hundred thousand inhabitants, and ships of all nations crowd its offing.

From the deck of the boat, the shore, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to be lined with great cocoanut trees, and the harbor was distinctly different from any we had hitherto seen. Two officers of the City Line called on our steamer, after we had passed the physicians' examination. I was allowed to go ashore at once, but Father General, being an alien, found that he might have to remain until the following day. This was bad news, indeed, and I had made up my mind to stay with him, when we were told that the steamer was to go to the wharf at two o'clock, to load coal, that the passport officer might be found there, and permission to leave might then be secured. Father General was determined that, if prayer could effect a landing, we should not be detained. And there is no doubt that he was heard, for, on reaching the port, we found the passport officer to be a good-natured and friendly man; and when I explained that we had to make quick reservations for the next steamer to Batavia, he let us off at once. We escaped even the final baggage examination: furthermore, the officer accompanied us to the street, in search of an auto to take us and our belongings to the School Brothers where we intended staying until our departure for Java.

Everything was in great commotion here. Our new friend told us that it was the third day of the Chinese New Year. It equaled, if not surpassed, our own old-fashioned New-year's Eve celebrations. Cymbals, drums, and horns were going, while the boys darted hither and thither, carrying hoops and long sticks, from which floated

streamers of red paper bearing all sorts of good wishes. Chinese in gay costumes rode past in rickshaws, autos, and other vehicles, while the shouts and yells were deafening. Perhaps this great population on wheels accounted for the fact that there was no car in sight, nor sign of any other conveyance. Our friendly officer added to his kindness by calling his chauffeur and placing his own car at our disposal. I directed the driver to the steamer, where we had left our baggage, and returned to say good-bye to all on board, — to the good British officers and our Irish and Goanese sailors who had been so attentive to us.

On our arrival at the Brothers' House, the Brother Director and some of the others had just returned from a Chinese excursion. All were delighted to see us, but we discovered, to our mutual regret, that only one room was available. Besides, the Brothers were so few in number for the work on hand, and so busy with the school, that we decided to refrain from imposing on their good-natured hospitality. The Brother Director finally, but with regret, consented to our leaving, and accompanying us to the Procure of the Paris Foreign Missions, where the procurator, Father Quillon (formerly of Hongkong) made us most welcome. Having arranged for our lodging, we returned by auto to the House, where Brother Cornelius, assistant director, awaited to take us on a sight-seeing tour through the city. We paid our first visit to the Cathedral of the Good Shepherd, where the bishop of Malacca has his residence. Then we went to the two Chinese churches, and also to the cathedral, the church of the Tamils (Indians), and to the Portuguese church, the last named being under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Macao. In each of these churches was a memorial bier, for the late Holy Father Benedict XV, erected before the

communion rail. That in the church of the Portuguese was exceptionally ornate.

The Chinese in Singapore comprise a most important element in the population. There are 300,000 of them, principally from the Provinces of Fokien and Canton. The other hundred thousand inhabitants form a motley crowd of tribes and nations, as may be judged from the fact that fifty-four races are represented, forty-eight languages being spoken. Prominent among the rest are Klings, or Tamils, to the number of thirty thousand, with many from other sections of India.

Naturally, we were expressly interested in the work of the Brothers. One of the two great institutions of the island is St. Joseph's Institute, which is in charge of the Brothers. There are eleven Brothers for this work, and they are supplemented by forty lay teachers. Brothers and teachers are paid by the government, about twenty-five dollars a month being the average salary. The building was erected in 1852. There are sixteen hundred pupils in the school, and in it we found registered Europeans, Eurasians, Chinese, Tamils, and others. What a Christian-like view the people here have of the race question, we thought, and how different and much more commendable than the attitude we take toward the Negroes in our own land!

The Convent of the Holy Child Jesus is another magnificent work. Founded some seventy-five years ago, this institution is in charge of the Ladies of St. Maur. It also receives aid from the government. It stands beside the cathedral, but has its own beautiful church in the very center of the building proper. When we were taken about this house of mercy, we could not help being impressed and even awed, at what was accomplished here, in spite of the fact that we had seen Catholic mission charity

exercised to a high degree everywhere, thus far on our journey. We had been so recently in Tokyo and Yokohama, that the zeal of the nuns of this same Order was still fresh in our memories, and we felt that this was but a continuation of it. The work of the Holy Child Jesus Convent is divided into three distinct departments. There is the Girls' School, with eight hundred pupils, managed in about the same way as we found the Brothers' School for boys; then there is an Orphanage, with two hundred inmates; and at last we were shown the *Crêche*, or 'Crib,' where, each year, four hundred babies are received. Many of these babies are laid at the entrance of the Crêche when they are only a few days or a few hours old. Others are brought in, with (in most cases) fictitious names and addresses of the parents given. The babies are baptized at once. Unfortunate little beings! Most of them are found to be in a terrible condition; and the sight in some of the rooms, where imbecile and blind babies are kept, is fearful. We pitied these tiny, suffering, hapless waifs, and admired with an admiration as strong as our pity the self-sacrifice of the nuns who give themselves to God so completely in such service to His unfortunates. Several rooms were filled with infants in a more or less dying condition. Oh, if only the wealthy people of the world, spending thousands of dollars for the gratification of mere whims, could see these sights! If they could stand for just one hour beside the nuns who handle these broken little bodies, how different would be their thoughts, their ideas! How useless would seem the frivolities which now attract them! Humanity — pampered on one side — humanity trampled on the other.

CHAPTER II

Singapore, the Greenhouse of the East

An ideal missionary settlement — A mixed population — The island and Sir Henry Stamford Raffles — By rickshaw to the rubber plantation — A tremendous industry —Where most of our tin comes from — The wonderful fruit of the East Indies — We visit Bishop Barillon — Aboard the Melchior Treub bound for Java — The islands of Banka and Billiton — The tropical storm — At Tandjong Priok, the harbor of Batavia, Java.

In spite of the fact that the Brothers "worked by the clock," every hour having its appointed task, they were determined that we should "see Singapore." Their auto was at our disposal at all times; and when school duties were ended, they conveyed us to the various places which they knew would prove attractive. We arrived on Sunday; and as the steamer for Java would not leave until Friday, we had ample opportunity to gather useful information. Our first trip was to Saronggong (along the Serongoon road), to the Chinese mission settlement. We found the Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a school for boys and girls, a rectory, and other necessary buildings, set in the midst of a beautiful cocoanut grove. A priest of the Paris Foreign Mission Society has over thirteen hundred Catholic Chinese in this parish.

It is not astonishing that travelers marvel at the enterprise and industry of the people of China. Never have these practical virtues been more potently displayed than in Singapore. One's first impression might well be that the Chinese were the only inhabitants; but we soon found

that the Malay jostled his brother of the Celestial Republic, that the Tamil of India and the Javanese walked side by side, that Arab and Dyak transacted their affairs in peace and in close proximity. Nevertheless, the fact remains that this city is a Chinese El Dorado. The Chinese crowded out the Malays. Some of them are wealthy, with splendid homes, and they control many of the important interests of the island. While there are shrewd East Indians in business, — Parsees in the banking houses, and Arabs engaged in trading and commerce, — the Chinese, who came first as common laborers, are now the superior race in riches and luxury. They have but one idea, — to get rich, — and have no difficulty in attaining their ambition. The Brother Director drove us down to the wharf, one day, and we saw for ourselves how and why these people have supplanted the original inhabitants. Five hundred of them were coaling a ship, — it reminded me of the scene at Nagasaki, — and in less than twelve hours twenty-five hundred tons of coal were carried up an incline of thirty feet and dumped. The fuel was shoveled into large baskets, each basket when filled weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. A bamboo pole about five feet long was slipped under the handle, and each end was placed on the bare shoulder of a Chinese coolie. Another Chinaman had the contract, and paid about one and a half cents a basket. It was killing labor — an American could not have stood it longer than an hour or two.

From Saronggong we went to Bukit Timah, — five hundred feet above sea level, — from which a splendid panorama may be enjoyed. St. Joseph's Church here, established in 1846, has about five hundred Catholic Chinese among its parishioners, with Father Belliot of the Paris Foreign Missions in charge. Unfortunately, we did not meet him, but we admired his beautiful church and rectory,

reaching them by a good road which leads up to the hilly, retired spot where both are situated.

Singapore is hot; it is never anything else. Being only about seventy-seven miles from the equator, all seasons are alike. Neither Christmas nor midsummer brings much change to the thermometer. In one respect the island is unique — it is the halfway house, the transfer point, with the eighth largest port in the world. It is overwhelming to try to realize that when the Sultan of Johore ceded it to Sir Henry Stamford Raffles, in 1819, a few fisher-folk were its only inhabitants. It was Raffles, an ardent patriot, who thus secured for Great Britain a share in the rich trade of the Far East, to say nothing of the value of Singapore as a naval base, and a coaling and refitting station for the British Navy in this gate of the Chinese Sea. It is the market and metropolis of the Malay Peninsula. But its story is sad enough, for Sir Stamford Raffles shared the fate of many men of vision. He was administrator of Java for a brief space; and, being commissioned to establish a settlement at some other point, he chose Singapore, then a practically uninhabited island. In five years Singapore's population of two hundred inhabitants jumped to ten thousand, and its shipping tonnage to seventy-five thousand a year. After many vicissitudes and misunderstandings of his efforts, on the part of his own countrymen, Raffles, at the age of forty-five, gave up the struggle to gain great things in the East for England; and until recently his very grave was unknown. The Malays have a saying that "the elephant dies and leaves his bones; the tiger dies and leaves his stripes; a man dies and leaves his name to those who come after him." Raffles has left his name to British Malaya. There is a statue of him in Raffles Square, a Raffles Library, a Raffles Park, and a Raffles Hotel.

There were all kinds of methods of transportation: ox teams hitched to a cart with very large wheels made a fairly good car system, while the omnibus was common. And then there was the rickshaw. For twenty American cents one could own a rickshaw for an hour; and in these Father General and I took several jaunts when the Brothers were occupied, visiting the palatial Government House, the library, the museum, the botanical gardens, and the fine residential section. We saw some of the most beautiful palms, silhouetted against the sky, and the dense, heavy foliage of the banana tree won our admiration. All around the city were pineapple fields and rubber plantations in cultivation, where, some twenty-five years ago, tigers and other animals had roamed. Tradition says that Singhapura — meaning city of the lion — was thus named for the king of beasts, but the tiger has been its real pest.

In 1877, Brother Cornelius told us, twenty-two rubber plants were set out in the Malay Peninsula. In 1881 these bore seed. From this humble beginning sprang the great rubber industry of the present day, with its scores of plantations. Eighty-eight to one hundred trees are grown to an acre, and the usual yield, varying with the degree of moisture, averages two and three-quarter pounds a tree. When the trees come into bearing, in their fifth or sixth year, the tapper, armed with a knife especially adapted to the work, shaves off small areas of bark at a time. From these incisions the sap, or latex, flows out into small cups. It takes about three years to encircle a tree completely, and the bark renews itself. One coolie generally taps and gathers the latex from three hundred trees, and the trees are tapped every day. In a single year more than a hundred thousand tons of rubber were shipped from Singapore

and Penang. We drove for miles through these plantations, where we saw Chinese contractors and planters living in elegant homes, while the poor coolies, whose chance to get rich may come to-morrow, exist in hovels with dirt floors and no furniture.

Rubber is not the only industry. In the islands between here and Java are the richest tin mines in the world, the single year's output being valued at $80,000,000, of which the United States alone uses an amount worth $40,000,000. The great smelters are located in Singapore, and their tall chimneys belch forth smoke in such volume that I was reminded of a great manufacturing center in our own country.

We stopped at the Brothers' rest house at Katong, to which they ride out sometimes after a day's hard work. It is beautifully situated, near the ocean; and to add to the picturesque surroundings the quaint houses of the Javanese fisher-folk are close by. Tropical vegetation abounds — eucalypti trees, sandalwood, acacia, the ever-present bamboo, ferns, and caladiums. It was here that we tasted the wonderful fruit of the island, the famous mangosteen, which some writer calls perfumed snow. It has an exterior like a rich red apple, while the interior resembles a mixture of ice cream and strawberries. Then there is the equally famous durian, an enormous round ball, covered with spines. When cut, the pulp is like a creamy custard, which is highly prized by the natives, though it has an odor of rotten eggs, stale cheese, onions, or any other unpleasant thing you can think of. If the foreigner can overcome his dislike to the smell, he soon grows fond of the fruit; but neither Father General nor I arrived at that happy condition.

We were duly registered at the police department on January 31, and then I bought tickets for passage on the

Melchior Treub, of the K. P. M.,[1] the Dutch Steamship Company which has practically a monopoly of passenger traffic and shipping in the Netherlands East Indian archipelago. I had already purchased the helmets which, we were told, are absolutely necessary for travel in the tropics.

On February 2, the day before our departure, we called on the bishop of Malacca, the Right Reverend Emile Barillon, who has been bishop there since 1904. His coadjutor, Bishop Porrichon (appointed in 1920), also greeted us, and we spent an interesting hour discussing Catholic conditions in this greenhouse of the Orient. There are only forty thousand Catholics in the Straits Settlement — ten thousand of these being in Singapore, the capital. The Malays are all Mohammedans. The greater part of the Tamils are pagans, but a number of them are Catholic and they have a comfortable church. The Portuguese, who speak the Macao dialect, are fine Catholics, and the Chinese Catholics have two churches and are fervent followers of our holy faith.

The next day was Friday, the day of our departure, and First Friday as well. I offered holy Mass in the Brothers' beautiful chapel, and never before had I distributed Holy Communion to the representatives of so many races. At three o'clock that afternoon we said farewell to our kind hosts, and their auto carried us to the Tandjong Pagar wharf, where the *Melchior Treub* awaited us. At five o'clock we set out on our thirty-six-hour sail to the port of Tandjong Priok at Batavia, Java. On board this comfortable and beautiful vessel, we were really on Dutch ground again; and as our Motherhouse is in Steyl, Holland, we felt quite at home. Everything was scrupu-

[1] *Koninklijke Pakketvaart Maatschappij*: Royal Packet Navigation Company, one of the best-known and most important shipping companies in Eastern waters.

lously clean and neat, and we were greeted with friendly smiles.

After our Masses were said on February 4 (during the night we had crossed, without any accident, the equator) we spent the day watching the scenery. From ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon we were passing the island of Sumatra. Then the Dutch island of Banka was sighted, and later the steamer passed through the straits between the Sumatra coast and the islands of Banka and Billiton. These two islands are important because of their tin mines. They were, in earlier years, leased to the Chinese by their owner, the Sultan of Palembang, Sumatra, but they have been in the possession of the Dutch since 1740. The actual miners are some twenty thousand coolies. In 1923 these two islands were formed into a prefecture apostolic and given over to the care of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, of Picpus. The entire population of Banka is 150,000, and that of Billiton, 20,000.

That night we had our first experience of a heavy tropical storm. There was thunder and lightning, accompanied by such rain that the term "the heavens opened" might be applied without fear of exaggeration. It was pitch-dark, save when the lightning flash, piercing the sky with its long, jagged, lance-like shafts, gave us a glimpse of waves like towering walls that threatened to engulf us, as they appeared through a thick, gray curtain of rain. In addition to the rage of the elements, the ship's horn kept going constantly in order to avoid a collision. But Father General, finding it too warm in bed, spread his mattress on the floor and proceeded to sleep calmly and peacefully the whole night through. In the morning he asked me if he had been dreaming — "or, wasn't there a noise, about something, last night?"

We had just finished our Masses when we found that our course was steering us between the two great stone arms which are the piers, over a mile long, forming the protecting walls on the artificial harbor of Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia. In a few moments we entered the narrow inner harbor. After Singapore's waters, crowded with all manner of craft, I was astonished to see no boats here, not even a native canoe. But Malays, Dutch, and Chinese were on the shore, and when we finished with the customs' officer, we rode by auto on to Batavia, feeling that the five hundred miles between us and Singapore were not of such great importance after all. It took us half an hour to reach the cathedral, where Bishop E. S. Luypens, S.J., and other Jesuit Fathers received us with cordial good will. It was Sunday, and at nine o'clock we attended High Mass in the cathedral and heard a Dutch sermon. Then, for the first time, we learned that the Conclave to elect a new pope was being held.

CHAPTER III

Java, the Garden of Island India

The Netherlands East Indies — Position, size, and extent — Early history of Java and the coming of the Europeans — Missionary efforts — Mohammedanism — The new mission — Difficulty of travel — Along the canals — In "old" Batavia — The sacred cannon — The relic of a traitor — Weltevreden — The work of the Dutch Ursulines — At Kremat — In the old Portuguese church — Up to Buitenzorg — How the islands are governed — The magnificent botanical gardens — The "Written Stone."

The whole of the Netherlands East Indies, by which name the colonies of Holland in Asia are generally known, have an area of approximately 587,000 square miles (over twice the area of Texas and forty times that of the mother country, the Netherlands), while the total population amounts to 50,000,000, about half that of the United States. The territory comprises the Greater Sunda Islands, the Lesser Sunda Islands, the Moluccas or "Spice Islands," and the Dutch section of New Guinea, thousands of islands, atolls, and islets being scattered over forty-six degrees of latitude on both sides of the equator and stretching across the tropical waters of the Indian Sea, the southern part of the China Sea, the Sea of Celebes, and the Pacific Ocean.

The Greater Sunda Islands consisting of Sumatra, which, with the small islands surrounding it, has an area about as large as the State of California (mission work here is at present in charge of the Capuchins of Holland);

Scene Along the Seashore in Singapore

Scene in a Javanese Market. The method of carrying young children is plainly shown.

Dutch Borneo, as large as France (also cared for spiritually by the Dutch Capuchins); Celebes, greater in extent than the State of Washington (in care of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart); and Java, which has been called the jewel of the Malay Archipelago, and easily deserves the title. Although in point of size it holds only fifth place, — Sumatra, Borneo, New Guinea, and Celebes are much larger, — Java contains three quarters of the population — 38,000,000, or seven hundred people to the square mile, and yields four fifths of all the products. In size no larger than Cuba, it has more inhabitants than all the Atlantic Coast States from Main to Florida combined. Among the millions of natives there are 135,000 Europeans, 28,000 Arabs, 400,000 Chinese, and 3,000 Japanese. The early history of this island is wrapped in mystery, and the numerous legends concerning this period are absolutely unreliable as forming any basis for an accurate description of the original inhabitants. But it is said that during the ninth century the Hindus gained ascendancy over the people and maintained it until past the beginning of the sixteenth century. These early centuries were divided into three more or less distinct periods: that when Buddhism prevailed, the time when Sivaism had the upper hand, and the years in which a compromise of the two religious systems was maintained. Of all the Hindu states or nations during these periods that of Majapahit was the most notable. But in 1520 the Portuguese arrived and commenced subjugating the entire inhabitants. The remnants of the old state of Majapahit was first won over, and thenceforward the conquests continued. Of course, the Portuguese were Catholics, and with them came missionaries for the spiritual conquest of the new territory. Meantime, however, Mohammedanism had gradually encroached upon the people, sweeping utter-

ly aside the ancient Hindu faiths and in some sections even destroying partially the solid faith of many of the first Portuguese colonizers. In 1546 St. Francis Xavier, India's great Apostle, arrived and worked marvels in making converts, both among the natives and the fallen-away Portuguese. But before the close of the sixteenth century, the Dutch arrived. Soon they worsted the Portuguese, and Dutch ascendancy held sway, for the most part, for the next three centuries. The Dutch were Protestant Calvinists, thoroughly antagonistic to all Catholic teachings. The Portuguese missionaries were gradually forced out of all their districts. Many of the harshest of persecutions were perpetrated by the Dutch, who at times even advanced the cause of Mohammedanism in order to gain help in ousting the Portuguese Catholics. By the year 1743 Dutch authority generally prevailed throughout the entire northeastern coast of Java. Not until the beginning of the nineteenth century were conditions better for the spread of Catholic missionary activities. What is known as the *New Mission* of the Netherlands East Indies began in 1807, when, after the French Revolution, the propaganda also weakened in the colonies, so that James Nelissen and Lambert Prinsen, two intrepid priests, were able to proceed to Java, armed with full authority from the Holy See and with permission from the Netherlands government; they arrived in Java on April 4, 1808. In 1842 the entire region of the Netherlands East Indies was made a vicariate apostolic, with Msgr. James Grooff as the first missionary bishop, with residence at Batavia. Msgr. Grooff was banished by the government, in 1846, because of his firm stand against unlawful civil interference in ecclesiastical affairs. He was superseded by Monsignors Vranken and Claessens. It was at last discovered that it would be advisable to have the ecclesias-

tical administration in the hands of a well-recognized order of religious, in order to insure the stability of the work, and Msgr. W. J. Staal, S.J. was appointed to succeed Msgr. Claessens. At the death of Bishop Staal, Msgr. E. S. Luypens, S.J., was entrusted with the administration and held it for twenty-five years. Previous to his consecration as vicar apostolic, Msgr. Luypens had been a pastor in Maumere, in Middle Flores, a district which is now an important part of our Lesser Sunda Islands mission. While vicar apostolic, he ruled over the entire Netherlands East Indies, including Dutch New Guinea; and on his first visit to Rome he was able to report to Pope Benedict XV that he had episcopal jurisdiction over an eighth of the entire globe. Before his death, however, he was in charge of Java only, with its 40,000 Catholics, for the Netherlands East Indies have been separated into two vicariates and three prefectures apostolic. Java and the Island of Madura, in size equal to the State of New York, were administered first by the Jesuits. After Bishop Luypens had asked for assistance in this vast field, the territory was divided, and the Dutch Carmelites and Lazarists were assigned to it by the Holy Father. The Carmelites have the three most eastern districts of Java: Pasuruan, Bezuki, and the Island of Madura. The Lazarists are in charge of Surabaya, Kediri, and Rembang. They walk in the footsteps of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre, martyr; for, while en route to China in 1835, he remained a month at Surabaya, and there prepared for his future apostolate. From Surabaya is dated one of his most beautiful letters, preserved in the motherhouse at Paris as a precious relic.

In the foregoing pages there has been set forth in broad outline the general history of Java up to modern times. However, a somewhat more popular account of

the colonizing of the East India archipelago, from the beginning of the sixteenth century, will perhaps be of value just here, because it will serve to prepare us for frequent later glimpses of the great work of the Catholic missions which will terminate, for us, in a description of the missionary conditions and problems of our present day.

In the year 1510 of the Christian era, the Portuguese first arrived in the East Indian Archipelago. In the following year their chief, Alphonso d'Albuquerque, subjugating the city of Malakka, invited the trade of the surrounding islands, promised them protection, and opened an intercourse with Java. Nakoda Ismael, a Moor, who had trading relations with Malakka, while returning from the Molukka Islands with a cargo of nutmegs, was wrecked on the coast of Java; but he succeeded in saving his cargo of spices. The governor of Malakka, in the year 1513, sent a commander with four vessels to obtain it. This little fleet was well received by the Javanese; and the Portuguese, continuing to trade with the Spice Islands, generally touched at the ports of Java, which led to a treaty of friendship between the governor of Malakka and the king of Sunda (a western division of Java), on account of the pepper produced in that kingdom. The advantages of trading in the East soon attracted the attention of other European powers, and the Dutch and English followed the Portuguese. According to an account given by Sir Stamford Raffles, governor-general of Java under the English administration, the first voyage made by the Dutch was in 1595, in which year their first fleet under the command of Houtman (who had been previously employed by the Portuguese in the East Indian service), sailed direct to Bantam. At this period the Portuguese were at war with the king of Bantam, to whom

The Beautiful Cathedral of the Vicariate of Batavia (in charge of the Jesuit Fathers)

Youngsters of the Jesuit School in Muntilan, Java

Cornelius Houtman offered assistance, in return for which he received permission to build a trade station at Bantam, the first settlement by the Dutch in the East Indies.

Following the example of the Dutch, the English East India Company, immediately after their incorporation by Queen Elizabeth in 1601, fitted out a fleet of four ships, which sailed from London in 1602, to Acheen (Ache), on Sumatra. In 1610 the first Dutch governor-general, Peter Bot, arrived at Bantam, and, finding the situation of his countrymen in that province unfavorable to the establishment of a permanent settlement, removed to Jakatra. On March 4, 1621, the name of Batavia was conferred upon the new establishment of the Dutch in Jakatra, which from that period became the capital of their East Indian Empire. In 1683 the English, who had maintained a successful rivalry with the Dutch, withdrew their establisment from Bantam. Down through the succeeding centuries waged the struggle for trade and empire, until in the year 1811, Holland, having become a province of France, Batavia knew the French flag. In September of the same year the British government was declared supreme in Java and all its dependencies. But in 1814 the whole of their possessions in the Eastern islands were restored to the Dutch; and on August 19, 1816, the flag of the Netherlands was again hoisted at Batavia.

I offered holy Mass in the cathedral, on Monday, February 6, at St. Joseph's altar — it was the twelfth anniversary of my ordination. Later in the morning I went down to the *K. P. M.* offices and was told that there would be no boat until the 15th; on that day the steamer *De Klerk* would leave Surabaya for Flores. From the 6th to the 15th seemed a long wait, but there was no way of overcoming it, so we resolved to put it to good use. Java interested us greatly, as it must interest all who

visit its shores. The three cities of greater importance are Batavia (which has 150,000 inhabitants), Semarang, and Surabaya. But Java's climate is difficult to put up with: it is very hot and very damp, and the distance to any place of note so great that walking is, actually, a burdensome task. Fortunately, however, public conveyances are plentiful and inexpensive. The buggy, a cheap, two-wheeled cart, may be had for a whole hour for twenty-five cents, if one wishes to use it. Two or three days of sightseeing reduces one to a limp condition, and the Fathers were careful to impress several "don'ts" upon us in regard to over-exertion, use of water and fruit, etc. I went out several times to the book-stores, and then along the canal. The native children were most attractive, with their dark skins, bright eyes, and flashing teeth, and they were very numerous, particularly near the water, where they swam and dove like little fish, their laughter ringing as merrily as the laughter of children the world over. The women of the country gathered at the foot of the steps that led down from the bank to the edge of the stream, and there did the family washing. The canals, though adding much to the charm of the "old city," do not conduce to its health. Even these little tours exhausted me, on account of the enervating heat. When I returned to the Fathers' house I was so tired that I found it hard to write articles or letters. But there are certainly many curious and interesting things in old Batavia. We were told, when we visited the Penang Arch or Great Gate (built in 1671 as a gate to the citadel), to be sure to see "the sacred cannon." We found it half-buried in the mud at one side of the road. It is about fifteen feet long, and they call it *Si Jagoer* or *Meriam Besar*, or, in Malay, *Kiai Satomie*. Its history is unknown and it bears no date, but the butt end is fastened in the semblance of a

closed fist, and an inscription in Latin reads: "*Ex me ipsa renata sum*" (I have been reborn from myself) — doubtless a reference to recasting. About this old relic have grown up a number of quaint superstitions. The native women believe that Si Jagoer has the power of giving children to the childless, and on earthen mounds close by they burn incense sticks and make their pitiful offerings in the hope of propitiating this strange god. Another native superstition declares that some day the gun will join its mate (probably its facsimile now in Surabaya) and on that day will come the end of the world.

A more gruesome object of interest here is the wall with its whitewashed skull transfixed by a lance — a stone monument to the despised memory of the traitor Peter Elberfeld, who planned to overthrow Dutch rule in Java. Elberfeld was the son of a German resident in Batavia and of a native woman. He became a Mussulman, and succeeded in gathering about him over 1,000 partisans, intending to expel all Europeans from the island and take the reins himself. Above this ghastly relic is the following inscription: "To perpetuate the accursed memory of the condemned traitor, Peter Elberfeld. No one shall raise house, structure, building, or plant on this spot, now or forevermore. Batavia, April 14, 1722."

Weltevreden — meaning "well content" — is the modern half of Batavia and dates from the opening of the nineteenth century only, owing its existence to the terrible ravages of death in the "old" town. The newcomers tried to live here as they had lived in Holland, and over a million deaths were recorded during the years 1731 to 1752. The old city, or old town, of Batavia, known in its prime as "Queen of the East," was another "white man's grave," being the scene of early Dutch attempts to reproduce, in an environment of swamp and jungle.

the features of a Dutch home town of the same period, with its canals and narrow streets. The military commander, Marshal Daendals, was the first to take action against this most ruthless of all foes, and under his orders the soldiers were sent from their quarters in the old town to a new camp at some distance, and on higher ground. The camp was the beginning of Weltevreden. Within a few years the officials followed the troops, civilians followed the officials, and in the end the old unsanitary town was left to the natives and Chinese, and to the officers whose business called for their location near the harbor and go-downs.

When, twelve years before, on another February 7, Father General, at that time Master of Novices, assisted me in my first Mass at St. Gabriel's, neither of us dreamed that we should see together, at some future hour, this remote section of the world. Java and the Netherlands East Indies had no place in our minds. Yet the "Little Cloister" of the Dutch Ursuline Sisters which we visited on this anniversary was doing its splendid work then, and for many preceding years. The convent and boarding-house is a wonderful institution. The "Great Cloister" is also in charge of the Dutch Ursulines, though they are of a different branch, the last-named being affiliated with the *Unio Romana*. The Brothers of St. Aloysius from Holland, about fifty in number, also have a fine school here.

On February 8, while visiting the *Ziekenhuis* or hospital under the care of the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo of Holland, we received news of the election of Pius XI. That same day we went to see St. Vincent's Orphanage at Kremat, a section of Batavia with 33,000 inhabitants, 1700 of whom are Europeans. There is a very nice parish church connected with the orphanage. In Meester Cornelis, a pretty suburb named after a native

Christian teacher of the seventeenth century, is a Sisters' School and a new parish in charge of Father Mathijssen. Father Minister brought us by auto to all these different sections, and we saw every phase of missionary life repeated — priests and sisters cutting themselves away from home and country in order to serve God's purposes. We went to the famous Portuguese church, one of the relics of past ages, which became a Protestant house of worship when the Dutch took possession, and now serves as a museum. Everywhere there are relics and traces of the ancient faithful — stories of old Christianity — Christian customs — Christian prayers, that neither time nor neglect has succeeded in obliterating.

No visitor should miss the trip to Buitenzorg, the so-called "country capital," forty miles distant. The road between Batavia and Buitenzorg follows the railroad line for the greater part, ascending gradually, until an elevation of about a thousand feet is reached. On either side are vast fields of rice, groves of cocoanut palms, stretches of jungle with villages here and there, and traffic at times blackening the highway. The road is a fine one — macadamized on a red clay foundation, carefully graded and smooth. The ample rainfall keeps it hard and dustless.

At this place the governor-general of the Netherlands East Indies lives in state. His title gives little idea of the extent of his power. He rules his 50,000,000 people in a territory three times larger than Germany or France, has thousands of officials under him, and commands a standing army of 36,000, which is entirely independent of the Dutch home forces. His salary is $55,000 a year, and he is allowed a large sum for traveling expenses.

The civil service of the Netherlands East Indies has been called, by one writer, the most remarkable in the world. The officers are highly educated and of high

standing. Every clerk who wants to rise in the colonies must, after his graduation, take a three-year course in the University of Leyden. He must be able to speak French, English, and German, and at least two of the native languages of Java — one of them being the Malay. The native officials are also well educated. The system is based upon the native government, the native nobles and chiefs ruling the people by their own laws, with the Dutch as "advisers," though they are, of course, the actual authority. In order to make it appear that the natives are still ruled by their own princes, the regents keep up a considerable degree of ceremony and pomp; they have their courts, their body-guards, their gilded carriages and golden parasols, and some of the more important ones maintain enormous households. But, though they preside at assemblies, sign decrees, and possess all the other external attributes of power, in reality they only go through the motions of governing. Though this system of dual government has the obvious disadvantage of being both cumbersome and expensive, it is the best that could have been devised to meet existing conditions.

In Buitenzorg — the word means "without care" — it is said to rain every day — at any rate, it does rain on an average of two hundred and twenty days a year. The botanical gardens are famous the world over for tropical plants, and there is no finer collection of these in existence. Besides fully grown specimens of every known tree in the tropics, there are culture plots for sugar cane, rubber, coffee, tea, spices, gums, fruit trees, bamboo, rattan, mahogany, and teak. There are kanari trees, palms, banyans, and waringa, above all the deadly upas, which has its own story[1]; and gardens in which bloom the white tuberose —

[1] It has been commonly reported that neither animal nor vegetable life can exist in the vicinity of the upas, all of which is now

or frangipani, or *sombaya,* to give it its native name; the bougainvillea, with its flowers of lilac, deep-blue, and red, and gorgeous orchids. In the ponds are the great lotus, the *Victoria regia,* with its leaves six feet in diameter and blossoms sixteen inches across. In one corner is the tomb of Lady Raffles, who died in 1814[2]. The gardens were not founded until 1817, were laid out in 1845, and brought to their present great perfection during recent years by Doctor Melchior Treub. In the near vicinity is the relic *Batu Tulis,* or "written stone" dating from the days of Hindu supremacy. It is a block about seven feet high, bearing an inscription in *Kawi,* the ancient written

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regarded as a romantic fiction. It is well known, however, that there is a tree in Java, containing a sap of a milky appearance, which, when taken into the stomach or injected into the blood, acts as an immediate and deadly poison; but it grows in the forests, and has no deleterious effects whatever on the surrounding shrubbery, not even on the leaves and vines which in some instances cling to its trunk and branches. An ancient tradition exists among the natives in regard to the supposed poisonous vicinity encircling the upas tree, which is recorded as follows:

"Some two hundred years ago, the country surrounding the upas tree was inhabited by a people so wicked that the Prophet Mohammed applied to God to punish them, and God caused the upas tree to grow out of the earth, which destroyed them, and rendered the country ever after uninhabitable."

But one must observe, continues the recorder, that all Malayans consider the tree as a holy instrument of the great God to punish the sins of mankind, and therefore to die from the poison of the upas is generally considered an honorable death.

[2] It is a little Grecian temple of white marble, all but hidden by the surrounding shrubbery. On its base that empire-builder, whose bronze statue stands in the esplanade in Singapore, carved these lines:

Oh, thou, whom ne'er my constant heart
One moment hath forgot,
Tho' fate severe hath bid us part,
Yet still — forget me not.

language of Java. The sentences relate to the doings of the founders of Padjadjaram, the capital of the old Hindu empire of like name, which once included within its bounds the whole western end of Java. The people here have been taught to believe that they are words from the Koran, and venerate them accordingly!

CHAPTER IV

In the Land of the Princes

Characteristics of the Javanese — Languages and dialects — Javanese homes — The "land of the princes" — Jesuit institutes at Djokja — Missionary experiences — The Immaculate Conception School — The Franciscan Sisters of Holland — "The Spike of the Universe" — Inside a royal city.

The Javanese people appear to have descended from one general race that was native to the East Indian Archipelago. The Malays, Chinese, and Arabs occupy the coasts; the Javanese proper, being the agricultural type, inhabit the interior. Those I saw were, in general, small and slender, erect of figure, and with a sort of golden yellow complexion. Their hair is very long, very straight, and very black; they have black or dark-brown eyes which appear to see everything; a small short nose, a well-formed decided mouth, and broad full forehead. I was impressed with the mild expression of their round and somewhat flat face. There is always an air of grave deference in their manner which is very pleasing. They marry early — an unmarried man of twenty is rare indeed — and they are domestic, with strong family ties, boys and girls being cherished with equal tenderness. Polygamy is the custom of the country, and divorce is easy. A Javanese characteristic is a profound respect for rank; the inferior classes never dispute the will or wisdom of their betters. A Javanese of the common order would not enter the presence of a noble of his own race without assuming a squatting position, and the woman will not

eat with her grown-up sons or husbands, nor does she sit with them unless requested to do so.

Another Javanese characteristic is frequent bathing. All classes bathe at least once, generally twice, a day, the poor going to the rivers, while the rich have luxurious bath-rooms in their homes. Many are the customs which seem curious to us of western lands — the filing of the teeth a little concave in front and dyeing them black by chewing *siri*, is a practice handed down from time immemorial. The wearing of the kris, too, in many shapes and patterns, is an inheritance from past ages, and stuck in the belt on the right side of the back, it makes a conspicuous feature of the dress. If the owner is rich the handle and scabbard of the weapon sparkle with brilliants. It is not always a mere ornament, and to make the weapon more effective it is often serpentine and poisoned, so that even should the wound not cause death, the poison will. In a country where the passions of revenge and jealousy run high and wrongs are frequently committed, the kris is a convenient means of satisfaction. People of the higher class, however, seldom use it.

As a matter of fact, it is really a difficult task to give a just idea of Javanese nature. One must work among them many years to understand them, and much of the information on these pages has been gathered from the talks and discussions of our missionaries. Though not advanced in what is termed European learning or knowledge, the Javanese are intelligent, quiet, uncomplaining, and affectionate people. They are fond of music. The lower classes are greatly given to superstition, seeing omens in every event. Although proud and full of religious prejudice, they are not so narrow as the Mohammedans on adjoining islands, while they treat their children and old

A Javanese Danseuse

Precincts of the Royal Palace of Narmada, on Lombok Island

people with extreme kindness, always yielding to the counsels of old age and experience.

In their mode of life they seldom adopt new habits. They rise at daybreak, bathe, make an early meal of rice and coffee, and go to the fields, where they work until ten o'clock, then return to their dwellings and eat their first hearty meal. From ten to four, on account of the intense heat, they remain in the shade of their huts and verandas. At four they eat rice, with coffee or chocolate, and go back to the fields until six, when they return for the second good meal of the day and then spend the evening listening to music or in quiet conversation.

The Javanese language is more or less intermixed with the various dialects in use in several of the surrounding islands. The characters are the same, and it is the opinion of some learned linguists that one generic language prevails throughout the islands of Java, Bali, and Madura. Four dialects are spoken in Java. Malay, the general language of the archipelago, is spoken in the cities on the coast, where the population is either Malay or mixed Malay and Javanese. In the western districts of Java the Sundanese is spoken, and in the eastern provinces the Javanese language is used exclusively. The Sundanese language is alleged to be the most ancient, and is a simple dialect, meeting all the wants of the primitive people that speak it; many of its words are pure Malay, some are Sanscrit, and much of it is from the Javanese.

The Javanese alphabet is composed of twenty consonants and twenty auxiliary characters, used in forming the compound consonants. In addition to these there are seven characters, consisting of contractions of certain consonants which are used in connection with other consonants. There are five inherent vowel signs, and five signs which supplant these characters.

The Javanese write from right to left, making the letters entirely separate, with no space between the words. A common or a diagonal line at the end of a composition indicates a period, and it is the only mark of punctuation used. They have no grammar, but the construction of their language is regular and extremely simple. It contains many synonyms, and is wonderfully profuse in words, expressing the most profound, delicate, and complicated shades of meaning. Besides the four languages or dialects used in Java, there is a classic language, called the Kawi, in which the fables, poems, historical records, and various inscriptions on stone are written. At what period, or how, the Kawi language was introduced into Java appears to be uncertain: but it is supposed to be the channel through which the Javanese received their store of Sanskrit words. A Javanese scholar, in writing, uses many words from the Kawi, which may have been the original language employed throughout the archipelago at some earlier and unknown time.

The home of the Javanese costs but little. For five dollars he can have a respectable bamboo hut, and for ten dollars a cottage with two or three rooms and a veranda. When he becomes tired of the location, or has found one that is more desirable, he calls in two or three of his friends and they move the house wherever he wants to place it. The walls and inside partitions are made of braided strips of flat bamboo, hung or nailed on a wooden frame work, which is roofed with *attap* or palm thatch. The houses seldom have windows, sufficient light being admitted through the door and between the strips, for the people spend most of their waking time on the veranda, their one desire being to keep their building dark and cool. Most of the lower classes occupy such buildings, and for couches they have springy bamboo benches about a foot high,

and six or eight feet square, called *bali-bali*. They spread mats and pillows on these beds and thus have really pleasant sleeping-couches. The village chiefs and small office-holders have more pretentious dwellings, however; these buildings may be recognized by their larger size, and by their eight-sloped *attap* roofs. The nobles, as might be expected, have even larger homes, built of wood or stone and distinguished by two waringin trees, indicating nobility, which are kept growing before the entrance. The house of the noble stands alone, while the cottages of the plain people are in groups, and generally quite concealed in masses of foliage surrounded by fences of bamboo, within which each cottage is encircled by its own little enclosure of banana and cocoanut palm.

The better classes among the Javanese use many handsome articles of European furniture, but the plainer folk have neither tables nor chairs, and eat with their fingers from wooden trays. The women of the household weave the cloth for the dresses of the family, the feminine members wearing the sarong and kabaya, and the men the sarong and the baju. The sarong is a piece of cotton or silk cloth, some eight feet long and four feet wide, in plain dark blue or in beautiful bright figures and colors, with ends sewed together and top and bottom left open. It is slipped about the body and caught around the waist in pleats, which are held in place by a long sash, allowing the skirt of the garment to fall to the ankles[1]. The kabaya

[1] These garments are ornamented with the beautiful batik designs, for which Java is famous. In fact one of the industries of Java is the making of batik. Its value varies immensely, and depends upon the beauty and fineness of the work of the artisan. A batik sarong, for instance, may be bought for a dollar in gold, and another may cost as high as seventy or eighty dollars. Djokja is the center of the batik industry, and the majority of its women are adepts in the production of this artistic fabric. Batik is cotton cloth on which designs have been printed in a special way. Melted white

is a long, sack-like garment of colored print, silk, or white muslin, worn over the upper half of the body and reaching to the knees. The baju worn by the men is almost identical, reaching a little below the waist. The rank or circumstances of the wearer may be judged from the richness of the clothing. The men wear a handkerchief of silk or cotton twisted in a peculiar way about the head, but the women never use any covering over their hair, combing it straight back from the forehead and rolling it in a knot at the back. As a race the Javanese are fond of jewelry and perfumery; rings, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, etc., are worn in profusion, their value corresponding to the means of the wearer. They say that "it is mean and degrading not to dress according to one's circumstances; or to be seen in low company." They hold it as a rule that "a man should robe himself in clothes that accord with his position or condition, and should scorn to lie or disgrace his family, or to play the hypocrite."

When the wealthy man goes abroad, he has a servant to hold a gigantic umbrella over him, the umbrella in Java being a sign of nobility. His dress is rich, in colors denoting his rank, and he maintains a dignified air, paying no attention to the homage of a poor peasant or laborer, who is taught to fall on his knees as his superior passes by.

Lying squarely in the middle of Java are the Vorstenlanden, "the lands of the princes" — Surakarta —

wax is allowed to trickle from the small end of a funnel upon those portions of the fabric that it is not desired to color, the operation being exactly duplicated on the two sides. This done, the cloth is dipped in the dye vat, withdrawn and hung up to dry, and the wax removed later with the use of boiling water. This series of operations is repeated in the application of each color, till the entire design is transferred. The designs are of every conceivable description, from conventional flowers and geometrical figures to jungle scenes and quaint representations of wild beasts. Certain designs may be worn only by the royalty, others by priests, and so on.

Solo, as it is called, and Djokjakarta (shortened to Djokja), the most picturesque states in Island India. Since our steamer was to leave Surabaya harbor on February 15, we decided to go there over land, so as to visit some of the historic places of the country and see a few of the ancient monuments. The mission trail here has also some Catholic institutions in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, and naturally we decided to include them in our journey. On February 10, after saying Mass at half past five o'clock, we were taken to the station in an auto. At seven o'clock our train, an express, left for Djokja. The train ride was remarkably fine, and I was much pleased with the courtesy and promptness of the service. The scenery on each side was attractive, the rice fields were filled with busy workers, engaged in all sorts of operations in its cultivation. Here they were planting, there transplanting, there again, harvesting. The villages of the natives were hidden from sight; but when the train went through certain sections, we could observe their groups of bamboo houses. At the expenditure of four Dutch cents — about one and a half cent of American money — we enjoyed a fine dinner of luscíous bananas. As we moved on, farther south, we came closer and closer to the mountain ranges and slumbering volcano cones. At five o'clock we reached Djokja, where Father Straeter, S.J., was waiting for us at the station. He at once conducted us to the rectory. Here and elsewhere in the institutions of the Jesuit Fathers we met a number of missionaries who had seen service of ten to forty years in the apostolic field of Flores and other sections of the Netherlands East Indies. It was a rare treat to listen to the experiences of these gray and venerable men. Some had to change their fields of labor three or four times, because of ecclesiastical divisions of the territory; and with each change, they had been obliged to learn a new lan-

guage. After a visit to the church, we went to the Immaculate Conception School, taught by the Brothers; and thence to the Sisters' School, in charge of the Franciscans of Heythuizen, Holland. School work in Djokja, as everywhere else in the mission field, is an important factor in the Christianization of the natives. Father Van Drieschen, S.J., who was born in Surabaya, now has charge of a native parish.

Djokjakarta, or Djokja, is set in the middle of a broad and fertile plain, at the foot of the slumbering volcano of Merapi, whose occasional awakenings are marked by terrific earthquakes which shake the city to its foundations and often result in widespread destruction and loss of life. The city is one of broad, unpaved thoroughfares, shaded by rows of majestic waringas, and lined, in the European quarter, by handsome one-story houses, with white walls, green blinds, and Doric porticoes. It has 80,000 inhabitants, inclusive of 5,000 Chinese and 1,500 Europeans. Over 15,000 of these people live within the high walls of the kraton, which, like the Forbidden City of Peking, is really a city rather than a palace. The kraton and the former palace, the Water Castle, are the two great sights of the capital city.

The Water Castle, Taman Sarie, or "Garden of Flowers," is a ruined palace built from the plans of a Portuguese architect, in 1758, for the then sovereign, Hamangku Buwono I. Its almost complete destruction was due to the earthquake of 1867, which did tremendous damage to Djokja and its vicinity. In its present ruined condition it still serves to give one a rather vivid idea of the sort of life lived by the semi-barbarous native monarchs — an Arabian Nights experience, at once primitive and luxurious to excess. The busiest part of the city is the Chinese quarter, for, here as elsewhere, commerce, both retail

and wholesale, is largely in the hands of these sober, shrewd, hard-working yellow men.

Between Fort Vredenburg and the Sultan's palace stretches the broad *alun-alun*, its sandy, sun-baked expanse broken only by a splendid pair of waringa trees, clipped to resemble royal *payongs*, or parasols. In the old days those desiring audience with the sovereign were compelled to wait under these trees, frequently for days and occasionally for weeks, until the Sultan, "the ruler of the world and the Spike of the Universe," graciously condescended to receive them. Here also was the place of public executions, on the *alun-alun*, and these events provided pleasurable excitement for the inhabitants of Djokja, who attended them in great numbers.

Like the palaces of most Asiatic rulers, the kraton of the Sultan of Djokja is really a royal city in the heart of his capital. It consists of palaces, barracks, stables, pagodas, temples, offices, courtyards, corridors, alleys, and bazaars, the whole encircled by a high wall four miles in length. Everything that the sovereign can require, every necessity and luxury of life, every adjunct of pleasure, is assembled within the kraton. As the Sultan's world is practically bounded by his palace walls, the kraton is, to all intents and purposes a little kingdom in itself; for there dwell within it, besides the officials of the household and the women of the harem, soldiers, priests, gold- and silversmiths, tailors, weavers, makers of batik, civil engineers, architects, carpenters, stonemasons, manufacturers of musical instruments, stage furniture, and puppets, all maintained by the court.

CHAPTER V

The Famous Boro-Budor

The schools at Muntilan and Mendut — The magnificent ruins — The stories they tell — Early expeditions — Java a kingdom — The Mohammedan Invasion — How the Boro-Budor was discovered — The Javanese religion — The kris, a Malay weapon — The romance of the Sultan, or Susuhunan, of Surakarta.

On February 11, after we had said Mass, we traveled by train to St. Xavier's College at Muntilan, just one and a half hour's ride from Djokja. Father Rector Schmidding, S.J., and Father Diderich, S.J., received us, and conducted us through the three departments of the big institution. The boy students were most engaging chaps, polite and respectful. They wore the sarong and baju, with the handkerchief twisted, Javanese fashion, about their heads; and the evidence they gave of Catholic training — first, by their manners, and again in the class-rooms — proved a silent commentary upon the sort of education which does not lose sight of one's eternal destiny. On the day that followed (Sunday), we traveled to Mendut, where there is a Catholic parish and an institution for girls similar to that in Muntilan for boys. During Mass the girls squatted on the floor of the chapel, just as the boys had done the day before; and I was struck with the grace of these young folk, as they rose to their feet without any support, and with a peculiar swaying of the upper part of their bodies. When Mass ended, the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for the election of our new Holy Father. Then followed a sermon. When devotions were

Franciscan Sisters of Heythuizen (Holland) with Children of Their School in Mendut, Java

The Famous Monument Known as the Boro-Budor in Java. It is one of the most magnificent relics of the early introduction of Buddhism in the island.

over, we went to the famous Boro-Budor (literally, in Javanese, "the great Buddha") about twenty minutes' ride from Mendut.

The ruins are situated in the middle of a fertile plain, stretching away to the slopes of the Merapi volcano[1]. The sanctuary stands on a broad platform and rises first in five square terraces, inclosing galleries or processional paths between their walls, which are covered on each side with bas-relief sculptures. If placed in single file these bas-reliefs would extend for three miles. The terrace walls hold four hundred and thirty-six niches or alcove chapels, where life-size Buddhas sit serene upon lotus cushions. Staircases ascend in straight lines from each of the four sides, passing under stepped or pointed arches, the key-stones of which are elaborately carved masks; and rows of sockets in the jambs show where wood or metal doors once swung. Above the square terraces are three circular terraces, where seventy-two latticed *dagobas* (reliquaries, in the shape of the calyx or bud of the lotus) inclose, each, a seated image, — seventy-two more Buddhas sitting in these inner, upper circles of Nirvana, facing a great dagoba, or final cupola. This highest shrine is fifty feet in diameter, and must have covered either a relic of Buddha, or a central well where the ashes of priests and princes were deposited, or else it represents an obscure survival

[1] A well-known writer, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, says that "notwithstanding his Mohammedanism and his European education, even the Sultan of Solo sends offerings to the volcano of Merapi every year. A procession of servants goes to the slopes of the volcano, which is not far from Surakarta, leaving food, and even clothing. In times past Merapi has shaken the throne of the Sultan's predecessors with its eruptions, so I suppose he takes no chances of offending its patron god. And it was not so long ago that the sultan of Djokja used to send gifts to the goddess of the coast on the southern shores of the island. The natives there still place close to the water their little piles of fruit and rice. When the tide comes up and takes them away, the Javanese say the goddess has claimed her own and is pleased."

from the forms of the tree-temples of the earliest, primitive East, when nature-worship prevailed. Here English engineers made an opening in the solid exterior, and found an unfinished statue of Buddha on a platform over a deep well-hole; and its head, half-buried in debris, is still seen in the cavern.

Three fourths of the terrace chapels and the upper dagobas have crumbled; hundreds of statues are headless, armless, overturned, missing; tees, or finials, are gone from the bell-roofs; terrace walls bulge, lean outward, and have fallen on long stretches; and the circular platforms and the processional paths undulate. No cement was used to hold the fitted stones together; and another Hindu peculiarity of construction is the entire absence of a column, a pillar, or an arch. Vegetation wrought great ruin during its buried centuries, but earthquakes and tropical rains are working a slow but surer ruin now, unless the walls are straightened and strongly braced.

This temple is a picture book of Buddhism. All the events in the life of Prince Siddhartha, Gautama Buddha, are followed in turn: his birth and education, his leaving home, his meditation, his teaching in the deer-park; his sitting in judgment and weighing even the birds in his scales, his death and entrance into Nirvana. The every-day life of the seventh and eighth centuries is pictured. The life in courts and palaces, in fields and villages. Royal folk in wonderful jewels sit enthroned, with minions offering gifts and burning incense before them, warriors kneeling, and maidens dancing. The peasant plows the rice-fields with the same wooden stick and ungainly buffalo, and carries the rice-sheaves from the harvest field with the same shoulder-poles that are employed in all the farther East today. Women fill their water vessels at the tanks and bear them away on their heads as in India now, and

scores of bas-reliefs show the unchanging customs of the East that offers sculptors the same models in this century.

All the neighborhood is full of beauty and interest, and there are smaller shrines at each side of Boro-Budor, where pilgrims in ancient times were supposed to make first and farewell prayers. One is called Chandi Pawon, or more commonly Dapor, the kitchen, because of its empty smoke-blackened interior. Chandi-Mendut, two miles the other side of Boro-Budor, is a pyramidal temple. Long lost and hidden in the jungle, it was accidentally discovered in 1835, and a space was cleared about it. The natives had never known of or suspected its existence; but investigations show that it was erected between A.D. 750 and 800.

We saw but a few of the ruins of Java; there are, so the Fathers told us, actually one hundred and fifty temples lying between Djokja and Solo. In Prambanam the bas-reliefs are not unlike those of Boro-Budor. In the chamber there is the great stone god, Ganesha, with the body of a man and the head of an elephant. It is in a sitting posture, with the soles of the feet together.

There seems now to be a general agreement that the first Hindu expedition to Java was that under *Adi-Saka,* or *Adjih Saka,* and it is not altogether improbable that this Adjih Saka is to be identified with the great Buddhist ruler, Asoka, King of Behar, who in 244 B. C. commenced that wonderful propaganda which established Buddhism in India and gave it a settled hierarchy. However, some chroniclers attribute the introduction of Buddhism, or rather of Brahmanism, to one, Tritestra, a priest; but here again, others regard Tritestra as identical with Adi-Saka, and his descendants are supposed to have ruled Java.

When Mohammedanism swept the island from end to end, the Buddhist temples were destroyed by the followers

of the prophet, and the priests were slaughtered on their altars. The Buddhists, in order to save the famous shrine of Boro-Budor from desecration and destruction, buried it under many feet of earth. Thus the great monument remained, hidden and almost forgotten for three hundred years; but during the brief period of British rule in Java Sir Stamford Raffles ordered its excavation, the work being accomplished in less than two months. Since then the Dutch have taken further steps to restore and preserve it.

This destruction was followed by the dispersal of all the craftsmen of Madjapahit, including the famous workers in steel. Many of them settled throughout the islands, one result of this being the general adoption of the kris (dagger). Many bodies of Hindu worshipers fled, refusing to change their religion. Java, as a whole, was converted to Islam almost as readily as to Buddhism, the truth being that the Javanese is at heart an animist. He utters the invocation, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet," but he does so facing a stone altar which stands beneath a tree, the primitive village altar of India. To-day, despite Islam, that stone is the abode of the patron spirit of the village. Every field, every garden, every hill and valley has its emanation, its spirit, capable of good or evil, to be offended or propitiated, and every disease has its demon.

The kris is distinctly a Malay weapon, and is a key to much of Malay custom and lore. If the Japanese sword was "the soul of the Samurai," as much may be said for the kris of the Javanese warrior. The cutler or forger of kris blades ranked first of all artisans. There are more than one hundred varieties known, the distinctive Javanese types of kris differing from those of the Malay Peninsular and other islands, forty varieties being used

in Java and its immediate dependencies. The kris used in Bali differs from that of Madura or Lombok, and that of Solo from that used in West or Sundanese Java. The differences imply many curiously fine distinctions of long-standing importance in etiquette and tradition; yet the kris is a comparatively modern weapon — modern as such things go in Asia.

At Solo, as at Djokja, there is the same ruler, who is called Susuhanan instead of Sultan, with the same semi-barbaric court life, the same fantastic costumes, a Dutch resident, a Dutch fort, and a Dutch garrison. But the kraton of the Susuhanan is far better kept than that of his fellow-ruler at Djokja, and shows more evidence of Europeanization. The troopers of the royal body-guard are clever, soldierly-looking fellows in well-cut uniforms of European pattern, to which a distinctly Eastern touch is lent, however, by their steel helmets, their brass-embossed leather shields, their scimitars, and shoulder-guards of chain mail.

The chronicle of the royal couple of Surakarta reads like a story with a happy ending. A hundred years ago the first prince of the house of Mangku Negara expressed his dying wish that his descendants would never marry any of the house of the first Sultan of Djokjakarta. For seven generations his wish was observed. But Kandjeng Gusti Pangeran Adipati Ario Prabu Prangwedono, the present head of the house of Mangku Negara, wedded Kandjeng Gusti Tuan Ratu Muriah, a daughter of the house of Djokjakarta. Prince Prangwedono is said to be the most progressive of the independent princes of Java. He is well-educated, has passed his examination as an officer in the Dutch army and holds the rank of Major. But his western education has not taught him to despise the ways

of his own people. Within his kraton may be seen some of the most wonderful of the puppet shadow-plays and the beautiful symbolic dances of Java. His wedding with the Princess of Djokjakarta was an occasion for the revival of ancient Hindu-Javanese customs, for the prince is prominent among those who are trying to put new life into the old culture of the land.

CHAPTER VI

On to Flores

The danger of Mohammedanism — Its effect on the people — Off for Surabaya — Interesting sights — The island of Madura — A calamity — Along the shores of Bali — Bali as a future mission field.

Returning to Mendut, we visited once more the girls' school in charge of the Dutch Franciscan Sisters: the place is one of the prettiest in Java. The children are well cared for; and again we could not help noticing their charming manners. All that is delicate and attractive in the Javanese character has been cultivated and made still more beautiful by the influence of our holy Faith. The rector of the church, an Austrian, received us with genuine hospitality; but we could not remain with him long.

In Mendut, as elsewhere in the Neth. E. Indies, the great danger is Mohammedanism. Father Rector told us that the Javanese nobles and chiefs make frequent journeys to Mecca, and when they return they assume an air of utmost sanctity, which gives them extraordinary power over the uneducated classes. In fact, the Mohammedan imams are credited with being at the bottom of every rebellion. Every village possesses its mosque and priests. The latter are either Arabs or are of Arabian descent, and their numbers mount into the hundred thousands. And, declared the Father, the conversion of a Mohammedan is a rare occurrence. Once this belief has fastened itslf upon a man, he will not turn to Christianity. He not only will not listen to a discussion of another religious system, but is prepared to die for his faith, with all the wild enthu-

siasm of a fanatic. Various reasons are assigned for this fact, but those principally given refer to the materialism of Mohammedanism, both in what it permits in this world and what it promises in the next, and the extraordinary simplicity of its creed, which is summed up in the single dogma: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet." A religion which requires no sacrifices, and rewards with unlimited animal gratifications, naturally appeals to those who have no great intellectuality and who find in it not only an excuse for, but an endorsement of, their passions. And it is in consequence of this that we find Mohammedanism making great progress among the Negroes of Africa and the inhabitants of Western and Central Asia, as well as here[1].

February 13 saw us on our way back to Djokja; and from Djokja, at a quarter before two o'clock, we started for Surabaya, traveling on a fine train which we found to be even faster and better than that on which we had reached Djokja from Batavia. On our arrival, our friends the Jesuit Fathers were again awaiting us, and we went with them to their *pastorie* (rectory). Their church is attractive, and in the town there are two parishes with good parochial schools. The Ursulines have charge of the girls; the Brothers, of the boys.

The town of Surabaya is the most thickly populated of all Java. Formerly the capital of the Dutch settlements in the East Indies, it has been forced to cede that title to Batavia. But Surabaya continues to be the commercial center *par excellence;* of its 160,000 inhabitants, 8,000 are Europeans, nearly 15,000 are Chinese, and some 2,800 are Arabs. At least four fifths of the people think of

[1] In Chapters XXII and XXIII will be found a complete description and exposition of the influence of Mohammedanism in the Netherlands East Indies.

nothing but business, of buying and selling, the natives themselves having been drawn into the active commercial life of the port. Commerce is the chief occupation; the agreeables of life, which are by no means lacking, are only one of the results of this commercial activity, not the end of it. Oppressive though the climate may be, in Surabaya men work incessantly, without relaxation, and no other city in the island gives a more vivid impression of hard and fruitful labor. Indeed, one of the Fathers made an excellent comparison between the life of Batavia and that of Surabaya. Batavia, he said, is the *Amsterdam,* or heart, of Java, and Surabaya is its *Rotterdam,* or mart.

After we had made final arrangements with the *K.P.M.* for our passage to Flores, we went on a little sightseeing tour through this busy city. At the business center of the town near the end of the *Djambatan Merah,* or red bridge, which connects the European with the Chinese quarter, one gets the best idea of the busy daily life of the place. Here one must be careful in crossing the street, lest he be caught unawares by a passing vehicle. Traffic regulation is conspicuous by its absence, and amid the conglomeration of fast motor-cars, hurrying *sados* and *kosongs* (two-pony cabs), bullock carts with wheels five or six feet in diameter, and coolie-drawn hand-trucks, one may easily come to grief. The most irritating features of life at Surabaya are the regular afternoon arrival of hordes of mosquitoes and the peculiarly inquisitive character of the indigenous red ant. The town is a convenient point from which to start for other attractive spots, and a good place in which to do shopping; but in other respects there is little of exceptional interest to be found in it.

On February 15, at ten o'clock, we set out for the harbor, and after we had submitted to the regular examination of the government physician, we were taken out to

the *De Klerk* which was lying out in the harbor, on a little launch bearing the name of *S.S. Nora*. At twelve o'clock the steamer left, and we said good-bye to Java: another point on our mission trail had been covered. After a half-hour's sail from Surabaya, we saw the island of Madura on our left. This island is administered as a part of the territory of Java. There is a regular ferry service connecting the two, and the natives cross and recross, for the sake of trading. Madura is much like Java though not so rich. It is very small, but thickly populated, and is noted for its beef. The people, though more wild and fierce than the Javanese, are fond of their stock, and treat their cattle quite as well as their children. They wash their cows every day, keep them tied up, cut much of their feed, and one of their great amusements is cattle racing. Most of the salt of Java comes from Madura. It is from sea water, evaporated in great reservoirs. The sale of this salt is a government monopoly, and brings in a revenue of millions of dollars a year. All over Java there are warehouses where it is sold to merchants and private persons.

There were only fifteen passengers in the first-class cabins of the *De Klerk*, and the captain spared himself no trouble to make the voyage pleasant: while the first mate, who had been at our main station of Ndona, Flores, told us a great deal about the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word who are working there. That afternoon a real calamity overtook us: the only bottle of altar wine we had burst at the bottom, and that meant that we should have no Mass until we arrived at Endeh-Ndona, Flores!

We had been prepared for the beauty of this part of the world, since many pens have written, unforgettably, of the South Seas. Nor are their glowing descriptions exaggerated. Faint dark spots appeared upon the horizon,

Fantastic and Ornate Funeral Pyre: Island of Bali

Splendid Way of Approach to a Temple in Bali

— 'green islands with softly waving palms,' — islands destitute of life, deserted, and visited only at rare intervals by wandering natives or white men after adventure — islands 'with shores glistening in the sun, reaching away as far as the eye can travel.' And in the distance there were the 'incoming seas, gathering far out and rising in sheer walls, with wind-whipped spray.' Our gaze, however, was fixed upon *another horizon*, and though not insensible to the beauty of God's creation, we looked across the heaving billows to that part of His work which makes sweet the labors and travels of the missionary, — scanned, as it were, the spiritual regions ahead, looking out for the souls of his heart's desire.

The next morning, February 16, found us passing along the shores of Bali, one of the Little Sunda Islands[2]; consequently, we perceived that we were already "at home" — that is, we were in the missionary district entrusted to our Society.

Bali has an estimated area of three thousand square miles, as large as Rhode Island and Delaware together. It is mountainous, some of the ranges rising to three thousand feet, and falling away, as they descend toward the coast, to undulating plains. In the north there are mountain peaks which easily match our Rocky Mountains in height, the most remarkable of them being the peak of Bali, which attains an altitude of 10,000 feet, and that of Guning Batukau, which is 7,500 feet in height. There are many volcanoes, numbers of which have proved disastrous, more than once, to the surrounding country.

In an account which was given to us, later, by one of our missionaries, we learned that Bali, up to the year 1906,

[2] The Little Sundas consist of the islands of Bali, Lombok, Sumba, Sumbawa, Flores, Timor, Solor, Adonara, Lomblem, Pantar, Alor, Wetar, and a number of smaller islands adjacent to certain of these.

was divided into no fewer than nine independent dynasties. After the revolution which broke out in that year, it came entirely under the sovereignty of the Netherlands; and since then, much has been done to open up the interior, but the mountainous nature of the country renders this work extremely hard. The difficulties are quite evident, when one comes to note the macadam roads which now cut through the country, and the bridges which span the ravines.

The mountains give to the island a romantic appearance, and the fertility of the plains and valleys is wonderful. True, the large population of the island makes it necessary for the farmer to use to advantage every piece of ground, even on the hills and mountains; but the soil is most prolific, and the heavy crops of rice and maize, the luxurious palm-groves and the coffee and tobacco plantations, prove sufficiently that his efforts are not in vain. An officer recently picked a rice paddy and counted one hundred and fifty kernels. Besides rice, corn, tobacco, cotton, and cocoanuts, the small island produces about 160,000 pounds of coffee every year.

This fertile island has a population of one million human beings, in round numbers, crowded together on this small speck of land. The people of Bali are an energetic and sound race. They are larger than their neighbors, the Javanese, and by no means unattractive. The women are very strong. In their ears they wear thick blocks of bamboo, and their temples are patched with spots of white. American ornaments, such as chains and bracelets, are also worn by them.

The people received their present civilization from Java, together with Hinduism. Consequently the Brahmins are well represented. Even the indefatigable efforts of the Mohammedans have failed in wresting this ancient

cult from them, for all their habits and customs may be traced to Hinduism. As caste distinction is the characteristic of Hinduism, so there is distinction of rank in Bali; true, it is not so sharply drawn between the several classes as in India, but traces of the original four castes are still evident. These are the Brahmins (priests or priestesses) wearing as their distinctive badge, a kind of holy-water font; the dewas or nobles and rulers of the country, recognized by their weapons; the husbandmen, wearing a plough (even noblemen may belong to this caste); and the syndras, or laborers. Foreigners, without much ado, are placed with the last class, even though some distinguished persons are received as priests and nobles. Not a few caste distinctions, however, are gradually disappearing, through the influence of the West. A dewa, for instance, now finds nothing wrong in holding intercourse with a syndra. Formerly, such a matter was considered a crime.

The custom prevailing among these people, of burning their dead, and with them, the remaining members of the family, also has its origin in the Hindu cult. This custom may be discriminated into three classes: the first bury their dead; the second burn them; and the third burn them with great ceremonies. A large pyre is erected, custom enjoining that its height shall be determined by the rank of the deceased in life. Men and women, in festive attire, solemnly proceed to the house of the dead. The corpse is placed on a bier and carried to a burial-place which is provided at a distance of three to six thousand feet from the house. These funeral processions give the impression of a triumphal march. Arrived at the site, the corpse is placed on the first story of the pyre. The widows, according to an ancient custom, were formerly obliged to ascend the pyre with the corpse, and leaning close against it, to await death. If these and other mem-

bers of the family had the courage to throw themselves voluntarily into the flames, *Satyaloha* (heaven) was assured to them. Fortunately, the Dutch Government has abolished this cruel custom. To make these ceremonies possible also to the poorer classes, burial is often delayed for a long time, in order that several bodies may be burned on the same pyre. The ashes are gathered and carefully preserved.

Hinduism has done much for the general culture of Bali. This is evident from the numerous fine old temples scattered all over the island, these being veritable monuments of art. Some are of the pagoda style, ten to twelve stories high, with various stories supported by pillars. Others are elaborately carved, showing geometrical forms, figures, flowers, leaves, and fruit, all artistically arranged. In the villages, of course, the temples assume a simpler form. Here the spirit or idol may be satisfied to abide in a house of mud or bricks.

The houses of the natives are of the same material. Every farm, as well as every village, is surrounded by a wall. The people's quick sensibility to the beauties of nature is gratified in the rich and gorgeous flora of their country. In every possible way they make use of it and display it. On feasts and other occasions, women and children, horses and wagons, are extravagantly decorated with flowers. Even the men are seen with a flower behind the ear. Their sense of art runs parallel with their love for learning. For hours at a time they will sit and listen to tales of distant lands, and their clever questions keep one busy answering.

They also have their balls and dances, and on these occasions old and young assemble in the open place of the village. Among the dancers, young girls, eight to ten years of age, fantastically dressed, are extremely popular.

The "Tetyah Kola" — a Wonderful and Most Artistically Designed Bathing-place in Singaradja, Bali

Prince Gusti Bagus and Wife, of Karang Asam, Bali. The table is a gift from Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

as they keep time to the *gamalam*, or native musical instrument.

Here, too, as in the Philippines, rooster fights are popular. With tender, almost maternal, care they raise the young roosters, but for a barbarous sport. As soon as the rooster is old enough, the day and hour are appointed for the fight. A sharp knife about ten inches long is attached to each foot of the bird, his opponent wearing the same deadly weapons. As soon as the roosters see each other, they are seized with a violent rage, and at a given signal are let loose — sometimes to die in a few moments. Bets of large sums are often made on these occasions. The excitement is inexpressible, and entire fortunes are staked on one rooster.

The people of Bali are lively and pleasure-loving, but at the same time they are an industrious, healthy race, and certainly religiously inclined. They are extremely devoted to their idols, and often make pilgrimages in procession to their shrines, to offer food, flowers, and other presents. There is no doubt, concluded the Father who gave to us this description, that these people would gladly make sacrifices to the one true God if they but knew Him.

This last expression of conviction brings us back to a statement that I made when we found ourselves lying offshore before Bali. I said that we were now "at home," because this island is included in the ecclesiastical province of the Little Sunda Islands entrusted to our Fathers. However, there has never yet been any definite or continuous missionary work carried on in Bali, nor has there in the two associated islands (also included in our Little Sunda Islands mission) of Lombok and Sumbawa, with the exception of one recorded attempt of deep significance made by the Protestants: of this I shall speak presently. Therefore one beholds here a splendid and open field for heroic

missionary endeavor (although at first, opposition against missionaries is certain to be very great in these islands); and this labor will surely be taken up with zeal, just as soon as a sufficient number of priests can be made available for the effort. As yet the field is left untouched, but for the semi-annual visits of priests who, under government auspices, stop at all principal ports, in order to hear the confessions of white residents.

But some years ago a truly zealous Protestant minister settled on Bali, and drudged away for years, with practically no signs of encouragement or fruitage. At last he gained one convert, and fostered this spiritual son with all fatherly kindness. By way of return, the young neophyte finally turned on him and slew him, this being his most characteristic act of recognition of the great gift that had been conferred upon him. The Protestants, discouraged by this disastrous conclusion of an initial spiritual attempt, have subsequently made no further efforts to convert the inhabitants of Bali.

However, in the year 1921 a most favorable opportunity was given to our Father de Lange (then administrator of our Little Sunda Islands mission) to take over a Dutch-Indian school on Bali, and thus to lay a foundation for a beginning of conversions; but the Father was unable immediately to take advantage of the offer, because he was utterly without men to assume charge of the work. But some attempt of this sort will surely be made within the next few years. In this connection, the words of the late apostolic prefect, Msgr. Noyen, of our mission, are worth recording:

"May the time soon come when our missionaries will be found working on Bali; but only truly humble, patient, holy, and learned priests will possess the needful qualities which will fit them for winning their way among the peo-

ple. During the first ten years of such pioneer work we cannot expect conversions; but when the time arrives for the beginnings of a harvest, I am convinced that the Christians of Bali will be exemplary representatives of the Faith in the Netherlands East Indies, and that they will be men capable of taking their places in any department of private or public life — in the trades, arts, in politics, or in offices of ecclesiastical dignity. Yet, very likely, the Lord will ask for sacrifices and, it may be, for the precious lives of some of the missionaries. But in spirit I can already see Bali crowned with churches, peopled with holy men, women, and children."

God grant that these hopes become living realities in the not too distant future.

By noon of February 16, we passed the great Peak, and the view was splendid as we turned southward to Ampannan, which is the western port of the island of Lombok. Here we made our first stop. While sailing around the island of Bali, we could easily perceive a number of its famous Hindu monuments and temples.

CHAPTER VII

Lombok, Sumbawa, Sumba

The peak of Lombok — First discovery and conquering of Bali and Lombok — The island of Sumbawa — A dangerous passage — Sumba, the "Sandalwood Island" — Sumba's mission history.

On the night of February 16 we left for the eastern part of Lombok, turning around the northern shore. One of the most interesting of islands, it is less known than Bali, although it has been under the political domination of the latter since the eighteenth century. Volcanic and mountainous like its neighbor, it possesses one of the most lofty and magnificent summits in all the Indies — that of Rinjani, or the Peak of Lombok, 12,290 feet high. The streams are smaller than those of Bali, but so numerous that the eastern plains, where rice and coffee are the principal crops, are marvelously fertile. The inhabitants of Lombok, the Sasaks, are Mohammedans. They are not particularly fervent nor have they many mosques; they eat no meat but beef — unlike their neighbors the Balinese, to whom the eating of beef would be a sacrilege.

Bali and Lombok were discovered in 1597, but the extremely war-like nature of the inhabitants made their conquest a matter of great difficulty. Only in 1743 did the Sultan of Surakarta cede his rights in Bali to the Dutch; but the island did not recognize the sovereignty of Holland until nearly a century later — in 1841; and dangerous rebellions necessitated lengthy military expeditions in the years 1846, 1848, and 1849. Lombok was no better. The arrogant Balinese, who forbade their subject

Sasaks the right to bestride a horse upon their native island, looked with the blackest disfavor upon the irruption of powerful foreigners. The Dutch advanced prudently, urged by the complaints of the oppressed Sasaks or the lower-caste Balinese, and enforced their representations by long and bloody campaigns.

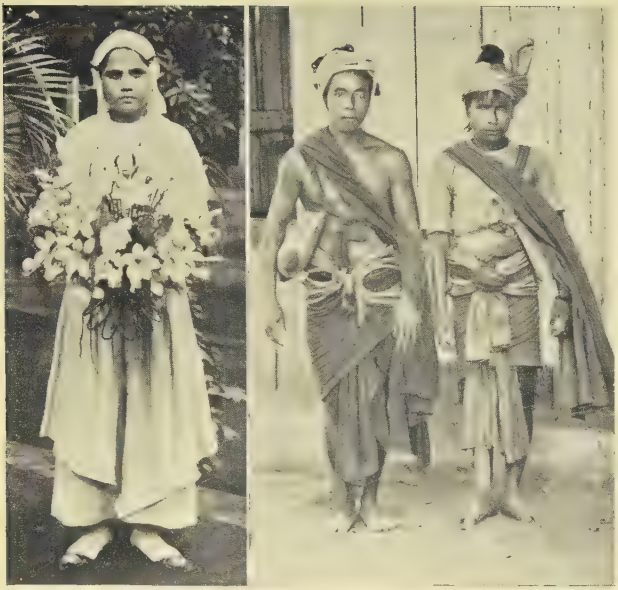
In 1894 the military power of the princes of Lombok was finally broken; the radjahs submitted and are now apparently loyal. But the princes of Bali were only defeated, and in 1906 an other expedition had to be despatched to the latter island.

We arrived at the eastern port, called Labuan Hadji, on the morning of February 17; and in the afternoon we reached the port of Sumbawa (which is in the northwestern section of the island of the same name), but left almost immediately for the main port, Bima, of the same island. Sumbawa is famous for its many volcanoes, both active and dormant; there were terrible eruptions in 1815, when 12,000 lives were lost; and the island was again partially devastated in the years 1836 and 1860.

The island is ruled by the Dutch, through the native chiefs (of which there are two) and many tribal chiefs. Bima is the main port, with a beautiful harbor completely bottled in. One of the sultans, who had come aboard the ship with us at Surabaya, now disembarked, taking with him the handsome auto which he had purchased for 11,000 guilders (about $4500). A fine, likable chap he was, too, but a Mohammedan, like most of his subjects. He had observed his religious duties faithfully while on board, and would not eat pork. There was a great crowd awaiting him at the landing bridge.

We finally got out of this picturesquely indented harbor of Bima, bound for the eastern obscure corner of Sum-

bawa, going south through the Indian Ocean to the isle of Sumba or "Sandalwood Island," the real home country of this most fragrant of woods. During our passage through the strait of Sape we had a peculiar experience. On our right was the island of Sumbawa and to our left there emerged from the sea the cone-like rock of Gunangapi, — "the eye of the devil," — an active volcano about 4000 feet in height, with a number of small islets and reefs farther away. The weather was pleasant and the sea smooth and quiet. I was conversing with one of the passengers, when suddenly, without any warning, the water foamed and swelled about the boat, as if driven by a great wind. None of the passengers knew what this meant, for there was no hint of a storm, and we were astonished at the grave aspect of the captain. Later he explained that the strait of Sape is known as one of the most dangerous in the world. A number of sea currents meet at this particular spot, and light ships often experience much difficulty in passing through. On our right we observed a small island where a lighthouse had been erected. It was at the rock upon which this very lighthouse is built that a ship of the *K.P.M.* came to grief, being dashed against it by the force of an overwhelming current. Passengers and crew were saved, fortunately, but the boat went to pieces. No captain will pass through this strait at night, if he can help it, or during inclement weather; for there are hidden reefs and rocks which make it doubly perilous at these times. We were informed that the strait of Lintah, which is situated farther east, is just as dangerous. Sometimes the current there races at a speed of twenty miles an hour. When we left Sape and got out into the Indian Ocean, we noticed that the sea was quite heavy — unpleasantly so.



1. Native Girl (of Larantuka) Attired in Modish Dutch Costume. 2. People of Sumba Island.

Mountaineers near Larantuka

An Extinct Volcano

Just before dark we saw the mountains of Flores in the distance, but we were not to reach our goal so soon. There was a landing to be made at Sumba first, Waikelo, the harbor, being reached at six o'clock on Sunday morning, February 19.

Here something must be said of the very interesting but at the same time distressing mission history of Sumba. One is ever eager to recount tales that evince the manner in which the spirit of Christ catches fire in the souls of men, no matter of what race, color, clime, or tribal affiliation, whenever this spirit is made known in their midst. But with many such narratives of mission lands there must frequently follow a report of what constitutes one of the saddest events in all human experience, no matter where or when one learns of its occurrence: I refer to the gradual crumbling away of a work once gloriously built up.

In the year 1889 a Jesuit priest (named Schweits), accompanied by a brother, went to Sumba and immediately received a warm welcome from the then reigning king of Laora, the northwestern section of the island. It so happened that this king had had three years of education on the island of Java, could speak Malay well, and was very anxious that his children should receive advantages similar to those which had been his.

For this reason, the missionaries were well received, and the king made every effort to assist them in carrying out their plans in his territory. Soon the Fathers acquired a certain facility in using the native language, and immediately began to win the hearts of the people. A school was opened wherein the children of the king and of the chiefs of local sections received instruction. The sacred doctrines of our holy religion were gradually taught to

all the people, and with the support and direct aid of the king, a church was erected. Within a year's time the first nine children of Sumba received their first holy Communion; and in 1895, Msgr. Staal, vicar apostolic of the vicariate of the Netherlands East Indies, visited Sumba and confirmed 22 Christians.

But the island was isolated, and the Jesuits became so short of priests for their work in the Netherlands East Indies that it was found impossible to stand the expense of retaining the missionaries on Sumba; and no help seemed forthcoming from other quarters just at this time. An effort had been made to secure Sisters from Europe, but all congregations appealed to had refused to enter upon this work, although it seemed absolutely necessary to have women religious in order to make the mission permanently effective. Thus it came to pass that in 1898 the missionaries were withdrawn from Sumba, in spite of the anxious appeals of the Christians to have the ordinary blessings of Holy Church made safe for them.

From that time on, no opportunity was presented to continue and renew the missionary work so auspiciously begun, and even today the Christians of the island are without the consolation of religion, with the exception of semi-annual visits paid by one of our Fathers. Meantime, the Dutch government had sent Protestant missionaries to the island, who began to carry on the work of evangelization among the un-Christianized natives. But in the case of the Catholics, with the coming of the years they began to lapse from their religious practices, being without the aid and strengthening helpfulness of a priest, and they gradually fell away into semi-pagan ways of living. Nevertheless, when our Fathers first began to visit them they found many wonderful and edifying evidences of the strength of the "cords of Christ." Great

numbers of the people are at the present day only waiting for the coming of a resident priest, that they may again proceed to build up in earnest the old walls of Christian Faith and integrity which had been allowed to fall through lack of use.

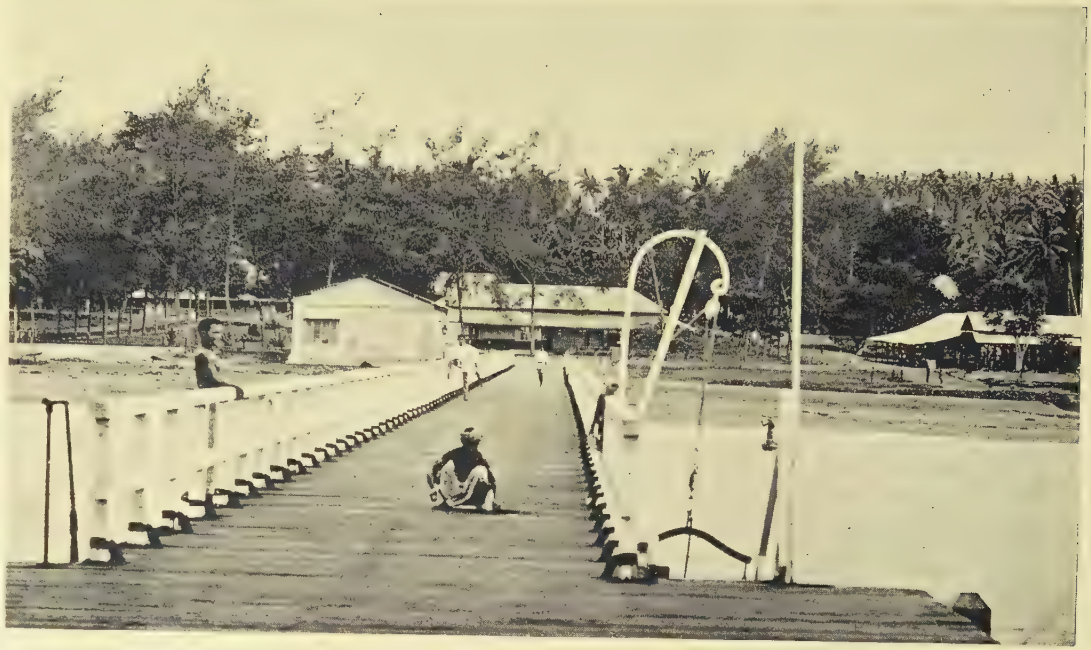
CHAPTER VIII

With Our Missionaries on Flores

We reach the bay of Endeh — A singular meditation (recollections of early mission history) — Up to Ndona with Father de Lange — The boys of the mission — The Jesuits on Flores and Timor — Some present-day statistics.

After leaving Waikelo, we proceeded to the second port of interest on the same island — Waingapu. This made our sixth and final stop before reaching Flores. It was a peculiar Sunday, for we could not say Mass, but had to celebrate what the Carthusians call a *missa sicca*. The sea was much rougher, though we managed to get some rest. Very early in the morning we sighted Flores, but it was over an hour later when the *De Klerk* laid anchor, at six o'clock, in the bay of Endeh, the principal port of 'floral island.'

During the last hour on board in sight of that wonderful isle of missionary endeavor, — of marvelous successes and failures, of tremendous struggles and upheavals, until the gradual flowering of all the splendid opportunities which, I had been told over and over again, the country now held forth: with this all before me, I say, I was insensibly led into a mood of curious meditation. I began to follow up in thought the whole trend of mission history as it is recorded of Flores; and I must give you at least a portion of it, for it will serve as a real foundation upon which to build our own missionary impressions, as we follow along, from station to station, throughout the length and breadth of the island. The mission histories



Where We Landed at Endeh, Flores

Headquarters of the Official Resident of the Dutch Government, Endeh, Flores. In the background is to be seen the Gunung Medja (mountain), which lies directly before Ndona, the central station of our missionaries.

of Flores, Solor, and Adonara run together, and thus I will recount them.

The first Portuguese visited these islands in 1559, and in 1560 the priest of the fleet baptized several hundred children on the island of Endeh (this is a small coastal island lying to the south of Middle Flores). During the year following, the Dominicans (Portuguese) established themselves on Solor. They began to succeed with a success that could hardly have been expected under the circumstances. They built twelve small fortressed parish centers, each with a church and a complete parochial department; thus they secured for themselves and their converted faithful protection against foreign enemies and the attacks of Mohammedans. Then they advanced their work, settling in Maumere, Mare, Sikka, and Numba, on Flores, and also on the island of Endeh. They continued to triumph everywhere; but it must be admitted that their prestige is partly to be ascribed to the fact that they had the strong governmental support of Portugal. However, a change came, and their work began to be put to the test.

In 1654 Javanese pirates landed on Solor and on Adonara. They burned down churches and created general havoc in many places. In 1670 Javanese corsairs ransacked Endeh, killed many Christians and put the resident priest to the torture. Finally, a wonderfully strong fortress and church were erected on the island of Endeh, and fugitives from all sides gathered at this place for refuge and protection. The ruins of this fortress may be seen today; they reveal the heroic efforts of these early Christians to maintain themselves and to perpetuate the holy Faith which they had embraced.

From 1570 to 1595 there was peace, and then certain Mohammedan rebels stirred up many native princes against the Christians. Success attended their efforts — priests,

brothers, soldiers, and natives died for the sake of the holy Catholic Faith; the fortress was partially demolished and the church and convent were entirely destroyed by fire. The revolt passed on from Solor to Flores. In 1620 another renegade prince made trouble. Desiring to obtain the sovereingty over Endeh and Solor, he appealed to the prince of Makassar for support. In consequence, the notorious Mohammedan, Don Juan, was sent with 40 ships and 3000 men; but in the end this whole nefarious enterprise failed utterly.

In 1613 came the Dutch, who finally succeeded in wresting the islands from the Portuguese. Meantime there were twenty years of peace and of great advances in the spread of the Faith; but as has ever been and is now the case wherever Christianity spreads, the menace of Mohammedanism became ever greater and greater. In 1637 the Mohammedans overturned the religious seats of the Portuguese in Endeh and on the *island* of Endeh, and utterly banished the Catholic religion. Today nothing but the ruins of former buildings exists to indicate the close of the struggle of that time. On Solor and East Flores there continued, from that time on until 1859, more or less constant struggles between Dutch, Portuguese, and the Mohammedans, all to the fearful disadvantage and loss of the Catholic Faith. Portuguese missionaries were made to suffer terribly; but in spite of this, the people of Larantuka (East Flores) remained Catholics and were never afraid to fight for their spiritual rights. In 1859 a treaty was concluded between the Netherlands and Portugal, by which the latter, in consideration of a payment of $80,000 ceded to the Netherlands every claim to Solor and Flores. When the inhabitants of Larantuka were informed of this, they were enraged, but were advised to accept the political situation quietly, with the promise that Dutch priests

would be sent them, to take the places of the Portuguese Fathers who were obliged to leave. The Dutch government made arrangements with the vicar apostolic of Batavia to send Jesuits to the islands; and in consequence, Father P. G. Metz landed in Larantuka in 1864. This constituted the first founding of the wonderful work of the Jesuits in the Little Sunda Islands.

The hour was up, and we were ready to go ashore. It was windy, and we found it a bit difficult to get down the steps into the motor-boat that was to take us ashore. Above all, we thought it strange not to see any of our Fathers or Brothers awaiting us. When we set foot on land we looked upon many types of people, and noted many a fierce Mohammedan; but we were unable to find a single Father or Brother. We were puzzled, wondering if our men in Ndona, which is not very far from the harbor, had not received the letter that I sent from Bangued, Philippine Islands, ten days before we left Manila.

We found two coolies to carry our baggage, and then went to the telephone office — happy to discover on our arrival, that there was a connection with our central mission station at Ndona. Father deLange, acting superior of the then prefecture apostolic, answered my call and was more than astonished to hear of our arrival. Fortunately, he said, a few of our Fathers had come in from outlying stations, due to a presentiment that we might arrive on this steamer. In about forty minutes Father was down after us, with a buggy. Then up we rode, through the cocoanut plantations, "Yours truly" sitting on a narrow board in the rear of the vehicle: for there were only two seats. Frater Buis, a scholastic from Holland, who has recently finished his studies at Techny and is now an ordained priest, met us on horseback; and when we came to

the station, we were welcomed with the strains of a native flute orchestra. Six Fathers, four Brothers, and five Sisters greeted us joyfully; and with the two hundred boys of the station, we all went at once to the chapel, where we said a sincere *Deo Gratias* for our successful trip. Then we sang the *Veni Creator;* and after that, Father General and I were happy in being privileged to say Mass again, following our four days' suspension. As it was the third Monday of the month, we offered the Holy Sacrifice in honor of the Holy Ghost, imploring once more the blessing of God upon the coming two months which we intended to spend in this part of our mission field.

After breakfast there was a little play, given in the open air by the boys. We, with the Fathers and Brothers of the community, took our seats on the terraced veranda, from which we could survey the interesting crowd. The flute orchestra, of some forty boys, performed a few fine pieces on their native instruments.

After the music, there was a speech of welcome by a native teacher; and it was but shortly after this that we learned that my letter, posted ten days before our departure from Manila, had arrived with us on the *De Klerk*. What was still more interesting, as illustrating our missionaries' absolute exclusion from the world of home news, was the fact that although fourteen days had elapsed since the election of the new Holy Father, the priests, Brothers, and Sisters knew nothing about it. How far away they are, in their isolation from the great events that are making history! All along the mission trail this fact was brought home to me. These apostolic men and women of good blood and ancestry, of the finest upbringing and education, human in their feelings, their sensitiveness, lovers of home land and family, deliberately and voluntarily shut themselves away from *all*, for the sake of souls! I wonder

what God will say, at the Last Judgment, to those Catholics who are frequently heard to declare: "We have enough to do at home! I do not believe in missions! Why travel abroad to save pagans, when there are so many around us!" What a sad return we make to our heroic missionaries by even allowing such thoughts as these! If the missionaries do not receive encouragement from us, to whom shall they turn on earth? They have not put aside their human hearts, their human bodies, their human necessities! Moreover, I firmly believe that the benefactors whose names are carried by the lips of a missionary to the Throne of the Most High, can confidently expect to be protected in this life and to be made happy in the next — that is, of course, if they co-operate with the graces that are sure to be showered upon them. This is my honest belief, after spending almost two years in traveling from post to post, seeing not alone our own self-sacrificing Fathers and Brothers of the Society of the Divine Word, our own Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, but also many missionary priests, Sisters, and Brothers of other Orders and congregations, doing mission work abroad. All are alike in zeal and sacrifice, and no aid that is given them will go unrecorded or unrewarded in their hearts.

CHAPTER IX

Our Jesuit Predecessors

A new vicariate and a new vicar apostolic — Recruits from other fields — The Jesuits on Flores and Timor — The Franciscan Sisters of Heythuizen — Dutch Sisters of Charity — Father Ysseldyk on Flores, and Father Mathijssen on Timor — Msgr. Luypens' solicitude for the mission — The work as continued by our Fathers — Some present-day statistics.

Just at the time of our arrival, our Fathers of the mission were deeply interested in the election of a prefect apostolic for the Little Sunda Islands to succeed our Rt. Rev. Peter Noyen, S.V.D., who had died in our Mother House during the last general chapter. We did not know until a month later that the prefecture had been made a vicariate.

It was in the year 1913 that the Little Sunda Islands (with the exception of Flores, which was added in 1914) were turned over to the Society of the Divine Word, as a prefecture apostolic. That same year, Father Peter Noyen, S.V.D., who had been for ten years engaged in mission work in South Shantung, China, was called upon to transfer his mission labors to the island of Timor, N. E. I. Soon, Father Verstraelen, S.V.D., formerly a missionary in Togo, Africa, followed him, also Brothers Lucian and Calixtus, the latter Brother having previously served for many years in mission work in former German New Guinea.

As I have stated, Flores was purchased from the Portuguese by the Dutch in 1859, and this date marks the

coming of two Dutch missionaries (secular priests) to the island. These priests were succeeded in 1864 by the Jesuits, who at that time brought about the noble beginnings of their splendid labors in the Little Sunda Islands, — labors which they have since left to our Fathers, in the shape of *mission monuments* bequeathed to them, to perpetuate, to enhance, and to build upon. But I must tell you something more at length about the efforts of the Jesuits on Flores and Timor.

Their work progressed very rapidly. Within a year of their arrival, a school for the training of catechists was erected and founded at Larantuka; and the missionaries began to go out from this central station, to visit all the villages along the coast in which the Portuguese Dominicans had formerly labored. They did not venture across country or into the interior, for at no time had they sufficient priests to warrant their undertaking this advance work.

As early as 1879 they came to realize the need of religious Sisters for work in the islands; and during that year, in response to their request, a community of the Sisters of Heythuizen was sent from Holland.

In many places the people became most loyal and valiant champions of the Faith. Particularly was this the fact in Sikka. Sometime after 1884, when a resident priest was stationed there, a governmental resident stationed at Timor chanced to visit Flores; and when he came to Sikka and proceeded to note the changes and improvements evident on all sides, he, realizing who was responsible for the new state of affairs, addressed the native king of the place, Don Andre Ximenes de Sylva, with scornful remarks, upbraiding him severely for yielding to outside influences and for his friendly relations with the missionaries. Whereupon Don Andre retorted:

"Thou, Grand Master, wouldst hardly have ventured to use such great swelling words among us, were it not for the fact that the good Father has of late been our teacher, and that we have become his disciples in some of these matters."

In 1889 the Dutch Sisters of Charity (*Zusters van Liefde*) came from Europe and settled at Maumere. But the land in this place was low and swampy and miserably unhealthful. On this station alone, within comparatively few years, no less than twelve religious (priests and Sisters) died. For these reasons the community and schools were removed to Lela, which is situated on the southern coast and on higher ground. Subsequently the whole locality in and about Maumere was by order of the government drained and made far more healthful.

Little by little, as opportunities offered and as men were found available for the work, missionary administrations were greatly extended, and soon resident stations began to be multiplied.

In 1889 Father Ysseldyk settled at a place called Kotting, which is situated halfway between Maumere and Lela. Here he worked with the greatest zeal and self-sacrifice, for years and years. He expended all his patrimony upon buildings and benefits for the people, refusing them nothing in so far as self-sacrifice could supply it for them. In 1904 his church, and indeed the entire settlement, burned to the ground; whereupon the indefatigable pastor erected new buildings which were even better than the former. Relentless in the pursuit of his God-given cause, his whole life being completely buried in his people's welfare, Pastor Ysseldyk labored on until old age overtook the saintly hero. Then, with deepest regret, and yet in joyous obedience, he generously turned over all the fruits and material results of his years of service to the priest of our Society

Chapel with the Headquarters of Priests and Brothers at Ndona, the Central Mission Station of the Little Sunda Islands

Group Showing Our Excellent Native Teachers of the Ndona School

who was assigned to take his place. When Father Ysseldyk left his mission, he took with him only a few articles of clothing which he carried in his suit-case.

But these acts of noble service and generous relinquishment were repeated everywhere throughout the Islands of Flores and Timor where the Fathers were stationed.

The story of Father Mathijssen is not dissimilar to that of Father Ysseldyk in the way of revealing long years of loving toil and service, and in his generous and Christian manner of leaving all that he had worked years to build up.

When our late Msgr. Noyen of revered memory was despatched to the Little Sunda Islands, in 1912, he first arrived in Batavia (Java), in October of the same year. There he met Father Mathijssen, who had been away from his mission in Lahurus, for a short time, on account of failing health due to long years of labor and fast speeding old age. Timor being the first island given over to our Fathers, Msgr. Noyen was destined for the parish of Father Mathijssen, and the good priest immediately made ready to accompany him.

When they reached Lahurus station, Father Mathijssen showed Msgr. Noyen all his life-work; first, as it lay revealed in records, — the church register, etc., — and then as it appeared in the living evidence he had gathered about him, — 2500 Catholic faithful! And lastly, there was the church, the residence, three schools, and other property appurtenances. With a familiar gesture, the old pastor turned to Msgr. Noyen and said,

"Now, Msgr. Noyen, you are my superior," referring, of course, to Msgr. Noyen's appointment; "here is your rectory, and here are the keys of the little safe. I am at your service. Command me as you will."

Needless to say, this wholly noble attitude of the saintly Jesuit Father and pastor moved the new prefect profoundly, leaving the deepest impression upon him and spurring him to lofty resolutions to see to it that the territory newly turned over to him should henceforth be administered in a manner worthy of his eminent predecessors.

Although the prefecture was officially given to the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word on the sixteenth of September, 1913, yet the oncoming World War, in the next year and those immediately to follow, prevented the sending of Fathers from Europe; so that it was impossible for the Society of the Divine Word to assume at once full care of the work. Thereupon a number of the Jesuit Fathers remained on Flores and Timor for varying periods, working in perfect harmony and in all charity with our Fathers, S.V.D., leaving their posts only for the new work awaiting them in Java when our Society could find a way to assume their duties on these islands. Thus it was not until 1921 that the last Jesuit Father bade farewell to Flores. In 1913, when the mission was formally turned over to our Fathers, the Jesuits were able to place in their care 30,700 Christians, 23 churches and chapels, 12 oratories, 12 day schools, and 5 boarding-schools. At this time there were 18 Jesuit priests on the islands, 12 Brothers, 25 Sisters, 38 teachers, and 30 catechists.

Here the question might arise: But why did the Jesuits leave this prosperous field? His Lordship, Msgr. Luypens, S.J., vicar apostolic of the Netherlands East Indies, lately deceased, gave answer to this query when, after he had visited Flores for the last time to confirm the Christians, he submitted his report. In this report is to be found the following statement: "If I but had a sufficient

number of priests to break the bread of life to the people of Flores, how would its mountains become mountains of the Lord, altars of love, and vestibules of heaven!"

He noted with anxiety that the number of his priests on Flores and Timor was continually decreasing through sickness and death; and because they were frequently required to fill in other places which it was impossible to leave empty, he knew also that he could not expect to obtain for some time a sufficient number of priests from his own Society to meet the work that actually lay waiting in this favored mission field. Therefore he promptly sought, though not without natural reluctance and tremendous regret, to have measures taken in Rome, whereby a division in his vast jurisdiction might be made, and with the Little Sunda Islands, among other regional districts, be given over to the care of other worthy missionaries.

In one passage of a communication, sent to his Fathers who remained for a time in Flores, to assist our Missionaries, S.V.D., Msgr. Luypens said,

"I was obliged, dear Brethren, through my heart's love for Flores, to ask for this division of my ecclesiastical charge, in order that Flores might soon become more spiritually prosperous. . . . But I fully realize what this means to us all, and I will not and cannot hide the sadness I feel in the matter. For many decades Flores has been our tender child, whom we have nurtured and loved with paternal solicitude. And so I now ask: May the merciful God bless you who remain for yet a little while in your chosen spot, to work with the incoming Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. May the Lord bless you and protect Flores and its inhabitants; may He bless the Fathers, S.V.D., who are taking over our task. God grant that they, being filled with zeal for the salvation of these souls, may devote themselves with all their strength

and hearts' desire to the people's welfare. And finally, my dear Brethren, I bid you, give your confidence to the new missionaries; show them your love and true obedience, as you have always shown them to me."

Before the Little Sunda Islands mission came into the hands of our Fathers for administration, the work had necessarily been limited to the eastern and middle sections of Flores and to the section of Timor in which were the stations of Atapupu and Lahurus: the western section of Flores had remained untouched. Today there are throughout the wohle vicariate 37 priests under the supervision of the vicar apostolic, Right Rev. Arnold Verstraelen, S.V.D., and these are assisted by 14 Brothers and 48 Sisters. On the island of Flores alone there are today probably some 430,000 people, of whom 65,000 are Catholics and about 50,000 Mohammedans. The whole island is easily capable of furnishing food, etc., for at least a million people, and it may be that the actual number of inhabitants is even greater than has been stated.

In the year 1913 there were to be found on the island of Timor approximately 2,500 Catholics. By the end of 1921 the census showed 7,637, while the original two mission stations — Atapupu and Lahurus — were augmented by two more, namely, Tubakki and Halilulik. In the year 1913 there were but three Catholic schools in Timor; at present there flourish twenty-two such schools, with a total number of pupils exceeding 1,400. Today there are 12,525 Catholics in that part of Timor which has been given over by the government to Catholic spiritual administration. The district contains some 80,000 inhabitants, while the entire Dutch section numbers about 120,000 people. The western portion of the Dutch section of Timor is given into the hands of the Protestants for evangelization.

Sr. Theodota, S.Sp.S., and a Sewing-class, Ndona

A Missionary Astride His Native Pony, Ready to Make a Tour of Inspection of His District

On the island of Lomblem a good missionary beginning was made in 1920, by the establishment of a station at Lemalerap, where two mission Fathers are now working. The new station already counts 2,100 Christians, this number being included in that given for the whole of Flores.

West Flores has recently been opened up as follows: the Ndona and Djopu missions have been established in the district of Endeh; Toda-Belu and Badjawa, in the Ngada district; and finally, Ruteng, in the Manggarai settlement. Furthermore, to these stations may be added the newly erected "model" stations of Nele, Paga, and Ili, in Central Flores. In 1914 the total number of Christians on Flores was 30,700 as compared with the present Christian population. There are also six times as many schools now in operation as were found open in the year 1914. This has of course been brought about largely through the progressive stand of the government in assisting and encouraging the foundation of new educational centres. Eight thousand children are pursuing a three-year grammar-school course, these children being dispersed among eighty schools. To these eighty schools we must add the three standard schools, — one each at Ndona, Lela, and Larantuka, — which we shall have occasion to speak of more fully, later. The standard schools are intended to supply a special training course for prospective teachers, the period of study varying from five to eight years.

The remaining islands of the Little Sunda group have not until very recently received any missionary aid, for there have not been priests enough to cover the whole field.

The entire territory of the Netherlands East Indies includes a population of some 50 millions, of whom some

35 millions are, in name at least, Mohammedans: there are about 150,000 Catholic natives and 35,000 Catholic Europeans. The Protestants show that they have in the entire archipelago 721,000 members, of whom 66,000 are Europeans. Says a writer: "It is not the Dutch flag, but the missionary flag which I long to see opening to the breeze of the tropics. Here lie these fruitful acres under the glowing sun. Here swarm these tens of millions of brown men, — yellow, if you will, — waiting to hear the Voice than which none other is so sweet."[1]

[1] Frank Mason North, in the *World Outlook* for Sept., 1915.

Fr. Glanemann and the Writer Inspecting Graves of a Kampong

A Peep into Nua Lolo, a Hamlet near Ndona

CHAPTER X

At Home With the Natives on Flores

New sights and new interests — Village life — Hilltop settlements — Side-hill construction — Real architecture and the architect (Ata Nggesu) — General household arrangements — Method in much of the seeming madness *of the building construction — Account for the people themselves — Comparisons (Qualities and excellencies) — "The Little Adam and Eve" (Creation story).*

I. *Villages*

Everything in connection with the village life of the natives of Flores is extremely interesting. It became a growing cause of wonderment to me, as I gradually came to see that many of their traits, customs, and habits, instead of manifesting what one might describe as the semi-rational attributes of heathenism or the results of pagan practices, were frequently truly representative of clever and ingenious foresight, and well planned provision to meet and secure for them those advantages which appear to be most necessary to their state of life.

For instance, in studying the types of villages we entered, I soon learned that the original idea was to build around a central open space. But this main principle alone results in a variety of types of houses and of villages also; because, in the first place, it may be that one single great house will be built around such an open space, the house being intended to accommodate anywhere from ten to seventy families — a regular hotel, you will say. But again, it may be that houses for only one family will be

built about the central area, and in such a case it is usually the rule to find between six and twenty houses clustered together, each with its own central space. In some places there will be found a large flat stone placed upright and occupying a conspicuous space just in front of a house; in other cases, one such monument of this sort will be guarded by several households with separate dwellings. These monuments are really the tombs of family members, and it is almost impossible to persuade the natives to move away from these formerly chosen and now sacred sites, even though the location may prove to be undesirable from every point of view; because the people feel it to be incumbent upon them to guard the tombs of their dead.

Another most significant and unique feature of the original plan for the villages was that they were to be built upon the hilltops, or at least high up on the sides of the mountains. To be sure, when one stops to think, the reason for this is obvious. Formerly there was continuous warfare between the tribes, and it was never possible for any man to feel even comparatively safe except within his own more or less inaccessible village.

Very, very many of these hilltop villages remain, in spite of the efforts of the government to dislodge them. But they make the processes of civilization and Christianization, in such sections, extremely arduous and slow, because it is necessary for a visitor, if he would approach these people, to make up his mind that he must engage in one long series of ascents and descents — each time *climbing* up sometimes a thousand feet or more to visit a community of perhaps only a few families, and then being obliged to *climb down again*, frequently through a sort of *jungle-tangle*, before he can ascend to another settlement. But when one of these mountain-top hamlets is reached, the traveler is well rewarded for his pains, from an esthetic

standpoint, for these communities are indeed fair to behold, sometimes situated in the very midst of a beautiful bamboo grove. The bamboo is used for building, and the surrounding cluster is always available for further dwellings and serves as a protection against the wind storms.

But when there is no level spot of ground to be found on the hilltop, or when the houses are built upon the sides of the mountains, they have a specially interesting method to secure a level *ground-base* for each dwelling. They do not cut into the side of a hill, as is often found to be the case in the loess districts in Kansu, Mongolia, and the Ili districts of China; neither do they build adobe fashion, as is found in other parts of China and often in the older Indian settlements of the Americans; but a vertical breastwork of small and large stones is built up, until a perfectly level area, of whatever size may be desired, is secured. On this level stone parapet, as it were, the house is built. Frequently one finds a hillside with houses perched here and there, each one built upon such a separate foundation, with a winding road leading from house to house. In this way the natives secure an excellent drainage.

Thus it happens that there is usually no regular formation for the villages — no main street with houses lined up on either side, although such villages are now to be found along the coast and in the plains where the government has had a hand in the matter, or where the missionaries have themselves labored with the people to build up convenient parish centers. Many of the older villages possess a *Sao-Keda* (little temple) , and this is situated usually in the midst of beautiful surroundings.

II. *Houses*

Although there is a general principle according to which all the houses are built, and although a so-called

architect[1] is always engaged to superintend the work, extended sometimes to periods of a year and a half, yet there is a most interesting variety and architectural difference of appearance between the houses. Some are built on the plan of a square, some are circular in construction, and others still, particularly the larger houses, are built upon a rectangular foundation. In accordance with the difference in fundamental construction, the high roofs take on various shapes and decidedly picturesque types of construction: some are cone-like, some hay-mow style, others look like an elongated straw heap in a Middle-West barnyard, and again others appear in formation very much like the galvanized iron smoke screen one frequently sees above the range in a restauranteur's or baker's kitchen.

As to the space plan, the house proper is usually built upon long stone blocks taken from the mountains, although sometimes wooden props or piles are used; the first floor is approached by a flight of steps. There is a central square, or *core*, of the building, and around this are arranged various compartments, provided according to the number of wives of one householder. Each family or each wife possesses a separate compartment and a separate hearth. Outside these compartments runs a veranda, which is of considerable width only in front of the house. At night the household arrangements are such that the old men, young girls and little children sleep in the central square, or *core*, of the building. Each family has its own little chamber for wife and husband, and the young men sleep outside on the veranda (tenda). From nightfall until daybreak it is positively forbidden for the young men to enter the house. It will be of interest to mention in this

[1] The *Ata Nygesu* (architect) usually receives, as wages for the entire period of construction, about 14 earrings, 5 teeth of a little elephant, and a buffalo (carabao).

place that a rather elaborately carved box is often to be found on a veranda. In this are contained the bones of some dead member of the family, whose grave was exhumed for this purpose and for the sake of the buried valuables, a year after interment.

The hearthstone is simply three stones with a covering of ashes. The hearth is surrounded by four upright poles supporting a framework over the fire, upon which things may be placed for warming or cooking. There are no chimneys, and the smoke has to escape as best it may through the upper portions of the building.

However, the extremely tall roofs without chimneys by no means present merely indications of whimsical, frenzied, or fanatical aberration. They are built as they are with a distinct purpose in view. In the first place, the houses have also to serve as storerooms for the people; all their vegetables, corn, rice, etc., must be stored within, and all is hauled aloft with ropes: therefore it is necessary that the roofs should be commodious. They are made tall in order to prevent the encroachments of mice, vermin, and insects; and they are made chimney-less in order that the smoke from the hearths below may ascend and become exceedingly thick above, thus driving out all creatures that may possibly endanger the stored-away material.

The floors are made of bamboo strips and therefore permit all dirt and refuse to pass through to the ground plot below; otherwise, the houses are never swept or cleaned. Whatever passes from the floor above is disposed of by goats and pigs which are housed below. The eaves serve at night as roosts for the chickens; here they find the air cooler and freer from mosquitoes and other pests.

For the building of the houses, the men supply the timber, the women, the bamboo and grass for the roofs. Not a carpenter's tool, not a nail or a bolt is used in the

entire building; it is made entirely of timber, bamboo, and grass. Only the natives' cleaver, a cross between a broadsword and a hatchet, is used to split the timber, make the boards and plane them. When the time comes for the first *official* occupation of a house, a great feast is prepared.

III. *People: Origin and Type*

After my first trip abroad with the Fathers, I felt literally confused with an immense and complex mass of *new* considerations that I found gradually creeping into consciousness. The marvel that I felt in it all was the recognition that these facts that were being gained were essentially *human* facts: it was merely a matter of coming to know more and more about God's people. In the quiet of the evening we sat talking and meditating at intervals. My thoughts were constantly summoning up questions, and I found the Fathers ever ready with their answers and amplifications to help out my slowly dawning apprehension about many, many things. In the first place, I was thoroughly moved at the thought of how decidedly provincial and narrow the great hosts of our people of the Western civilization really are. Then questions of race and origin arose, mingled with another much greater question which is now pressing on every side concerning future inter-*national* and inter-*racial* relations. Finally, I asked the assembly in general: "Well, who and what are these people of Flores, anyway; whence did they first come; what is their place among the peoples of the earth, and what is likely to be their final destiny?"

For a moment there was no answer; then Frater Buis gave the following satisfactory response:

"These people, Father, evidently belong to the great Malay group, although their racial characteristics have doubtless been considerably modified through Papuan and

Polynesian influence. Again, colonizing influences have inevitably set their mark upon the natives, and this is especially to be noted in certain sections — for instance, you will be sure to observe the distinction between many of the people of East Flores and those of the Middle and Western sections; in Larantuka quite a large minority of the inhabitants are what is known as *Black Portuguese*. But where the Malay strain is pure, a distinctly superior type of the Papuan or mixed classes is to be found. The Malays are of splendid physique and are very attractive. Alas, this is so true that their charm has fatally allured many a European, and the result shows here and there among the people. The manners and gestures of these natives are artless and easy; their way of speaking, calm and gentle; their skin is smooth and of a slightly brownish or yellowish tinge; the eyes, are clear and penetrating, have a lustre all their own, while the slightly flattened noses are not at all unbecoming. Their glossy black hair and pearly teeth, always visible under smiling lips, make these Malays beautiful even in an American estimate of beauty. The Papuans are robust; the outstanding muscles of their arms and chests manifest the strength at their command. Often somewhat rough, indulging freely in loud talking and hearty laughter, yet they are free and easy in their motions and are passionately fond of music and dancing.

"But Father," the young man continued, "would it not be well for you to have an original account from the people themselves concerning their origin? Fantastic and grotesque as it may appear, yet you will gain from it a real insight into their humanity, as well as suggestions of cosmological knowledge, which all the races of the earth seem to share in common. With your permission, I will relate to you one of the creation stories which certain

of the natives love to tell."

Of course, I was delighted to have the opportunity to get to the heart of the people through their legends, so I begged the young Frater to give the story as nearly after the manner of their own recounting as possible.

The Little Adam and Eve

"The natives of Daweh-Ngada tell this:

Once upon a time there was a village wherein many people dwelt. The name of the village and of the inhabitants is unknown. Upon a certain occasion two of the village children, brother and sister, went out to pluck mangoes. A boar and one pig appeared, and the boar immediately attempted to secure and eat up the fruit. But the little pig also wished the mango. Now the boar became very angry because of this, and at once began to beat the little one severely. Then, behold! to the intense surprise of the children, the little pig began to speak and to answer its parent, using the language and gestures of a man.

"Why, mother, should we quarrel, when, within a week hence, all will perish on earth? For there is certainly to come the crack of doom."

But the brother and sister breathlessly broke in:

"Sure this cannot be true?"

"Indeed it is true," replied the little pig; "be sure to make for yourselves a little sampan (boat), for the waters will rise upon the earth and all beasts and all mankind will be drowned."

So the brother and sister hastened away to the village, and there told the ancients all that they had heard. But the City Fathers only laughed indulgently at the tale, and refused to give it any credence. However, the brother and sister went quietly about their business, and proceeded to construct for themselves a tight little boat.

Upon the seventh night the deluge came. All the people at once thronged about the little sampan which the boy and girl had made. But there was place for the two children only, so they struck out at the people with their

oars, and sailed away, leaving the rest of the inhabitants to their fate.

For seven days the waters rose, until at last they well-nigh touched the heavens. Thereupon the heavens opened, and Tuwan[2] Allah (God) appeared and spoke to the children:

"Ashes I will give you, my children; and you shall scatter them abroad over all the waters; and the waters shall descend and the ashes will settle upon the earth, — upon the fields and valleys, and upon all the mountain heights, — and from them will spring up living creatures — cows and horses, and goats and all cattle; corn and grass, and every other good thing upon the earth."

At this moment there fell into the sampan from the heavens a handful of ashes.

So the children obeyed Tuwan Allah, and did what he told them to do; and the waters began to cease, and at last disappeared; and lo, the land appeared again and the ashes settled abroad upon it; then came forth all the beasts of the earth, and everything required for food, and all kinds of growing and creeping things: all came to pass, just as Tuwan Allah had promised.

But there was not a human soul upon the earth, save the boy and the girl when they alighted from their sampan: so they *became the first people of the earth.*

But they were guileless and utterly ignorant of the ways of man. So the great Tuwan Allah proceeded to instruct them, and he showed them the ways of life, revealing all to them through many lessons drawn from nature. Then, in time, they were married, and twins were born to them.

In the course of time the twins were married; and twins were born to them *also.* Thus it happened with the sons of men through seven generations. But after that time, the great Tuwan Allah appeared and declared that never again should the sons of men marry the daughters of men of near relation, lest great wrong and travail should come upon the earth. But some were ignorant of this decree, and these proceeded to marry as had been the

[2] *Tuwan* = lord, gentleman; sir.

custom of earlier times. But their offspring were devils, and they began to spread all manner of trouble and pestilence and vice abroad among the children of men. Thus came personal evil into the world, and thus the world has continued since that time, to multiply and increase upon the face of the earth and to contend continually between the forces of good and evil."

CHAPTER XI

The Hope of Flores and Timor

A trip to Kotta — The sacred waringa tree — Exorcism of evil spirits attendant upon birth — Grandparents' claims to first-born — Love of offspring — Unreason in affection — A visit to the chief — We learn of Keli — No orphans — Poor Li an exception to the rule — Early training of children.

On February 22 Father Preissler invited us to take a trip to Kotta, which is a rather large village situated in the highlands. The journey itself was exhilarating, with its continual ascent and consequent change of air and of scenic interests; besides, on these trips to and fro I was fast securing rich stores of both general and rare missionary information from the Fathers; for the very fact of traveling over familiar ground with us seemed naturally to open up the wellspring of their experiences, and induced them to advise us beforehand, about the many incidents and actual experiences which were likely to be ours in the day's inspection tour.

For instance, as we approached Kotta at a distance, our attention was attracted to a large tree which we were told distinctly marked the village site. Before we reached the tree (a waringa, a kind of fig tree which looks like a banyan), we had learned all about it. It is a sacred receptacle of natal trophies, which are deposited in its crotches or among the densely entangled branches by the *ata mari*, a pagan priest or sorcerer, immediately after the birth of a child in the village. The tree has thus served as a sort of sacred repository for a thousand years or more.

All the accompaniments of birth, which the priest thus carries away with him and disposes of, are supposed to be animated by a distinct spirit. After he has deposited the effects within the tree, the priest-sorcerer conjures this spirit to depart into the nether world and in nowise to molest or harass the new-born babe.

Thus, on our trips among the missions, we were able to learn more and more about the characteristic traits and customs of the people of Flores, particularly such as are most significant of the critical periods of life. Father Preissler told of many circumstances, suppositional and otherwise, which regularly attend a birth among the natives, and spoke of the means used to overcome many of the difficulties involved.

The spirits of evil, it seems, are decidedly averse to the birth of a child in the community; and especially unfavorable are those spirits that may have been successfully invoked by the inhabitants of enemy camps, villages, or tribes. Therefore, every precaution is used to prevent the evil beings from knowing about prospective births, particularly when it is hoped that there will be a newcomer in the family of the king or any one of the chiefs of separated villages. At the time the birth is expected, the men of the household and of the village gather about the dwelling, standing close together before the entrance; and there they keep an incessant "pboo, pboo, pboo," at the same time making little darting thrusts outward, in order to circumvent any attempt of the spirit to enter the abode for the purpose of investigation. This protective guard is often maintained for hours and even days. But when it is announced that a child is indeed born, the guard breaks up at once and proceeds to rejoice over the accomplished event; for it is evident that all has come to pass without the spirits' being aware of it, and it is now confidently ex-

Answering a Sick-call in Flores

Famous Waringa Tree — Holy Place for the Deposit of the Afterbirth and the Offering of Sacrifices

pected that, having become one among the living, no exceptional dangers are to be apprehended for the child — at least, none other than those commonly acknowledged as accompanying the ordinary conditions of human life.

It appears that ancient custom decrees that the first-born of a young couple belongs by right to the grandparents, and in order to overrule this right, the parents are obliged to bestow upon their forebears many valuable gifts before they can actually secure to themselves the privilege of retaining the child for themselves.

It is considered to be of the greatest advantage to obtain the blessing of the local spirits upon the children, and sacrificial pillars are found set up almost everywhere; and here newly married women offer their gifts and implore the blessings of a numerous family.

Boys, to be sure, are preferred to girls; but once the family prestige has become assured through the birth of two or more boys, girls also are frankly welcomed, especially in view of the fact of their future value. For it is the custom among these people that the girl, instead of *taking* a dowry with her to her husband, shall become the *means of securing to her parents* a highly acceptable dowry (in reality, a purchase price) from the husband-to-be.

Infanticide or the exposing of children to the elements is entirely unheard of. It sometimes occurs, however, that children are given over to grandparents, or to uncles and aunts, to be brought up; but in such instances the parents are careful to see that no harm comes to them.

Upon first thought, some might be led to think that these more or less free children of nature could hardly be expected to have a love of offspring in any way to compare with our own affections for our children; but the supposition is entirely incorrect. Many of the modern women of our Western civilization, now engaged in pressing to

extremes every claimed right of what they call emancipation, might learn many a serious and wholesome lesson from some of these pagan mothers on Flores. Their devotion to their young is passionate and is noticeably expressed, sometimes in a manner quite beyond belief. As we passed through the village, we observed here and there a young mother sitting at her spinning wheel with a babe on her bosom or on a mat by her side. In every instance I noticed that, at the slightest sign from the child, it was picked up and nursed, or fondled and caressed or laid in a more comfortable position, as the need seemed to require.

At length we approached the house of one, Woka by name, who is a good friend of the Fathers. As illustrative of the extremes to which at times parental love will carry the people in their intense desire to keep their children by them, Father Preissler told us the sad story of Wea, Woka's daughter. The child was taken sick with dysentery, which is common enough in these parts, and is scarcely ever fatal or even dangerous if properly cared for in time. On the other hand it is obvious that, with the ordinary care which the natives give to such matters, fatalities will generally occur. Hearing of the trouble, the missionary went to the house and asked the parents to give the child into his hands, in order that he might take her to the hospital at Endeh where she would at once receive proper medical care. But the parents were simply unable to tolerate the thought of having the child away from them. The missionary called the second day, and this time warned the parents of the probable consequences if the child were not to be given proper treatment in suitable surroundings. But the only response was a protest from the mother, which was repeated to him, over and over again: "The child was born in this house, and was nursed

in my arms; in this house it shall die, and in my own arms." For four days in succession the missionary went to the parents and asked for the child; but he came away each time with the same fruitless result. At last the child's condition became such that the parents knew that the worst was to be expected. Then they implored the missionary to take the child, but now their appeal was without avail; for the missionary knew that the child must die, and that he would certainly be blamed for the death, if it occurred when the child was in his possession. In answer to the re-iterated beseeching: "Tuwan, take my child with you," the reply came, firm and decisive: "Alas, it is too late; I cannot now take your child: for it is certain to die."

The morning after, the child was reported dead, but was found not to be so. However, the poor mother, now drowned in grief, looked upon her daughter as lost, and began to tear her hair and rend her garments. But the priest admonished her that such manifestations of anguish in the presence of the child, who was yet alive, were really cruel to the sufferer; and at last the mother was persuaded to desist. Thereupon the child, who was baptized, began to console and to pray for the grief-stricken parent. After the little one came actually to die, the mother gave full vent to her sorrow, mourning and wailing for her daughter for forty-eight hours, without eating or sleeping.

After paying our respects to the family of Woka, we crossed over to the other side of the open place about which the houses were situated, going to salute the village chief, Bale Lolo, in his home. We found him seated on his veranda, and he at once arose to greet us kindly. I understood it to be the proper thing to flatter him some-

what, and proceeded (with Father Preissler, of course, officiating as interpreter) to compliment him rather effusively upon the fine location of the village, the fine houses, and the attractive and hospitable residents. He was evidently well accustomed to such conversation, for he frankly turned and laughed at me, giving me at the same time a decidedly confidential look, as if to say, "We're both in on this game, together, my friend." But, when all is said and done, Bale Lolo is a staunch ally of the missionaries, and at his house catechism is taught every evening. His children are all baptized, and his only son, a boy of ten years, named Keli, attends the boarding-school at Ndona. He is the idol of his mother, who watches over this future chief of the village with truly maternal care. If perchance she learns that Keli has a slight fever while in the school residence, she at once hastens to Ndona and, unaware of the necessity for any regulations concerning her approach to her own son, proceeds to his bedside, and patiently waits there, with fond love in her eyes, until he recovers. Whenever she chances to pass the institute, on her way to and from the market or garden, she is certain to cry aloud his name, — "Keli, Keli!"; whereupon the fact of his mother's presence is immediately carried to him, by one pupil or another, and he at once runs to greet her and to receive from her, perhaps, a banana or a cocoanut, or some mangoes or other fruit. Here it may be noted that the people of the Little Sunda Islands never embrace when they meet, neither do they know what it is to kiss. The mere fact of approach and nearness seems to be all-sufficient as a form of greeting and of expressing joy at the presence of another. Very, very frequently they even refrain from speaking. But the facts only go the more to show the real depth of affection that exists among the people.

The King of Badjawa (Flores) with His Five Wives. The favorite is seated beside him.

Ngada (Flores) Women, Spinning Yarn, Drawing the Thread, and Weaving

Of course, Bale Lolo did not upon this occasion fail to praise his son; and at the very beginning of his remarks upon this subject, the mother made her appearance behind her husband, and corroborated all his sayings, with her bland and comprehensive smiles.

Indeed, the love for children is universal — by parents, grandparents, relatives, and friends; everywhere they are received with blessings. Although in theory it is possible, evidently, for orphans to exist on Flores, as anywhere else, yet, as a matter of fact, they are not to be found. If a child's parents die, he is at once taken into the home of his grandparents, or his aunts or uncles. The child refers to his guardians as his parents, and it becomes a real puzzle to know whether they *are* the parents indeed, or merely foster-parents.

Because it was, as the missionary said, an exception heretofore unheard of (and one that has never to this day been truly accounted for), I will relate a story about a child (Li we called him) whose experience was entirely unfortunate and distressing.

The child was born in this village of Kotta, in 1916. In 1918, during the epidemic of the "flu," both parents died, and the child was taken by his grandparents. But in some manner the child fell into disfavor in the household, and was forced to leave his new home at the age of but four years. For some time he wandered about the village, at first finding ample food here and there. The nights he spent in clumps of the tall grass which grow over the mountain-side upon which Kotta is built. Thus the poor child existed for a while. Then the dry season came and food grew scarce, which forced him to wider ventures abroad. At last he wandered to Ndona, and there, to his utter amazement, discovered our more or less modern settlement. His surprise grew ever more intense as he

heard the shoutings of the children and looked upon them in their play about the school buildings, during recess. The dear child could not, for his life, get over the sight; and so he sat down on a stone by the riverside, and there, like the captive Israelites of old, wept pitifully, as the fervent longings of his little heart swelled up, causing the tears to course down his skinny cheeks, and over his little stomach which protruded overmuch from his ill-feeding of bananas and other watery substances. Why, oh why, his little soul questioned, could he not be happy and live as these children were living? And at last he made up his mind that he would no more return to his village, but would stay in this place — would find shelter and food and sleep here, somehow and somewhere.

Then the schoolboys discovered him. At once their hearts were moved to pity when they saw how thin the lad was; and they gave him a few grains of corn to eat, even asking him to sit with them by their fireside; but they didn't dare to tell the missionary of his presence, for he was but four years old, and theirs was a *standard* school for *big* lads only! However, it was hopeless to think that the child could remain hidden. The rector soon found him out, and at once allowed the boys to relate his story, as far as they knew it. But the problem then arose concerning the way to provide for the child. As has been said, there is no home for destitute children on Flores, for, as a rule, there are no such children; yet, here was a child for which the term destitute would surely fit. The superior, Father deLange, was at once informed of the little visitor, and he immediately decided that provision should be made in some manner for this child to remain at Ndona. So there he stayed, and after a while recovered full strength. After two years Li was baptized, and he is now an exceptional pupil of the school; he gives remarkable

evidences of a fine mind, of true piety, and an excellent memory. There are hopes of his some day becoming a priest! He is now in the third grade.

On our way back to Ndona we passed the house of the grandparents of Li. We were told that the old man had come just once to the institute, to demand the boy, claiming him as his grandchild. But when the rector sternly reproved him for his disgraceful and most unseemly neglect of the child, the old man slunk away, in utter shame and confusion, and has never since made his appearance at the school.

"However," Father Preissler told us, "the parents' love for their children hardly extends to the matter of providing for them a thorough-going education, since, having had no education themselves, they are not aware of the need of it. But with love to guard and guide them, they do not by any means grow up in a wild manner, but rather in the surroundings and influences which nature provides; that is, nature as interpreted from the standpoint of God — developing in them its own sweetest and dearest traits. The temperature," Father continued, "is so congenial that the little ones run about entirely unclothed, and they are quite unrestrained, and at liberty to squeal and cry as do the little domestic pigs which run about with them. But it must be admitted that such training, or rather lack of it, tends to make them headstrong; for the mother constantly endures all their little caprices of impatience and obstinacy, and thus self-discipline is for them, during childhood days, almost an unknown quality.

"However, it is wrong to say that no training whatever goes along with their child-life. When the little one is scarcely two years old, it goes out to the gardens with the mother, and soon learns with her to pluck out the weeds or to gather in the fruits, or even to feed and watch

the chickens, the pigs, and other creatures belonging to the family. Moreover, children very early learn to cook corn and rice and to prepare their own meals. It is sometimes a cause of wonderment to a visitor to see how competent the little folk assist the mother in preparing food and attending to the lesser duties of the household. Thus, lack of discipline, together with a sense of growing competence, leads to a spirit of freedom and independence which has both its advantages and disadvantages.

"But very little or nothing in the way of morals is taught, with the exception of certain prohibitions which would result disastrously for the peace of the family and would be considered an intrusion upon the rights of others. They are soon warned, also, of certain spirits of evil which must be appeased.

"As the children come to the full age of youth, their life continues on, much the same, up to the time when marriage is considered for them. Before this, they work and play, generally quite in dependence upon the mother, and for the most part with a fair show of obedience to her. The boys, naturally, continue to grow more independent, while the girls are more carefully sheltered and guarded from every ill. Both boys and girls show a willingness to work which is truly remarkable for tropical countries. On market days they are always ready to assume a share of the burdens, while the married men are always a bit inclined to shirk. As a matter of course, the women shoulder all the heavier loads, just as they assume most of the drudgery at home. This is not exclusively because the men are lazy, but rather because of custom: certain labors are considered unbecoming to the sterner sex.

"Girls generally appear dressed, after the second year, but the boys go about naked until the tenth and often up to the thirteenth or fourteenth year. However, if a

child belongs to a wealthy household, he wears the native attire at an early age; for clothing is looked upon as a sign of wealth."

All these details of life and of the truly human element running through the daily interests and ways of the people were of the greatest interest to us; for we felt that, with our growing knowledge, we were constantly coming into closer human touch with, and sympathetic understanding of, these mission friends.

CHAPTER XII

Courtship and Marriage on Flores

Another sidetrip (to Nua Wati) — Of the chewing of the betel — Love tokens (favorable and unfavorable) — A young girl's preparation for the marriage (tortures of teeth filing) — All social and political life largely bound up in marriage considerations — A bride-to-be — Description of the betel-nut tree — Contentment of married women — Status and responsibilities of married women.

It is hardly necessary to say that my trip to Kotta only whetted my appetite for more first-hand knowledge of these people. The day before, I had learned many things about birth and childhood. I desired next to glean some knowledge of the period of courtship and of the married state following. Therefore I prevailed upon Frater Buis. this morning, *the twenty-third,* to pilot me to another village in which paganism still held sway; for I realized that we were in the midst of what was yet a mountainous section of thoroughgoing pagan ways. The Frater generously consented to go with me, and we decided to make the village of Nua Wati our destination. The walk was a bit difficult, with a rather steep ascent all the way; but I was confident that our efforts would be more than rewarded through contacts made with the people. The Frater confided to me that he had particularly chosen this village because he knew there *a bride-just-about-to-be.* As he went on with his conversation I was much surprised to learn how very seriously the matter of marriage is considered by the natives, and with what peculiar and even terrible customs they surround the whole event. One may almost say that the chief interests, differences, and

contentions of life among the people center about marriage[1]. As children are greatly beloved and treasured in their households, the greatest care and circumspection attends all that has to do with marriage and the giving in marriage. For all that, the selling of a daughter in marriage tends to become, even far beyond the questions of fitness and propriety, a matter of ability on the part of a young man or his parents to meet the material demands of the parents of the girl in the way of payment. Until boys and girls become of marriageable age, they scarcely ever partake of the national delicacy — the chewing of the betel nut; but when this time comes, this chewing of the betel nut becomes an essentially significant feature, denoting the favorable or unfavorable progress of a suit for marriage. For instance, when a young man decides that he would like to have a certain maiden for his bride, he proceeds to her home; and there, in the presence of the family, he makes the girl an offering of betel nuts. If she accepts, it is a favorable sign for the young man, who immediately proceeds to await further developments. Thereupon the girl begins to prepare the betel and to chew it. When the entire preparation (concocted of an admixture of lime and betel) has been thoroughly masticated in the mouth of the young woman, until a sufficiently compact mass is the result, she removes the substance and offers it to the young man. This is the longed-for signal of high favor and of his acceptability in the sight of the maiden. As a return courtesy, the suitor proceeds to make a homogeneous admixture of betel in his own mouth and to subsequently offer it to the girl. This is established before all the household as a certain distinct

[1] As a matter of fact, it often happens (in the Ndona district, and in other sections) that a girl is sold in marriage while she is yet an infant, or even before she is born!

evidence of mutual confidence and complacency, which positively indicates the beginning of a legitimate courtship. But these ceremonious visits are required to go on, daily, for several months; and meantime the opportunity is afforded to all to note whether the course of true love runs smoothly, and whether the signs of mutual attachment seem to wear well. The parents of the girl also take careful note of manifestations of generosity on the part of the youth, such as are to be observed in the extent and quality of the daily gifts which he brings into the home. But after things have proceeded sufficiently to warrant the parents in taking the next step, negotiations are entered upon in earnest, in order to come to an agreement concerning the price to be paid for the girl. If this matter is satisfactorily concluded, the bride-to-be begins to submit to a series of peculiar and really shocking preparations for marriage, — preparations which must be performed on her by others. First her teeth, every one of them, must be filed in front and back and from above, until both thinned and shortened, and sometimes actually filed close to the gums. This operation is, of course, unspeakably painful, especially in view of the fact that the only instruments used for perpetrating this torture are such utensils as are afforded by hard and sharp rocks and shells and the like. Generally the girl is held by two persons, while a third performs the required dental alterations. Frequently the teeth are so filed away that the woman is, for six to eight weeks after, made utterly incapable of masticating her food, so that this performance is done for her by the husband. On the other hand, all other portions of the girl's body are decorated and embellished in the most splendidly attractive (!) manner.

The father of the girl is responsible for the wedding festival, but the relatives of the young man must furnish

the meat, rice, corn, and everything that goes to make the banquet. In addition, the girl expects a large piece of good cloth, earrings, armbands, and spirals for the lower legs. These spirals are of thin bands of gold or other metal, which increase in width as they ascend.

On the day set, the bridegroom, with his parents, relatives, and notables from the village, proceed to the house of the bride, who stands at the door awaiting them. On coming near, the bridegroom halts and takes a rest; the troop begin to sing, reciting all the virtues and prowess of the bridegroom, to the admiration and joy of the bride. Then, among other ceremonies, the bride is given to the bridegroom, and the marriage is complete. After some days of feasting the new life begins.

These are some of the customs and ceremonies attendant upon the marriage. But as is the case in many quarters of the globe, where civilization is supposed to be greatly advanced beyond the Oriental conditions here described for the Little Sunda Islands, the course of true love is by no means guaranteed to run smoothly after the marriage tie is contracted. It may be that the husband has other wives, or that in course of time, he proposes to secure others; frequently such a state of affairs is found to be decidedly unsatisfactory to the bride in question. Or, it may become merely a case of 'incompatibility of temperament,' to use the term so often disgracefully recorded in our own Western divorce courts. At any rate, the fact is that brides sometimes desert their husbands and run away to the homes of their parents. This verifies my former statement, that a large proportion of life's chief interests among these people centers about questions concerning marriage. Of course, when a bride runs home, the husband is certain to go to the parents and claim his wife; and, failing to make his claim good, to demand his money back, —

that is to say, the return of the collateral offered for the woman, — or murder will follow. Thus arise all sorts of contentions and disagreements, lawsuits, and tribal feuds; and thus it comes to pass that upon the happy settlement of all marriage concerns, depends the whole serenity of a people and the whole integrity of their development as a growing nation.

But meantime we had arrived at the village, and Frater Buis lost no time in presenting me to the young damsel. She had known the Frater for some time, so she proceeded to greet us with a hearty laugh, which manner of recognition among ordinary acquaintances seems to be quite common everywhere. In this instance the laugh afforded me the gratifying opportunity for which the missionary had prepared me: I mean that I had a chance to get a good look into her mouth. I assure you that the view was anything but attractive. First, the lips and gums were all swollen from the recent operation upon the teeth: then, the teeth themselves presented the appearance of an old picket fence in miniature; again, the mouth in front was colored a most repugnant red, from the chewing of the betel-nut, of which I must tell you more presently; finally, the back portions of the mouth appeared like a great yawning cavern of dense blackness. I realize that the description is odious, but perhaps it is justified in this instance.

Here I will for a moment digress from the subject in hand, to tell you about the betel nut — the delicacy of the country. It is the fruit of a tall, slender, and extremely graceful palm, the *areca catechu*. The trunk is usually only six to eight inches in diameter, but the sheaf of green leaves that springs out of its top is thirty or forty feet from the ground. This tree grows all over tropical India, and the whole archipelago, including the Philippines. Its Malay name is *pinang*. In nearly all the large islands it

has a different name, an indication that it is indigenous. In Javanese it is called *jambi*. In favorable situations this tree begins to bear when it is six years old, and generally yields about a hundred nuts in a loose, conical cluster. Each nut, when ripe, is the size of a small egg and is of a bright yellow hue. The yellow skin encloses a husk, and within this husk is a small spherical nut, closely resembling a nutmeg, very hard and tough. It is chewed with a green leaf of the *siri*. The mode of preparing this morsel for use is very simple; a small quantity of lime as large as a pea is placed on a piece of the nut, and enclosed in a leaf of *siri*. The roll is taken between the thumb and forefinger, and rubbed violently against the front gums, while the teeth are closed firmly, and the lips opened widely. It is chewed for a moment, and then held between the teeth and lips, so as partly to protrude from the mouth. A profusion of red, brick-colored saliva now pours out of each corner of the mouth while the man is exerting himself at his oar, or hurrying along under a heavy load. When he is rich enough to enjoy tobacco, a small piece of that luxury is held with the *siri* between the lips and teeth. The leaf of the tobacco is cut so fine that it resembles the "fine cut" of civilized lands; and long threads of the fibrous, oakum-like stuff are often seen hanging out of the mouths of the natives. This habit prevails not only among the men, but also among the women; and whenever a number come together to gossip, as in other countries, a box containing the necessary articles is always seen near by, and a tall urn-shaped spit-box of brass is either in the midst of the circle or passing from one to another, that each may free her mouth from surplus saliva. Whenever a native calls on another, or a stranger is received from abroad, invariably the first article that is offered him is the *siri*-box.

But I will resume. The tramp to Nua Wati had been somewhat longer and more fatiguing than that to Kotta, therefore we commenced our return early in the afternoon, in order to make the descent in a leisurely manner. I was especially glad of this; for, after looking at the maiden, I was full of questions, the answers to which I could only hope to gain through Frater Buis. But he intuitively anticipated all my wants, and began of his own accord to tell me the "rest of the story."

"The women, from their side of the question," began Frater Buis, "by no means consider that their condition is deplorable or in any way less desirable than that of other women in other parts of the world. Indeed, when I have frequently talked with them, and have pointed out the superior life which is the portion of Christian women, — of the teachers, catechists, and employees in our institutions, and especially of Christians of our own Western civilization, — I have sometimes been quite embarrassed to note with what utter indifference they receive my remarks: in fact, the most I have been able to get out of them at times was a careless shrug of the shoulders and an assurance that they would by no means wish to change places with women bound by such conventions. Therefore it is in some sense wrong to look upon them, apart from the fact of their pagan state, as pitiably situated. They are generally quite happy in the life they lead, hard as it usually is; because they have no conception whatever that the wife ought to be recognized as the equal of her husband.

"Indeed, though she is actually subject to her husband, having been purchased outright by him, she is looked upon by him in the light of a precious treasure for which he has sacrificed much (i. e., in the way of money or goods paid to the parents of the girl), rather

Typical Women of the Endeh District

"We are already sold" (i. e., sold into matrimony)

than a slave. She is in nowise despised in the household, and the husband uses all care to see that she lives and develops so as to meet his requirements to the very best advantage. Ah, yes, she knows all the arts of pleasing the master of the house, and has long since learned that the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Many, many dainties she prepares, and aims to become renowned in his eyes for capability in preparing an excellent meal.

"However, though she is never, as a rule, abused, her lot is really hard, for the full care of the household devolves upon her; and she also is wholly looked upon to supply the means of livelihood. Yet these conditions are in a certain way mitigated through the fact that there are generally several wives in a household, each one sharing a portion of the work and responsibility. And never does this condition of things cause jealousy, although it is true that there are frequently "family rows" among themselves; possibly the wife is only too glad to have others take part of the burden of support and labor from her shoulders.

"Contrariwise, the husband takes life easy. His exertions are for the most part confined to the occupations which suit his good pleasure, — hunting, fishing, the climbing of cocoanut trees, and like exertions. However, when the harvest time comes, he also may frequently be seen to be as busy as the women in the fields."

CHAPTER XIII

Sickness, Death, Burial, and the Sorcerers

The boys give a boys' *entertainment at the Ndona school — Departure of a Mother Superior — Anniversary of Msgr. Noyen's death — Blessing of a normal school — Going to Nua-Nelu and to Nua-Lolo, to hunt up a sorcerer and* learn about death — *The fraternities of the* ata mali *and the* ata bisa *(medicine men and sorcerers) — A typical case for "medical" treatment — The story of Sina — Disposition of bodies in cases of unnatural death — When royalty departs this life.*

On the evening of the *twenty-third*, the boys of the Ndona institute gave us an entertainment in the open air, in the form of a curious pagan dance. It was an odd spectacle to see some one hundred and fifty boys in lines around a tree in the playground, stamping rigorously with one foot in a certain rhythmic fashion of their own, making a whirring sound to "dispel ghosts." The last boy in each line held in his hand the tail of a pig, and waved this about him as if directing the dance — while the one in the center recited, in a sing-song tone, words of his own invention. The dances that followed this were characterized by the clapping of hands, another imitated the flapping of wings, etc. We enjoyed the presentation because of its novelty, and the boys were really very graceful.

St. Matthias' Day (February 24) was a memorable one. In the first place, the Mother Superior of the Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost — she was the regional Superior of all our Sisters in the Dutch East Indies and resided at Ndona — left the island for the Mother House at Steyl,

From the breastworks of the central station of Ndona a magnificent sea view is afforded across Ipi Bay, with Mount Ija visible, in the distance. The quarters of the Sisters are below, to the left.

Teachers and Pupils Posed Just Outside the Native School of Ndona

Holland, to take part in the general chapter of the Sisters. This was the first event of moment — the second being the celebration of Brother Constantine's silver jubilee, at which Father General celebrated High Mass, and Father deLange delivered an eloquent sermon.

This day was, too, the first anniversary of our Monsignor Noyen's death. This good priest was a man filled with ambition and zeal, who had been working in China until appointed missionary and first superior, and then first prefect apostolic of the Little Sunda Islands. He died, as I have mentioned before, immediately following the general chapter of the Society of the Divine Word in Holland the preceding year. He had had great plans for his island mission, and his death was, humanly speaking, a great loss.

Another solemn event was the blessing of the new normal school by our Father General. Priests, Brothers, and pupils took part in the great procession, and the whole affair, of course, turned into a big celebration for the natives, who gathered about, excited and happy. A pig must always be killed on such an occasion — and so it was done — one for the schoolboys and a smaller one for the workingboys. I witnessed the killing, which was performed by the boys themselves in public. First they gave the pig a stab on the side of the throat, quickly closing the incision so that the blood could not run out. Then the pig was taken and held over a fire to singe off the hairs, after which it was cut up, cleaned, and finally fried. The boys were very skillful and quick at this.

The next day (February 25) Father General celebrated a requiem anniversary High Mass for Monsignor Noyen. I had the pleasure of baptizing a native girl, the sister of Bruno, and I called her Margaret in honor of the

then president of the Techny Sodality (in the Holy Ghost Academy), which, from its very start, has always been distinctly a *mission* sodality. According to the arrangements we had made we were to leave Ndona the following day — Quinquagesima Sunday — to begin an inspection tour of the mission stations of our Society throughout the islands. The districts west of Endeh were entirely out of the question — we could not reach them; Ruteng and Reo were too far off, and so high up in the mountains that the difficulty of going to them would not be counteracted by the good done, since the stations themselves were not yet sufficiently developed to make an inspection by our Superior General of any material value.

But, as you now know, there were some of the highland villages which I was able to visit, from time to time, accompanied by one or another of the missionaries. Wishing to make every day count for as much as possible, and knowing that on the morrow I should leave this particular section of the country, at least temporarily, I sought out our Father Ettel, a missionary who, formerly, had had many years of missionary experience in Togo, West Africa, and asked him to take me to a district where I might learn "something about death and funerals, and all that sort of thing." Father at once said that we should tramp to the villages of Nua-Nelu and Nua-Lolo, each in turn, and that, perchance, we might be fortunate enough to run across an old *ata mali* or *ata bisa*, as the case might be (these names are given respectively to members of two different fraternities of "medicine men" or sorcerers). It appears that one of these fellows made his headquarters in Nua-Nelu and, although he was not the chief, sufficiently influenced the inhabitants to make them very cold and unfriendly towards the missionaries; but Father Ettel thought it would even be worth while to note this very

coldness or reception with which the missionaries are constantly compelled to contend in certain sections. After we had gone well on our way, Father Ettel began to explain to me in detail all about the practices of a native sorcerer of his district.

"Just as we in civilized countries resort to a physician in order to regain health," he said, "so the pagan inhabitants of Flores, when ill, call in one of these 'experts.' These people may be induced to come and practice their arts, but frequently they demand and secure very large fees. One of their cures consists of putting into practice a certain method called *pu langa*, or 'extracting,' as we would say.

"As soon as one is seriously ill, a messenger is sent to fetch some member of either one or the other of the 'fraternities,' as individual preferences or circumstances may demand.

"Now let us make out a hypothetical case and suppose that a man is ill with cerebral malaria or tuberculosis, and has been reduced to a state of delirium. Well, let us say that the native doctor arrives upon the scene. Around his neck he will be found to wear a little bag in which he carries a collection of oddities, consisting of bits of crystal, pointing-sticks, human bones, and perhaps some native medicaments and some herbs and roots known to possess curative properties. Around his loins he often carries a second bag with a supplementary supply of these valuable adjuncts to his profession, and somewhere he is sure to be concealing the pieces of glass and stones which he is going to charm out of the body of the sick man. Not uncommonly he keeps these in his mouth, and their wet appearance when he has exorcised them invariably excites favorable comment. The sorcerer proceeds to examine the patient with elaborate ceremony and then announ-

ces to the anxious relatives that it is just as he expected: certain stones have been wished into the man's body by a neighboring magician or some other evil agency. Bending over the sufferer he begins to mumble long incantations and to rub vigorously. Sometimes he is a skilled masseur and uses a hot stone wrapped in bark, to knead the sore muscles. By this treatment he frequently relieves the rheumatic pains which accompany so many infections. Some time during the course of his massage, he palms off one of his stones or fragments of glass, and the sick man, if he be conscious, generally experiences great and immediate relief. Such is the power of mind over matter.

"But if, after innumerable stones and pieces of glass have been withdrawn from the body of the patient, he still shows no reaction, the time has come for the sorcerer to try a new stunt. He addresses the relatives, saying: 'It is evident that in some way this man has allowed the evil spirits to get an exceedingly strong hold over him. Now it may be that he himself has yielded to the evil spirits within him to such an extent that it will be impossible to withdraw him from their power. However, I will try to bring him back to life.' He then takes some medicinal salt from his bag and inserts a pinch of it between the half-closed eyelids of the patient, rubbing it into his eyeballs. Stimulated by the pain, the sick man, who has been lying in a deathlike torpor, frequently groans and tosses from side to side or sits up and speaks. The sorcerer, you may be sure, makes due capital out of this sudden return to consciousness on the part of the patient, for consciousness and life are one and the same thing in primitive thought.

"It also frequently happens," concluded Father Ettel, "that the sick person makes a vow to kill one or several buffaloes in the event of his recovery. In this case, he is afterwards 'baptized' in the blood. But, after all is said

and done, the main thing connected with the long or short siege of illness is the great banquet which follows."

But meanwhile we had come upon the little village of Nua-Nelu. However, I was not destined to gain anything of great value from this spot, for, true to prophecy, as soon as we were caught sight of, every last person in the village disappeared like magic, and we were left quite alone and cheerless, and entirely dependent upon our own devices. At all events, I was bound to put a good face on the matter, and began to speak in tones of interest concerning the great stone tomb which we came upon in the midst of the settlement.

"O ho," said Father, "that is not so very large. I shall show you a much bigger one when we reach Nua-Lolo; it may be, also, that we shall at least persuade a few of the people there to speak a word with us."

So we went on to Nua-Lolo.

The people were not friendly, but they did not actually run away from us; on the other hand, no sorcerer made his appearance. Perhaps his native sagacity and prudence forbade that he should approach near us. However, we saw Kasa, the chief of the village, and had a few words with him: he is really very kindly disposed towards our Fathers.

When we came to take the road home, Father told me the story of Sina, wife of Kasa, who died not many years ago. It seemed that our Father Preissler had long and earnestly tried to convert her, but all to no purpose. She was neither interested in the Christian teaching concerning heaven nor that dealing with hell. At last, word came that Sina was seriously ill, and the priest repaired to her home at the earliest possible moment, in the hope that, through his instrumentation, grace might prove effective

to break through the old crust of hereditary superstition that held the woman.

When the Father, with a companion, arrived at the house of the chief, silence reigned everywhere.

"They are asleep," said the Father.

"Which must mean that the woman is better," suggested the companion.

"Perhaps," said Father.

But then, suddenly, came a call —

"Tuwan! Tuwan!"

"Is that you, kapala?" the Father responded immediately.

"Yes," came back to him, from within.

"Why do you sit in there alone?" said Father.

"Alas, Tuwan!"

"How fares Sina?"

No answer.

"May we not see her?"

"Yes," replied the chief.

And so the priest and his companion crept within the abode, going on all fours because of the smallness of the entrance.

Before them lay the poor creature, stretched out on the hard floor and clad in a dirty garment that she had worn, day and night, for years. A mat was thrown over her for covering, and her head, one mass of entangled hair, rested on a hard and dirty pillow. Her wrinkled features bore the unmistakable expression of a person dying.

"Little Mother, have you slept?" the Father asked.

"How can I sleep?" she answered.

"Many pains?"

"Yes — I must surely die."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing."

"But surely you desire to be eternally happy after your death, do you not?"

"Certainly. I shall go to the Fire Mountain."[1]

"Do you not rather wish to go to our Heavenly Father?"

"No."

And all further efforts to persuade or assist were in vain.

The woman died within the night. The exploding of a bamboo cane rammed with powder announced the news to all.

Women from everywhere joined the women of the household; gathering about the corpse and depositing their gifts, and all uniting in the wailing chorus of the death chant.

Now ancient custom absolutely demands that a great feast shall be held before the burial, and that a sufficient amount of rice shall be offered to the deceased. But the rice supply of the old chief had fallen short, and he would therefore be unable to bury his wife until the coming harvest, four months away.

But at least he found means to procure a sack of rice in which to place the body until such time as the proper rites could be thoroughly carried out. But even here ancient tradition demanded the adoption of a certain definite procedure for the temporary disposal of the corpse. Therefore, after allowing the required time to elapse for the mourning, the medicine man of Nua-Nelu was called upon, who related to the dead woman the fact that she could not for the time being be fittingly interred, and that in consequence she must consent to remain in the home

[1] The real meaning and origin of the idea of 'going to the Fire Mountain' is given in Chapter XX ("A Harrowing Experience"), in which is described a trip to the crater of the volcano, Keli Mutu.

with the family until the time of the harvest. After this brief allocution, Sina was lifted up and placed with all due care in the sack. With a stout rope the sack was securely tied and then swung aloft some fourteen feet, among the rafters of the house, where the smoke from the six hearths with which the house was provided constantly gathered.

For four long months the corpse remained thus, being apportioned every evening a few grains of rice; and a wet wood fire was constantly kept smoldering beneath her.

At last the harvest was in, and the old chief announced abroad that after ten days the burial ceremony of his beloved Sina would take place. All responded to a man, bringing presents (especially food) with them. There was a great feast, in which were served, among other things, two carabaos, eleven pigs, and seventeen goats. The dead Sina was the chief personage of the occasion, and the medicine man himself offered her of whatever was to be had, in preference to all others. When at last the hilarious occasion came to an end, the medicine man gave orders to open the grave. This lay in the middle of the village and, as you have learned concerning the usual custom, was made of vertical slabs and covered with a large flat stone. So the top stone was now removed, the interior cleared and the resting-place of Sina prepared. Then the medicine man stepped within, before the corpse had been placed, and proceeded to address the dead person:

"Good Sina, the time has come for you to take definite leave of us. Scrupulously have we attended you; and we are now asking you, in recognition of this, to leave us in peace. Go forth, then, to *Nua-Mereh* (the great city) on the Fire Mountain where reigns the god Kendeh-Rato, and never return hither."

After this parting exhortation six men carried Sina to her grave. At this juncture there arose a strenuous protest from the women, in accordance with an exact following out of the prescribed ritual procedure (for this symbolized their final expression of grief for the departed one). Meanwhile the body was lowered in such a manner that the corpse faced the Nua-Mereh. An elephant's tooth, some gold, and a knife were deposited with her, so that she might have whatever would be necessary for her journey. At nightfall the grave was hastily covered, in order to avoid letting the spirit of the dead woman find its way back to the house. Friends and relatives remained with the chief, eating, drinking, and dancing, until all the provisions were consumed. Then, with suitable ceremony, each quietly made his departure.

"When no Fire Mount is close to a village," continued Father Ettel, "the souls are believed to remain in little shacks built about a single post, which are provided for them. These burial abodes are located on two opposite sides of the village — one on the one side, for deceased females; one on the other, for male folk. These souls receive daily consideration and are supplied with their daily portion of rice (this is picked up and disposed of by rats and mice).

"In the case of deaths from unnatural causes, a different state of affairs obtains. The bodies are wrapped in a cloth and placed in a barrel-like structure; or again, under other circumstances, they are placed in the hollow of a tree, or under a roof of four posts; or they are suspended from tree-tops: it all depends upon the *kind* of death, whether by sword, by drowning, or what not. Where a death has been caused in connection with a question of slander, and when the culprit is unknown, the corpse of the victim is hung in an open space, between two posts,

thus causing the body to appear in the midst of the people, as it were, challenging the evildoer to confess the deed.

"Of course, the ordinary natives do not have all this ceremony over them when they die; but on the other hand, when a local king or queen passes out, there is an event which turns the whole life of the people topsy-turvy for months and months. For instance, upon the death of a queen, all regulations and provisions for either marriages or funerals within the realm, no matter how far these arrangements may have progressed, are simply held up and postponed until the royal personage has been finally consigned to her last resting-place.

"Recently a queen died, and this was what happened: From all sides, for miles roundabout, the people streamed into the regal city. When they arrived within five minutes' distance of the queen's residence, they began to sing. Three times they halted, rested, and renewed their song. Then, at a given signal, they began to send up their wails, to weep and mourn, beating their heads against the earth, seizing stones and hurling them, and exhibiting other indications of consternation and despair. Soon, upon another signal, all crying ceased, giving way to laughter and merriment.

"The remains of the queen were kept in a hut, on a bamboo support. Thrice daily, meat, rice, and other articles of food were brought to her; and a little round hole in the bamboo support was provided, in order that the ghost of the deceased might have free access. Thus the affair went on for fully six months. The whole population of the kingdom spent an entire month in feasting on some two hundred and fifty buffaloes, one thousand pigs, three hundred goats, and so on; and, during that time, not a woman was buried or married.

"It is extremely hard," concluded the Father, "to overcome these prejudices of the people in favor of their ancient customs and beliefs. For instance, I know that the services of the *ata bisa* are constantly sought, although I have offered them medicine and all kinds of aid, protesting to them that I neither asked for money nor desired to deceive them; but they have almost uniformly answered me: 'Oh, yes; indeed, the priest is good; the Tuwan certainly *wishes* to help us.'

"But in their hearts, I know that they have a thousand times more confidence in the *ata bisa* than in all the ministrations I might offer."

Note. — Perhaps it is well to remark here, although the point has been referred to elsewhere in the volume, that it is quite impossible in a popular work of this sort to narrate in full all the various distinctions in practice concerning the customs and habits of the people. The attempt must rather be made to represent a general picture of conditions as they are, without too punctilious reference to the exact mission district in which given usages and traditional acts of the natives are described.

CHAPTER XIV

From Ndona to Lela

East to our Lela station by motor-boat — Under a volcano — Paga in the distance — A great reception — The work of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost — The wonderful development of this mission.

Our time was to be given, first, to the mission districts of central, northern, and eastern parts of Flores, and then to the Dutch section of Timor. We decided to go direct to our Lela station, and from there to work our way back towards Ndona (the central station) again; and finally, after we had had our retreat and mission conference, we would visit Timor. The *controlleur* of Endeh, a Dutch officer, said that we might have the use of his motor-boat on the Sunday, as it was never required for government work on that day. It is worth mentioning here that he generously gives this boat to the Fathers, if they need it, on any day when it is not actually in requisition for government service; indeed, the men in authority are most courteous and kind to our missionaries, as will be shown from time to time as we proceed with our narrative. I had originally planned to go to Lela on horseback, via Djopu, with Father Eickman and Father Preissler, as I had been told that the land route was much more interesting than that by water; but the land trip is eighty *paals*, or miles, and requires three days of horseback riding, because of the mountainous nature of the entire route, while the passage by sea is only forty-three paals, and in quiet weather can be made in six hours. This being so, and especially because I found the sea to be calm on the morn-

ing when we were scheduled to start, I preferred to join Fathers Fries and deLange, who were to accompany Father General, and go to Lela by motor-boat. We arose at quarter before four o'clock, and, after saying Mass, proceeded in a buggy to Ipih Bay, where our boat, manned by natives, awaited us. It stood full half a mile out to sea, and a boat with an outrigger sail — a real *sampan* — took us each in turn to it. At half past six o'clock we set sail, with three natives to take care of the eight-horse-power engine and to direct the little craft. Our trip was to be along the coast, but I was told that to go out on the open sea one must have a boat with a forty-horse-power motor at least.

The Endeh volcano was smoking lazily as we left, and I remember musing on the fact that I was passing directly under the shadow of an active volcano without being a bit alarmed or excited about it. All the islands in this part of the world are of volcanic origin and possess more volcanoes in proportion to their combined areas than any other territory of like size on the globe. Almost every other island of this great archipelago, from the Philippines to Australia, has its mountains which spout steam, fire, and volcanic mud.

The islands of Flores and Timor, and in fact all the islands that go to make up the Little Sundas, are marked with serried ranks of mountain ranges or more open isolated peaks — all volcanic, many now extinct but some more or less active. Notable among the volcanoes are the Gunung Api, and the Gunung Medja, Mount Keo, the Keli Mutu, and Mount Lobiboli. Mount Keo is 7000 feet high, and has a large fissure in its side, from which constantly issue immense volumes of sulphurous smoke and steam. Towards evening, when the sun plays upon these sulphurous clouds and across the ridge of the moun-

tain, the whole scene seems to be formed of arches, crests, and lofty towers of pure gold.

All over the islands, the mountain sides and midway mountain plateaus are fertile and are covered with luxuriant growth. But in the valleys between the ridges, where water is frequently scarce, there are extensive grassy plains or savannas. On the higher table-lands the climate is more nearly like our temperate zone, and in one of these higher localities the Brothers have succeeded in establishing an excellent vegetable farm, from which all the missions in the islands are more or less supplied with products that they would, otherwise, have to go without, or would be obliged to purchase at considerable expense from Java and elsewhere. All the table-lands above 5000 feet are of lava formation.

Of the Keli Mutu volcano I wish to speak somewhat at length, later in my narrative; for it was my good fortune to make the trip to its summit, and to view with all but breathless amazement and wonder the sights which the crater and its interior have to present.

The sun was barely above the mountains, as we sailed along close to shore, and talked, said our office, or dreamed away, with eyes wide open or sometimes half asleep. The gentle shaking of the boat helped to make us drowsy. In my Mass that morning I had, as the third oration, selected the one, *pro navigantibus*; and Heaven was indeed propitious to us, for both wind and waves were favorable.

The scenery on land changed continuously as we moved on, but with beautiful mountain peaks always in the far distance, and ranges covered with cornfields; and here and there one could descry *kampongs* nestled on mountains or in valleys under palm trees. At length our attention was called to a mission of Father Flint, — Mau-Looh by name, a town on the seashore; and a little later

on we passed Paga, his residence. This was situated high up on a hill, and lying between two *kampongs*. And it seemed rather curiously coincident that we should just then discover him in a native canoe, sailing the same waters, also on his way to Lela; but he was too far off for us to hail or get in touch with him.

At noon we reached the landing-place of Lela, and immediately we noted a small host of black and brown children running down the village road to the shore. They had previously caught a glimpse of the boat, and had started to race through the village roads, spreading the news. And presently the *grown-ups* appeared in throngs — men, women, and children crowding down to the landing-place, where two big bamboo trees were planted on the shore, with banners flying from their tops. We soon recognized among the crowd our Fathers, Haarmann, Koch (who is another missionary recruited from our Togo Mission in Africa) and Koeberl (who is known especially for his catechetical work in Lela). Anchor was cast at some distance from the shore; and again we had to wait for the *sampan*, to take each one of us off in turn. The breakers were fairly heavy, but the little boat was well managed by a native skilled in handling a paddle. He would cautiously come up to our boat, and, each time, as he approached, would wait for the right moment. Similarly, when he approached the shore, a dozen natives stood ready, out in the water, waiting to pull the boat up and avoid the huge wave that followed him. We landed safely and without getting wet, and this was quite a tribute to the skill of our good oarsman, let me tell you. As soon as all were ashore, a procession of boys and girls of the school (some of the latter were dressed like black angels) and of the crowds of grown folk was formed, and with it we marched up to the church, amid shouts and

cheers. *Tabe, Tuwan!* "Welcome, Sir!" they cried in chorus. When we reached the church, the uproar died down, and we went in for a few moments of thanksgiving and adoration. Then we followed on to the *pastorie* (Dutch word for *rectory*) and were soon once more at home with our confrères. After luncheon we sat on the open and spacious veranda, to witness a celebration of welcome. There were recitations, songs in the Malay and Sikkanese languages, and even a native harvest dance. At night we had devotions, followed by Benediction; and as nearly all the inhabitants of Lela are Catholics, the sight was most edifying. Their praying and singing were things to be remembered. There was a cadence to the recitation of their prayers that sounded strange to us, and yet was most attractive. I noticed that, everywhere on these islands, the women and girls squat or kneel on the right side, when at devotions; while the men and boys occupy the floor on the Gospel side; there are no pews.

The story of the mission station at Lela may well begin with the work of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, whose convent in Lela is situated only a short distance from the ocean, sheltered by green palm trees and surrounded on all sides by cocoa palms which supply the chief product of the country. These Sisters had been preceded, in 1895, by the Sisters of Charity, from Tilburg, Holland. This earlier pioneer band of twelve was first stationed in Maumere. Climatic conditions, however, soon forced the little community to leave this place and go to Lela, which afterwards became the central station of Flores.

For some time the prefect apostolic, Monsignor Noyen, had been appealing to Steyl for Sisters. In 1916 the Mother General of the Sisters of Charity, being called upon to make a foundation in Sumatra (Tandjong-Sahti),

In the Rear Porch or Entry of the Girls' Boarding-school in Lela. Reciprocal assistance in the preparation of the toilet is the rule.

The Boys' Standard School in Lela

also sent a petition to Steyl, for Sisters to come and continue their work in Lela. This time, without delay, the Mother General of the Missionary Sisters commissioned Sister Willibrord, as superior, with six companions to depart from the Mother House at Steyl, and to proceed to this field of labor and conquest. After a journey of seventy-two days from Europe, these Sisters arrived in Lela, on January 14, 1917. They were greeted by three of the Tilburg Sisters, accompanied by one hundred and thirty school children who had come to take them to their convent. The acting Superior of the mission, and the pastor of a neighboring station, Father Mueller, S.J., also came to welcome them. The Sisters of Chartiy, who had labored for twenty-seven years in this part of the Lord's vineyard which they were now about to leave, amidst the greatest difficulties and trials, received the newcomers with great kindness and hospitality. With disinterestedness they surrendered their local missionary responsibilities into the hands of their successors.

On January 22 the Superior of the Tilburg Sisters, with six of her companions, left for their new foundation, while those remaining of the older community stayed on with the Sisters from Steyl until July, 1917, to instruct them in the language and in the various customs of the country.

The following years demanded many sacrifices of the Sisters, but the difficulties only fired their courage the more. Father Mueller and the other Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus did all in their power to aid them in their work. The Superior was full of solicitude for their welfare, but the Sisters were healthy and strong and, like true servants of the Holy Ghost, were happy to do their utmost in advancing the great cause of the missions. Never-

theless, they worked with the expectation of receiving early reinforcements from the Mother House in Steyl; but this assistance, owing to the difficult times, was delayed until March, 1919, when a second band, consisting of three Sisters, arrived. As has been intimated, when the Sisters from Steyl first arrived in Lela, the school children numbered one hundred and thirty boarders and one hundred day pupils. The course of studies required at that time has since been maintained; it covers a period of six years for the boarders, and of three years for the day pupils. The girls receive a good Christian education, and at the same time they are taught all the branches for the proper making of a home. The children receive free instruction.

The Sisters have charge of the girls' institution (St. Peter Claver's), the housework, and the church linens. They bake hosts and bread; and they make candles and vestments, and also a number of other articles which can be bought in almost any store in America. The girls who assist the Sisters thus receive practical knowledge in all the household arts. Besides the school, the Sisters have opportunities for doing much good by visiting the sick and caring for them.

Until 1917 instructions in the Sisters' school were given in the Sikka language. However, for various reasons (chiefly to obtain a small pecuniary assistance from the government) the prefect apostolic considered it advisable to give instructions in Malay, since this is the language used in all the government schools. The petition to the government for the support of a new building was favorably received and promptly acceded to. In consequence, a new school was built and completed in 1921.

At present the school numbers one hundred and ninety-five boarders and one hundred and forty-nine day

pupils. Twelve Sisters are occupied with the work of the mission in Lela, but two new girls' schools have also been established by them, — one in Ndona, and the other in Lahurus on the island of Timor.

We found here and in other places that the beautiful custom of wearing medals about the neck is much practiced among the people, and it is apparently extended throughout these islands. Not only the Christians, but also the heathens, are frequently seen wearing these evidences of Christianity. Upon the heathens' being asked why they care to have them, they answer that they wish to be protected against the 'evil ones.' The pagan has a tremendous fear of evil spirits, whom he venerates and invokes, by sacrifices and prayer, far oftener than he calls upon God. According to his understanding, God is goodness itself, and has, therefore, no evil in Him which He might send upon mortals; but the devils are full of evils, which they readily inflict upon men if men do not honor them by worship. May God, in His great mercy, eventually enlighten these benighted people through the protection and inspiration of His Blessed Mother and the saints whose emblems they wear so loyally.

CHAPTER XV

Our Mission at Sikka

St. Peter Claver's — Not on the program! — A beautiful settlement — The Catholic Radja of Sikka — The wife of the Radja — The goldsmith — Sikkanese industries — The monthly recollection and conference.

We spent an hour in inspection of the Sisters' Institute, — St. Peter Claver's, — situated on the right side of the church, with about one hundred and ninety-five girls in the boarding-school. The Fathers have a pension for boys, situated just to the left of the church; it accommodates one hundred and fifty boarders. St. Peter Claver's was built by the Jesuit Fathers. Its general arrangement is practical and convenient, and the beautiful trees by which the building is surrounded adds to its charm. The girls gave us a celebration of welcome, which was unpretentious but nevertheless fine; however, the most amusing number was not mentioned on the program. A black dog belonging to the mission station came up, and, looking about him, surveyed the entire audience, in apparent delight. Then, he walked directly toward Father General, wagged his tail violently, made a sort of bow, and made his exit. There was laughter on all sides at this silent approval of the visitors!

The hair dressing of the boys and girls is different in the Lela station from that of the Endeh district. The boys' heads are completely shaved, except for a tuft left at the crown, which sometimes takes the shape of a triangle or some other curious figure. The girls shave their heads also; but in the center there is a basket or hat-like strand,

Nai Meak da Silva, the Catholic Radjah of Sikka, with Wife, Children, and Notables

An Assemblage of Natives of the Roga Kampong

with a *pigtail.* Broken bits of glass bottles, etc., serve as razors; and every man jack must be ready to service for another.

In the afternoon, after the usual siesta, we went east, on horseback, to Sikka, one of the oldest mission stations of Flores. For a distance of three paals Father General, Father Meyer, the pastor of Sikka, and I traveled together; Father Stephen Van Cleef joined us later. We rode along the seashore, and enjoyed every moment of it. The people came running to welcome us, grown-ups and naked or half-naked children saluting us by bringing their hands to their foreheads in half-military fashion, while shouting at the top of their lungs, *Tabe, Tuwan! Tabe, Tuwan!* As we drew nearer to Sikka, the bell of the mission church began to ring for devotions, and the people assembled before the building. The Radja, or king of Sikka (an excellent Catholic), also appeared. He wore the decoration *Pour le merite,* which he had received from Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, pinned to his upper garment on his breast. The *kapala* (chief) came a little later. After devotions and Benediction, we had luncheon on the veranda. Here the crowd gathered before us, while the school choir, under the direction of the native teachers, sang for us. Two couples who had been married that morning were presented to us on the veranda; the husbands stood deferentially on one side, while we turned to greet the wives on the other: this was all in accordance with local requirements of etiquette. The women were gayly dressed, and one of them had her hair done up in rings that fell down over her face; evidently she was the admired of all beholders. The whole assemblage of attire did not belong to either of them, but was borrowed for the occasion; and the same condition of affairs was also true of

the bridegrooms, one of whom actually wore a borrowed stiff white collar!

Sikka is indeed a beautiful settlement. To protect the frail bamboo huts of the Sikkanese fishermen and sailors against the ravenous onslaughts of the "sea-wolves," as they call the waves, nature has piled up grotesque blocks of stone about the bay, these being the huge remains of volcanic eruption. There is a sort of gap in the coast, with a bed of glistening sand which forms the arena of the place. The favorite sport, cock-fighting, occurs here, and here all the village gossip is told and retold. The men go out to trade in their boats of hollowed tree-trunks, to bring back rice and corn, for which they barter their own wares; small dogs and goats, polished knife-blades, ivory tusks, gaudy cloth, and glittering beads.

West of the harbor is a broad, fissured coral reef. We spent an unforgettable hour at this spot, watching the waves which dashed mountain high, so it seemed, on the beautiful strand. At ebb-tide the Sikkanese women and children come out here, to gather up stray little fish and crabs, which they catch by hand or with a sort of needle-bow. These they cook with rice. This much-visited coral field is surrounded on the north by the huts of the Sikkanese. Their dwellings are simple in construction: strong posts uphold a rude bamboo scaffolding, the walls of which, made of widely overhanging roofs of straw, shut out the sun and rain. In the midst of these huts is the wooden structure of the mission station, whose pillars and walls are of solid, reddish-brown djatiwood. A fire-proof sheetiron roof offers protection from the rains and from the tropical sun. Around the building there extends a broad veranda; this is the missionary's office, where the daily life of the mission station is carried on.

But a few steps from the mission station stands the church of Sikka with its wagon-shed. Although every church in the missions is held precious, because Our Lord dwells therein; yet the church of Sikka is doubly treasured, because of its beauty and in its architectural lines; and appropriateness of construction. All is of stone and reddish-brown wood; withal, it is wonderfully simple within, when one kneels down to meditate upon God and the eternal truths, a great peace and quiet prevails.

Joseph Mbako da Silva, the late king of Sikka, with Father Engbers, S.J., erected this beautiful building. To the south, and adjoining the church property, are the old and new royal abodes of Sikka's kings. The present king is Joseph Non Meak da Silva, the son of the noble Mbako da Silva. Non Meak is a small, short, thick-set man. The lines of his face are rough, and his gesture and step are awkward; but his dark eyes fully and clearly perceive the needs of his widely extended kingdom, while his deep voice inspires fear alike in the Sikkanese and in the simple farm folk of the fertile mountain slopes.

The wife of the prince is Eda da Gomez, a quiet, industrious woman of distinguished ancestry. Although Non Meak is inclined to adopt some of the European fashions, Eda clings to the dress of the Sikkanese women, which is simple and picturesque enough, but very impracticable when there is a question of speedy work or activities of any kind. The shoulders are covered by a sort of blouse of fine bright silk. In place of a European gown, the woman wears a long blue, or brownish-red colored loin-cloth of home manufacture, on which are conventional designs in yellow and white. The blending between the bright blouse and the dark lower garment is effected by a dark silk shawl which is thrown across one shoulder and wound around the hips. The Sikkanese

woman adorns herself with gold and silver rings and from five to ten ivory bracelets, or with artistically wrought metal rings. At the great festival dances she wears ornamental gold and silver strings and chains.

The fisherman's wife purchases her jewelry from the industrious village goldsmith. According to a hallowed family tradition, this noble art is handed down from the father to his most expert son. The artisan sits upon the bamboo veranda of his pile-driven cottage, his legs crossed under him. With a spluttering fire in the sooty coal-pan at his left, and a little anvil at his right, this master-workman takes up the rasp, the pliers, the chisel, the shears, or the black proving-stone, and, day after day, hammers and files and blows and forges.

But *all* are industrious here at Sikka. While the goldsmith works out his gold and silver, the diligent housewife of the village is at her rude spinning-wheel and loom; and on the sunny mountain slope and in the well cultivated fields the women and children gather the snowy flakes of wool from the low-lying bushels. A hard, black kernel or seed is hidden in these flakes, and the experienced spinner forces this out with a little carding machine which permits the soft wool, but not the kernel to pass; and so the down drops to one side of the machine, while the dislodged kernel falls upon the clean sand. Then the cleaned wool flakes are placed in piles on yellow mats, and threshed with smooth sticks. The smoothed and combed mass is rolled into little balls, and from these the whitish-yellow strands are spun. The crude spinning-wheel and bobbin are fastened to a small board, beside which the woman sits and, working with hands and feet, spins the thin yarn. The yarn, which is still quite rough, is taken from the bobbin and placed in order on reels hanging quite free, and is then wound into coils. The man of

the family makes, from light bamboo, a rectangular frame for the warp, and mother and daughter stretch the yarn on this. In the meantime, the yarn has been dyed and fixed and they now weave into it various forms and figures with fine grass, and again fix and dye it, until at last it is ready for the simple loom. After it has been spun, the weaver takes up her position just beneath the pile-driven building, and with assiduous strokes begins weaving and making articles for her family. It is a tedious work of weeks, but truly beautiful and durable is the finished cloth with its warm-toned colors and pleasing designs.

I have thus spoken of the various industries which engage the people of Sikka, not because such industries are not more or less prevalent in all the coastal stations, but rather because I had here the best opportunity and leisure to note them. Yet the work in the fields and on the seas is the same in all the stations, and there is more or less trading and commercial intercourse carried on in every port, no matter how small, with the farm people who live in hill districts somewhat back from the coast. Again, marketing is a great feautre in these places; a man will frequently travel for a day or two, from some back-country spot, in order to trade a few dollars' worth of products — cattle, pigs, chickens, corn, rice, onions, sweet potatoes, tobacco, coffee, copra, oranges, bananas, etc. Then, there is always work on the government roads, wherever the natives are compelled to take part in this. But they do not like road building, although the roads, being extended everywhere throughout the islands by the government, are of the greatest advantage to the people as well as to the missionaries.

Of course, industrial conditions with the mountain people differ widely from those on the coast. Perhaps it would be better to say that, with the exception of

agriculture and building, such conditions do not exist in these sections; for the people carry their produce down the mountain to the coast, and there trade for whatever things they need.

In many mountain places the men have a comparatively easy time of it, for there are cocoanut trees at hand for food, and there is really not much to do, in the way of *manly* labors as they consider them, except hunting, cutting down trees, and building. But the women are always busy, from early morning until night; and their gardens are tended with great care, irregular as they are. I say irregular, for you must know that not a plow is used in these gardens and fields, neither are plows found in use anywhere in Flores: the methods of farming are quite primitive. The people have a rude cultivator, made of a pole and a crosspiece, tipped with a bit of iron. When they are ready to plant, in spring, they burn down a piece of scrub land, leaving stand such bamboo trees as may be on the plot; these latter are cut as needed for firewood. With a bamboo stick the ground is broken and hills made, and thus the piece is planted, rather helter-skelter fashion. But after the plants begin to come up from the ground, the women and children are henceforth busy nearly all day in the fields, and one rarely finds weedy gardens among these people. Another interesting feature of their farm life is the fact that the family chickens are daily brought along, together with the children, to the gardens, where one will find the women, down on their knees, weeding or cultivating with their crude instrument, the children on either side, helping, and the chickens about everywhere, picking up their living by snatching the unlucky worms from the upturned ground.

After our inspection, we returned to Lela, where eight priests were waiting to participate in the monthly *recollection,* which was to be conducted, this time by Father General. All these Fathers were from Lela and the neighborhood, and this short retreat was intended for them because they could not be present at the regular annual gathering to be held in Ndona at the end of March. I thought I needed a spiritual repair also, so I joined them. The retreat lasted until Ash Wednesday morning, and was concluded with a mission conference, during which the problems and difficulties of all the Flores missions were discussed.

At nine o'clock the conference opened. Different reports on various themes were read, and discussion followed. It was a serious time for all. Before us was spread, as it were, the whole difficult problem of the mission world — the problem of the workers and their work. At this time we came to realize most keenly the fact that God alone could give courage to the heart and strength to the shoulders of these missionaries. And on the other hand we realized that here were hosts of human souls waiting to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him, — souls to whom only the missionaries living among them could bring about this great comfort.

CHAPTER XVI

Kotting, Nita, Maumere, Nele

A showery trip to Kotting — The labors of Father Ysseldyk — The crowds at Nita — The old kapala *— Maumere, the 'stove' of Flores — Nele and its beautiful Christian life — The story of Marie, the Christian — Moang Kiwo, and the "great black hand."*

Thursday (March 2) was the day appointed for a visit to the mission of Kotting, which is situated in the very heart of Flores. Father Mertens, the pastor (formerly a missionary in Togoland, West Africa), had been on the retreat with us. When we awoke we found it to be raining, but in showers; and at eight o'clock, after the cessation of the downpour, a reception committee of fifty-one native horsemen lined up before the rectory entrance, presenting to our eyes a very attractive appearance. They reminded me of a troop of our United States Indians, with their banners and gay and rather gaudy attire, and their horses decorated with flowers and little bells. In order to make the proper impression, they rode through the *kampong*, where an excited and ever increasing crowd of people followed them. In the meantime our two conveyances were ready, and we departed, in spite of the rain; for by this time a drizzle had again set in. Father General and Father delange were in one buggy, a boy standing erect behind them. Father Meyer and I followed them, in a second buggy, with an attendant also in the rear. As we proceeded, the troop of native horsemen followed, which is customary here, the person in office or authority taking precedence and the others following. In a half-

Father Koeberl's Famous Brass Band of Maumere

Mission Church at Nobo, Flores

hour's time we came to a brook. It was very steep, and as the concrete bridge which had once spanned it had been swept away by the floods that follow heavy tropical rains, we found the crossing quite difficult. The penetrating rain had not ceased to fall, and when we alighted from our vehicles we were soaked to the skin. I do not know whether it was harder for us or for the buggy to cross: we went down and through and on and up, in order to reach the other side. Finally we made it, however, and from then on proceeded to Kotting along a fine road.

At ten o'clock we reached the place and the church. the *pastorie* being nicely situated. The usual shouts of greeting arose from all sides, especially when we alighted and entered the church for a short adoration. A few native songs followed, and Father Mertens addressed the congregation, after which we went into the rectory, delighted to find that the rain had ceased.

Father Mertens is a successor to Father Vpgt, S.V.D., who came to Kotting after its establishment by a zealous Jesuit priest, Father Ysseldyk. This Father Ysseldyk began the mission, as we have told elsewhere, when he was in the prime of his life; and left it, after incredible labors, as an old, worn-out man with snow-white hair. On his arrival, he found the place small and sparsely populated, the people uncivilized heathens, steeped in vice. To-day the spacious church is surrounded by a neat village; and religion, while not eradicating all the faults of the people, has at least helped to elevate them. Kotting is noted for its large families; and everywhere the sterling Catholicity of the people gives evidence of Father Ysseldyk's labors in years of excellent exhortations and carefully prepared catechetical instructions, — years of kindness and of glowing charity. Brother deGroot, once of the papal army of

Pius IX, was his faithful companion. The memory of the priest and the Brother will always live at Kotting.

We did not remain very long, but decided to inspect another of our stations in the neighborhood, — Nita, — about twenty minutes' ride to the southwest, where our Father Haarmann is pastor. The road that leads to this, the highest of all our stations in Central Flores, is excellent. It is about eight hundred feet above the sea-level here: Kotting is about six hundred. From the bush, to the right and left, curious onlookers peeped out at us with gaping wonderment. As we neared the town, a crowd of brown and black humanity — adults and children — greeted us with cries and salutations, their deafening shouts continuing until we entered the church. After a visit to Our Lord in the tabernacle, we went to the rectory, where the usual welcoming celebration was given by the school-children. Songs, recitations, and dances continued even during our dinner on the veranda. That was an unforgettable meal, prepared entirely by the natives. The *kapala*, or chief, had given Father Haarmann a goat for the occasion. It was the first goat meat I had ever eaten, and was not *so bad*, after all! Here, also, I had the first taste of *tuak*, a kind of palm-wine, — really more like whiskey than wine; and I did not find it any too palatable.

Toward five o'clock, Father General, with Fathers Mertens, Meyer, and deLange, left for Kotting. I remained at Nita with Father Haarmann, and we talked for four or five hours. He told me some of his experiences, and revealed some of the peculiar difficulties of his work — difficulties which I now found it easy to understand, since I had come, as it were, into personal contact with them.

The night was cold: there was real mountain weather, and I slept well. With the morning (Friday) there came a sense of exhilaration which sent my thoughts back to

the First Fridays at home, and to the preceding Thursday evenings which I always spent in the Belgian parish of St. John Berchmans in Chicago, hearing confessions in Polish. And the mass on this First Friday, on the mountain heights of Flores (there was exposition of the Blessed Sacrament also), seemed, literally, to be offered up on the very pinnacle of the universe! Children and people sang lustily, though without organ accompaniment (as a matter of fact, there is hardly a church in Flores that possesses an organ); but I found all the melodies familiar.

After Mass Father Haarmann and I returned to Kotting, where we were to join Father General and Father de-Lange, and to proceed in their company to our next station of Maumere. At Kotting we visited the school and found it in session (the boys attend in the morning, and the girls in the afternoon). Everywhere there were plentiful evidences of the successful efforts being made to lift these natives, through encouraging their exercise of their sheer strength of will and the application of God-given graces, until they become Catholics really worthy of the name. Words fail me to express my appreciation of the self-devotion and self-abnegation of the religious workers. It is marvelous to see these brave men and women, the vanguard of Christ's army, waging their ceaseless battle against the spirit of darkness and error, in order to bring these benighted souls under the standard of the Saviour, — asking no reward from the world, asking nothing but to be allowed to save souls for our Crucified Lord and Master! Oh! how poorly most of our efforts will appear against the toil and sacrifices of these noble souls!

Maumere is on the north shore of Flores, twelve miles from Lela. On approaching it we heard the noise of firecrackers, — a sure sign that in Maumere were to be found Chinese *tokos* (stores). After our first visit to the

church we sat on the veranda, watching and listening to the children of the place, who sang for us. Maumere is said to be the *oven* of Flores, and is a far from healthful locality. As for our impressions, we were conscious of the utter absence of a breeze, and were tempted to feel that a special dose of quinine tablets must be for us as much a part of the general celebration as the dancing and singing of the children.

At half past three o'clock in the afternoon we set off to Nele, which is situated in the mountain district east of Maumere, at a distance of about three miles. Father General and Father deLange went in the first conveyance, which was decorated with banners; and I followed them in a second, accompanied by a native boy. From Maumere the road leads east, through fertile farms, rich in cotton and tobacco fields. We met a few of the natives, who stopped to stare at us, making of themselves picturesque figures, with their strong well-built frames and white cloths about their loins. Their color ranged from light brunette to bronze, and many had very fine features. Nele seemed to me the most beautiful village I had seen in Flores. It numbers three thousand inhabitants, but there are other villages close by with three thousand more, so that this is really a parish of six thousand souls. The town boasts of only one street with the homes of the natives on the right and left; and these homes are separated from the road by a fence of twigs. All is in perfect order everywhere, and very clean. Children by the hundreds met us at the entrance of the village, laughing and calling out their welcome in shrill voices, as we went along the road. Then old and young came out, each saluting us imposingly by bowing to the ground, after which they followed us at a distance. The shooting of firecrackers on this day far outrivaled our own 'Glorious Fourth'. Some

of the people were singing, others shouting and yelling. And with these accompaniments we rode up to the school and the church which was a "combination" building, the educational and religious functions being confined to one room, but separated from each other by a thin screen. There were First Friday devotions, with Benediction given by Father General. Not a fifth part of the crowd could get into the church. Father Koeberl, who had been expecting us, was evidently very happy in the whole *turnout* of affairs. He is no longer pastor of Nele, but he is bound to remain long responsible for much of its fine organization. After devotions we went to the rectory, which is situated at a distance of some five minutes' walk from the church, on the other side of the road, the way leading over a bridge, from which there is a wonderful ocean view. The father of the captain or chief of the village came out to see us. He was a rather remarkable old fellow as we looked upon him, clad in native attire and revealing a wonderful physique for his ninety years. All in all, I soon became deeply attracted to this place. I felt that there was about it the fervor, the sweetness, yes, even the sanctity, that must have attended the gatherings of the early Christians. Perhaps it was because the people were so attached to their priest, and because they had so many beautiful Catholic practices — all introduced by Father Koeberl. Every Saturday, at night, the prayers are recited in a body in the church: and on all other evenings warning is given by a gong, at seven o'clock and again fifteen minutes later, whereupon all the inhabitants recite the Angelus and night prayers at home, following these with a hymn. It must be a real treat to pass along the street at that hour and hear the praises of God issuing forth from every house and hut upon the way.

We left Nele reluctantly. On our way home we stopped, partly to admire the great sea in the distance. We also paid a visit, in passing, to the principal chief of these parts. Before his conversion, he had twelve wives and seventy-five children, all of whom are now Catholics. He was baptized by the Jesuits before the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word took the mission in charge. Father Sevink, S.J., came to the place during a time of an epidemic, in order that he might at least baptize the dying children. The parish register gives the following account of this his first appearance among them:

"I set out in the hope of finding some of the heathen folk who, seeing Death raging round them, might be happy to receive the glad message of the Gospel, or allow me to give the Sacrament of Baptism to their dying children. I took a few medicines with me, hoping to find them useful as a means toward the healing of both bodies and souls. On my first visit, two adults asked to be baptized; and in two or three visits, I baptized eight hundred children. At the same time, the adults, both men and women, began to study the catechism; and in three months I had two thousand Christians."

These neophytes were cared for, from time to time, by a missionary from Maumere; and when Father Koeberl went to Nele in 1920, as its first pastor, he found a parish record of 3,103 Catholics, with two thousand more in surrounding localities. Through his efforts the church was built, the inhabitants contributing most of the labor for it. And today one beholds a truly Catholic community, exhibiting a zeal which "staggers belief," as Father Koeberl declared to us. He distributed holy Communion 191,000 times, last year, and heard 37,000 confessions. Moreover, there are more than a hundred young girls who receive Our Lord daily. To illustrate the fervor of these

young virgins, Father Koeberl told us the story of "Marie, the Christian," who at one time became suddenly stricken with illness. He had just finished Mass, one morning, and was saying his Office before the tabernacle in the empty church, when he heard a sound behind him. A young girl knelt at the communion rail, her eyes fastened pleadingly upon him.

"My dear Marie," he said, recognizing her and noting how she trembled, "you are too ill to be here —"

"Father, please give me my dear Jesus."

The priest hesitated.

"Give me my Jesus," she repeated. "Since my first holy Communion, I have received Him every day until now. I cannot do without Him."

"But Marie, what have you done? You are ill. You might have died on the way."

"Then I should have died for love of Him — He knows I am not afraid of death."

Father Koeberl yielded. Putting on surplice and stole he gave her holy Communion. The girl smiled happily, but the priest, observing the expression on her face, became alarmed: he seemed to feel that death was imminent. He began administering the Last Sacraments, preparing her for her last journey. Meanwhile, her parents had come, searching for her, and as the priest bade her return to her home with them, she looked at him anxiously.

"Go in peace, Marie," he said. "I myself will bring your Jesus to you, every day, until you are better."

She went away, satisfied; but she had received her Friend for the last time on earth. That night He called her to His chosen ranks in heaven.

CHAPTER XVII

Ili Station

The notable Church of the Sacred Heart — The three Radjas — The steamer Van Outhorn *arrives.*

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the same day (Friday, March 4) we set out for Ili, where Father Grotmann is now pastor. We drove along the shore, then southward, up into the mountain district, passing through Baru — a village which is composed entirely of Mohammedans. These people live in houses of a peculiar shape, and their attire is also different from that of the other natives in this section. Father Grotmann received us in the street, and, while Ili is not so nicely arranged as Nele, the houses being more widely scattered, there were nevertheless a number of people to await us, with him. Afterwards, thousands of natives from this and surrounding parishes came to greet us. The Church of the Sacred Heart to which we proceeded, followed by the jubilant crowd, was of special interest, and the account of its erection is worth reading. It was built by Brother Theophorus, in 1920. In the short time of thirty-five (!) days, this energetic and industrious son of Poland erected its framework, the only help he had being that of the totally unskilled natives. And yet, the building is of impressive dimensions, being one hundred and fifteen feet in length, forty-five feet in width, and thirty feet in height. The formation of the walls (made of woven bamboo) and the grass roof would lead one to mistake it for a school; but upon entering, the devotional atmosphere of the in-

Church and Missionary's Residence in Riangwulu, Flores

The Spirit-house of Boa Waç

terior almost forces one's thoughts upwards to God in fervent prayer.

With the exception of the cement floor, the entire building, beams and rafters included, is built of heavy kollywood. It was necessary to use this exclusively in the structure itself, for in Flores white ants voraciously attack all kinds of wood and, with few exceptions, reduce both boards and timber to sawdust. Even this kollywood will not withstand their ravages, unless the rings in the wood denote an age of seventy to one hundred years. In spite of all efforts to secure the soundest wood possible, the ants gradually creep into these hard timbers, and destroy all the inner, softer part. While this destructive work is going on, a building appears, outwardly, to be as strong as ever, but the ants continue their tunneling until all is hollow inside.

The door-frames, however, of the Sacred Heart Church, are made of wood which is of a reddish-brown color. This wood is soft, and therefore especially adapted for carving, while for some reason the ants do not seem to care for it. These frames were cut from thick planks, formerly in use in the pagan temple at Ili. When this temple was dismantled, it marked the end of the last pagan shrine in the kingdom of Kangai, Flores. Lumber taken from this temple was also used in building the priest's house. The dismantling was brought about by a local decision; but this is another story, and one well worth telling. Let Father Haarmann give it in his own words, for it was he who conceived and executed the plan!

"Cautiously and circumspectly I spoke of my projects to the cook and house boy, who in turn carried the news to the school-teacher and to some of their friends. Finally, the proposal reached the ears of the Mohammedan king of

the territory; and after all this news-bearing, I became satisfied that no one had any unfavorable comment to make.

"Then I succeeded in bringing about a convocation before my house, receiving the people hospitably, keeping them in good spirits for a while, and in fine, performing all the honors of the day. After that, I casually invited my visitors to stroll with me down to the village center. There, before us, lay a fine open space. The houses of the natives, making up the town of Ili, formed a circle about this plot, which resembled a real amphitheater. It was the accustomed gathering-place of the people, and there they often had their games and dancing. In this ideal location, and commanding the most important site, stood the pagan temple (it was really a votive chapel, since a chieftain had erected it, in thanksgiving to the gods for the recovery of one of his wives). Resting upon wooden pillars, three or four feet above the ground, the building was about twenty-five feet square, with woven walls and a floor of bamboo. There was no ceiling, as the straw roof rose to a steep point, directly from the walls. Strengthened by heavy rafters and beams, it was sturdy enough to accommodate fifty persons. There was nothing artistic about it, for its only ornamentation consisted of some carved work on the four pillars which supported the altar (to-day these same posts are used in the Church of the Sacred Heart, to support the banners).

"Now this temple had become a matter of great concern to me: first, because it was a heathen temple; and secondly, because I felt it could be made to form a splendid lumber supply for my house. Therefore I was desirous to see my little plan (to gain possession of the structure) succeed; and I made every effort to this end. But that this achievement was *not* such an easy undertaking as I had imagined, the reader may infer.

"One must remember that these people come, in time, to weave all sorts of legends and stories about such a shrine, which makes it very precious in their estimation; and the temple of Ili was no exception to the rule. If this building had collapsed, no one in the village would have attempted to salvage the smallest piece of wood; for they believe that, if such a thing should happen, terrible punishments would be visited by the offended god upon the malefactor. According to their version, the earth would open up, swallowing the vandal; droughts and plagues of mice would harass the land, bringing famine and pestilence; storms and cloudbursts would destroy the harvest; evil spirits would persecute the tribe and mete out all sorts of punishments. Although I have delighted, from childhood, in such stories, nevertheless, I was not at this time in the least disconcerted by them. Thank God, I had been given grace to choose a most fitting day for this conference; and it was the events of the day, themselves, which, as I had all along trusted, brought all my plans to a successful issue. The day was the feast of Corpus Christi, and this Corpus Christi of 1920 will always be a memorable one for me. After I had seen to it that all hands had been abundantly feasted and otherwise entertained, I organized with my Christians a Corpus Christi procession. Out from the chapel we proceeded, marching in solemn array all about the central plot, and particularly about the old pagan temple. A throng of Christians and pagans, clad in their brightest garments, with here and there a few Mohammedans, gathered on all sides, to look on. When the sacred monstrance, with the Sacramental Presence, passed, all noted the awe and homage which the Christians showed; and a spirit of reverential wonder and mystery soon pervaded the whole assemblage of the people.

"After the procession, I took occasion to address the throng at some length, first telling them of the significance of the day and of our procession, uncovering to them somewhat the wonder of the Incarnation and showing how all peoples and things are bound, finally, to fall in obeisance before this great God and Lord, who becomes man in order that we, in a sense, may become gods, ruling and dominating over the powers and forces of nature, being made subject to the Lord of lights alone. Then I went on to show how the worshipers of this true King could never, in any wise, be subject to the terrors and tabus in which they believed. At last I called upon them to offer to the one true God their fealty and devotion, since in honoring Him solely they would fulfill every obligation of heaven and earth, and could therefore look for protection from all the powers of evil and for succor and blessing in all the affairs of life.

"And it was as though the Spirit of the Lord had certainly moved them to strange determinations and to strange resolutions — to things they had never thought of before. For the chief men of the village drew apart for a while; then, later, being apparently influenced to an extreme degree by the sacred things they had seen and heard, the elders approached me and signified their intention to subscribe themselves to and to indorse a document which they prevailed upon me to draw up, in accordance with their desires and requests. The document read as follows:

" *'To-day we give over to the missionary of Ili our temple, Woga Goit, to dismantle it and raze it to the ground. At the same time we give to him a plot of ground containing two hundred acres, with all the trees and shrubs thereon. It is conceded to the missionary unconditionally,*

without one cent of payment. Sawe Baä; *this is our wish and will.'*

"This concession was agreed upon by the entire assemblage, and fully a dozen signatures were affixed to the document."

We found the sanctuary especially beautiful, with seven steps leading up to the main altar. The building itself holds twenty-five hundred people, and on Sundays it is crowded to its full capacity at both Masses. After our inspection, Father deLange made up his mind to remain with Father Grotmann until the following day — a fortunate decision, for there were over a thousand communicants. The other visitors returned to Maumere.

On the morning of March 5 I said High Mass at half past six o'clock, and gave Benediction afterward. In the tropics High Mass is offered early, for the heat of the following hours is excessive. Father Fries had come over from Lela; and he delivered to the people a Sikkanese sermon which sounded quite eloquent: *but it was all Sikkanese to me!* After Mass three radjas came to greet Father General. The Radja of Sikka appeared, in modern European or American dress; the Radja of Nita wore a native sarong and a modern coat; and the Radja of Kangia was attired in the picturesque garb of his country, his coat-buttons being of pure gold. It was a scene to remind one forcibly of the coming of the three Magi. On occasions such as this I felt rather uncomfortable at not being able to talk the language of the country, even though we were told, for our consolation, that it is an indication of superiority if a stranger refrains from talking with such men, except through an interpreter.

At eight o'clock we had an agreeable surprise. It was "boat day," always a great event in these remote corners of the world; and Father Glanemann, a veteran of the African missions, arrived from the Manggarai district, on the steamer *Van Outhorn*. His station at Ruteng is about 4000 feet above sea-level. There is only a narrow trail leading from Ruteng down to Reo, which is the port; and it took the Father eleven days to reach Maumere. He looked worn and emaciated, for his field is an arduous one, and there was only one priest and one Brother helping him. He had not yet heard that Pius XI had been elected Pope. Soon afterward, Fathers deLange and Grotmann came from Ili, with Fathers Mertens and Koch from Kotting, for a private interview with Father General.

CHAPTER XVIII

At Larantuka

In our most eastern station on Flores — The "Confreria" of Portuguese times — The two streets — Famous volcanoes — On sacred ground — The terrible epidemic of 1918 — Deaths of Fathers Karsten and Baak, S.V.D., of Father van der Velden, S.J., and of our Brother Vincent — The Sisters' big boarding-school — Domestic science and agriculture — The native dance — Fine disposition of the people — Precious relics.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we boarded the *Van Outhorn,* which had remained at Maumere all day, to sail over night to Larantuka, the most eastern district of Flores. It was eighty miles away, the distance being the same as that from Chicago to Milwaukee. The steamer did not leave until nine o'clock, and we slept peacefully as we traveled. At six o'clock in the morning, on Monday, our boat glided through a narrow strait into the Larantuka harbor, in another hour reaching the port, where a crowd of children and grown people, 'black robes' and Sisters, gathered on the shore.

We went to the church in a real feast-day procession, led by the famous *Confreria* (a religious society of Portuguese memory) and by an actual brass band, one of the very few bands that exist in the entire archipelago. The music was exceptionally good. While we said Mass in the church, the children sang to the accompaniment of an organ; and this was another rare occurrence in this part of the world. A reception was tendered to us after Mass, and in the afternoon I went with Fathers Hundler and

Koch (both of whom were formerly missionaries in Africa) to the cemetery of Larantuka, at the foot of Mount Ili Mandiri (the mountain itself is about 6000 feet above sea-level). There we knelt at the graves of those missionaries who had passed to their reward during the great epidemic of influenza which occurred in 1918: Fathers Baak, Karsten, van der Velden (the latter was a Jesuit who had remained at Larantuka to aid in familiarizing the newcomers with their mission labors) and our Brother Vincent.

The scourge spread rapidly through Larantuka and adjoining villages, and to the boarding-school for the boys; and the Fathers were kept busy in attendance upon the sufferers. In one day our Father Karsten administered the last sacraments to five boys; and then came the moment when he himself fell a victim. Brother Vincent, who was also busy nursing the boys, next became ill. The disease followed its course swiftly, and, in spite of the faithful ministrations of the Dutch Franciscan Sisters (who came over from the girls' boarding-school of which they were in charge), both Father and Brother died on the twenty-first of December. Father William Baak, S.V.D., was the most active and vigorous of them all. He was a man filled with zeal and with ambitious plans for the future extension of the mission on Flores. But he, too, succumbed to the disease. Both he and Father van der Velden were sick at the same time, in adjoining rooms; and when they realized that the end was approaching, Father van der Velden said it was evidently the Lord's will that he should not return to his confrères in Java, but should rather lay down the burden of life and be buried in his chosen field: thereupon he proposed to Father Baak that they give each other final absolution, since they could be heard through the door connecting their sickrooms.

Last Resting-place of the Missionaries of Larantuka

The Rude Chapel at Heva

The absolutions were given, and during the latter part of the afternoon of December 22, Father Baak began to have periods of delirium. The good Sister who faithfully attended him subsequently reported that, during these periods, the Father's incoherent statements were filled with intimations of plans and projects for the future welfare of the mission. At last, after midnight, when a period of rationality permitted, Father Baak asked for the Holy Viaticum.

"But how shall this be, Father," the attendant Sister questioned, "since Father van der Velden is also sick unto death and can not leave his bed?"

"You yourself, dear Sister, shall bring me the Sacred Host. Since the death of Brother Vincent, it has reposed in a room near by. I will tell you where to find the key which unlocks the tabernacle."

So, with trembling hands, the good nun brought to the Father the Blessed Sacrament, with the ciborium, the burse, corporal, purificator, etc. Thereupon Father Baak administered the Viaticum to himself, saying all the Latin prayers according to the rite, and even remembering to make use of the purificator. Before midnight of the then dawning day the Father had gone to his reward.

Meantime a telegram had been sent to Father deLange, at Ndona, notifying him of the deaths of Father Karsten and Brother Vincent, and advising that the precarious condition of the others called for immediate assistance. On the morning of the *twenty-third*, Father deLange arrived, by government boat, and at once hastened to the mission, reaching it just in time to administer the last rites and Extreme Unction to Father van der Velden. The good Father died within an hour. He was the last Jesuit of the band which first arrived at Larantuka (in 1884) to be buried on Flores, and he was the only priestly victim

of this epidemic to receive full funeral rites. The good Sisters of the girls' school stood staunchly through all this terrible time, and their own household was kept practically free from the disease. Of the boys' boarding-school, however, three native teachers and twenty pupils succumbed.

After offering prayers for the repose of the souls of these martyrs to duty, and invoking their help and protection for the work of this difficult part of the mission field, we went home through Larantuka's *other* street — there are but two, and they run parallel. We went to the cemetery by way of that which follows close to the mountain, and returned along the 'seashore' or main street. It was at once easy to note the predominance of 'black Portuguese' in this mission, for the people appeared altogether different from the natives of other parts of Flores, — in features, general expression, clothing, etc; and it is also true that many of them have Portuguese names. As we arrived at the shore, our attention was called to the two volcanoes situated at the southeastern corner of Flores — Lobetobi Laki-Laki (7500 feet high) and Lobetobi Perampuan (7000 feet high). Both are close together, and one is called the male and the other the female by the natives. The Fathers pointed out the various islands lying before us, beyond the strait and harbor, mentioning especially Adonara and Solor Islands. There, on Solor, I was told, was the first residence of the old Portuguese Dominican Fathers — the pioneer missionaries of the East Indies. The Portuguese Dominicans worked very hard on the islands of Adonara and Solor, and also labored on Alor and Lomblem. When they left, the population practically reverted to paganism; but those who still retain memories of the ancient Faith are begging for missionaries to come over and make them Catholics. On the

island of Lomblem, Fathers Bode and Hundler made a good beginning in 1920, and, with the willing assistance of the natives, erected a substantial church.

Here and there in Larantuka I noticed old pieces of cannon lying about, — relics of Portuguese glory. But later on, in 1859, as we have learned, Flores was given over to Holland; and when the Dutch Jesuit Fathers took charge of the mission work, it seems that they cherished particularly just this section of Flores Island, erecting here a neat church, about 200 feet long, and a splendid boarding-school. The present school building, which accommodates one hundred and eighty boys, is in charge of our Fathers and Brothers of the Society of the Divine Word; there is another school for girls, registering about two hundred students, which is conducted by the Dutch Franciscan Sisters of Heythuizen.[1] The radja of the district is a Catholic; and I came to feel that everything in public life in Larantuka added to the idea of prevalent Christianity, though the immediate neighborhood was still pagan.

Father Worstbrock and I said Mass, the next morning, in the Sisters' large convent. Father General and Father John Van Cleef arrived a half-hour later, and we were all invited to be guests at a very creditable entertainment given by the girls of the institute. There is a chapter of mission history waiting to be written within the walls of this extensive place; for several of the religious in the community have abode in this one spot for thirty or forty years. Some left Holland in 1879, and journeyed around the Cape of Good Hope in a three-masted sailing-boat. At the time there were six Sisters, two Jesuit Fathers, and two Jesuit Brothers on the vessel, and the trip from Holland to Flores took three and a half months; whereas a steamer from

[1] These Sisters left Flores in April, 1925, to be replaced by the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost.

Holland can now make the port of Flores in six weeks, via the Suez Canal.

After Mass in the convent, on the eighth, the visitors inspected the various departments of the girls' school. There are two hundred girls in attendance, with nineteen Sisters to teach and supervise the work. Everywhere neatness and order prevailed. A complete domestic course is provided, which necessarily includes training in agriculture and cattle breeding (since the women of Flores are principally concerned in these matters); and the girls seem very happy and contented.

Southwest of Larantuka, between the two villages of Waibalum and Lewolere, there is a station in which our Father Strieter serves as pastor. When we reached this place, we found that a large crowd of mountain folk had come to the village, a distance of at least five miles from their homes, to give us a welcome. They looked more like Polynesians than any of the people we had hitherto met, the men being smaller and stronger than the natives living along the coast. There were thirty-two women among them who were intending, later in the day, to go to the Larantuka station, and there to perform a native dance for us. They were beautifully dressed in native attire, and many held in their hands native spears of a special description, decorated with feathers of all colors, while woven crowns of goat's hair decorated their heads. Before we left, Father Strieter and a few members of the Confreria sang the *Laudate Dominum*, to a queer, melancholy, haunting melody which has come down as an inheritance with other hymns, from the old Portuguese missionaries. Though it rained that afternoon, the dancers did not fail to appear, and we watched them in their odd performances, for more than an hour. They formed a line, one behind the other. In the left hand each held a

The Community of Franciscan Sisters of Heythuizen (Holland), Assembled on the Grounds of Their Great Boarding-school for Native Girls at Larantuka

First Communicants at Larantuka

feathered spear, and about their ankles they wore little tinkling bells. With the exception of six, all these women and girls were Christians, and they wore medals of the Blessed Virgin around their necks, strung with pearls which they had bought from Chinese *tokos*.

Another station, north of Larantuka, is Tengah, where Father Terheyden resides as pastor. We spent some time at this place, on Thursday, March 9. It is situated quite close to the straits of Flores, and the people seemed favorable to Catholicity.

Returning to Larantuka, we were shown the precious treasures of the church from old Portuguese times — silver, gold, and ivory. Now, just as in former days, these treasures are scrupulously guarded by members of the Confreria. They are precious relics, indeed; and scarcely any ordinary inducement, I was told, could persuade the people to part with them. In our Techny Museum we have some of the old ivory corpuses of crucifixes brought to Flores by the Portuguese missionaries of other days. And here, even to this day, the litanies and some prayers are still recited in the Portuguese language by the people in the surrounding *kampongs*.

To illustrate early Christianity in Larantuka, there is a grotto near *Ai Lolok*, on Timor, which is a place of great veneration. To reach it one has to climb a steep rocky slope, hanging on to the shrubbery for dear life. When one enters the grotto one cannot see anything at first, but presently all becomes clearer. From above there are some small openings to let the light through; rain cannot enter, they say, or at any rate but few drops, whenever the water cannot get away fast enough down the slope. In the grotto, on four posts, is a box, five feet long and about three feet wide. Nobody is allowed to touch

the articles which are to be found within it. There is a crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, a statue of St. Anthony, and some others which cannot be recognized. The presence of these articles in this hidden place shows that, about four centuries ago, when the Portuguese governed these islands, some priests must have been there, although there are no written records to prove the fact. Yet, on Good Friday the people of the district in which this vast cave is located fast all day, and their Easter celebration is also held within the grotto. At this time they butcher buffaloes and pigs, and dance and sing, day and night, for eight days. And this festival is also the occasion for many marriages.

Did the ancestors of these people hide their religious services from the eyes of the Holland government, which forbade Catholic priests to come to the islands, and prohibited all Catholic worship? The Portuguese records were lost by fire, in Dilly (Timor), so that we cannot speak with certainty on these matters.

It may be added that the main grotto is sufficiently spacious to permit thousands of people to congregate within it at the same time. Some of its supporting rocks are like pillars, and where these are close together they separate the great central chamber from other parts of the cave. But by passing between these pillars access is had to more interior chambers, which are, however, much darker and narrower than the great entrance hall. It is evident that nothing, anywhere through the whole subterranean area (save the great box and its contents), has been touched by human hands.

CHAPTER XIX

"In Perils of Waters"

Starting out by sea — On board the Morning Star — The meaning of the few dark clouds — The breaking of the storm — Anxiety and illness — The quiet courage of the man from Sikka — Death imminent.

March tenth saw us ready to return to the central station of Ndona, our visitation on Flores being practically finished, with the exception of a few stations between Lela and Ndona.

Let me confess that, of all the dangers which St. Paul mentioned in his epistle, the one I dreaded most, on leaving my home in Techny, was that of the "perils of waters" or "perils of sea." In his second letter to the Corinthians, the Apostle describes the fatigues to which he was continually exposed on his journeys. Every year, on Sexagesima Sunday, Holy Mother Church draws our attention to his experiences; but to appreciate the picture drawn by this great lover of souls, one must have shared a missionary's troubles and have felt all a missionary's perplexities.

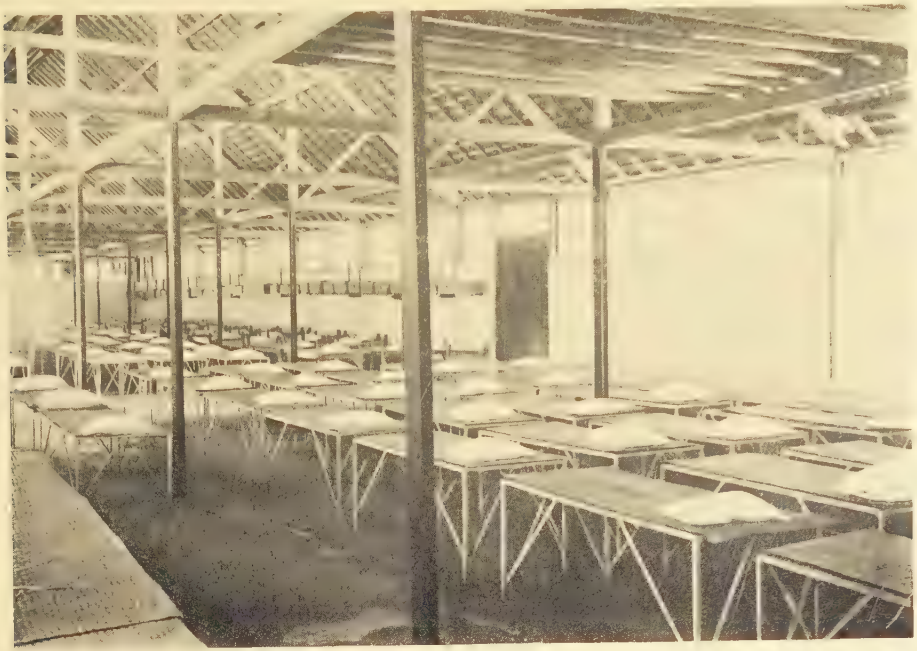
I did not dream that I was about to face, along the southern coast of this island of Flores, the one thing I feared most. We had expected to make our way over the eighty miles between us and Ndona by land, which meant a difficult four days' journey. The Fathers and Brothers were to begin their retreat at Ndona, on March 25, after which Father General had planned that we should go to Timor, proceeding thence to Australia by way of Macassar (Celebes).

The morning on which we were to set out for Ndona found us in the midst of a terrific and incessant rainfall. This continued until, on the second day, word came to us from Maumere that the horses and carriers which were to meet us could not leave, as nearly all the bridges in the mountain country had been washed away and the roads were in such a miserable state that the route we had meant to follow could not even be so much as considered for another two weeks.

What were we to do? The next steamer would not pass Larantuka for a month, but the retreats had been arranged and we must get to Ndona without fail. Larantuka station was equipped with a little motor-boat, in which the missionaries were accustomed to go on their periodical visits to places near by on the coast. When the possible use of the boat was mentioned, some of the Fathers thought it would be dangerous to attempt to make the trip with it, for only once had any one ever ventured on the long stretch from Larantuka to Endeh, and so hazardous had it been that all agreed it should never be tried again. Even the Dutch colonial authorities had never dared to take so long a journey by motor-boat on the open sea. But we continued to talk the matter over, for necessity seemed to compel us to make the venture. Finally, we decided that we *must* go by the *Bintang Laut* (Morning Star), as the motor-boat was called, to Lela, and thence to Endeh. If all went well, we could reach Lela in about twelve hours; and Father deLange confidently remarked *"Het zal wel loopen"*, or as we should say in America: "It will be O.K."

But this is a favorite expression among the missionaries, and Father deLange's words were not to be carried to a happy conclusion.

Schoolroom with Assembled Class in the Girls' Boarding-school of Larantuka



Dormitory of the Girls' Boarding-school of Larantuka. A mat and a cushion on the simplest of cot frames make up the entire requirements for a bed.

On Friday morning, March 10, we arose early, offered our Masses, and were ready to leave at about four o'clock. Every personal preparation had been made for our departure, and provisions were finally placed on the *Bintang Laut*.

I cannot say that I anticiptaed this trip with much pleasure, for, during the night the torrent had become a veritable Niagara Falls, and the fact that so many looked with disfavor on the journey caused me a few mental qualms. In offering my Mass I again turned and recited the oration *pro navigantibus*, and in addition vowed that I would offer the Holy Sacrifice for all the priests and religious in purgatory, if our trip should turn out fortunately.

Accompanied by our brethren and a crowd of curious natives, big and little, we went out on the wharf and boarded the motor-boat. There were nine passengers altogether, — five priests, a Brother, two sailors from Sikka, and a boy who acted as a sort of assistant mechanician. Behind us trailed the "Leo", a life boat, which certainly retarded our progress but was worth that sacrifice, considering the fact that we had but two life-belts with us.

For a time the sky cleared and grew brighter, and confidently we sang the *Ave Maris Stella*, as we watched Larantuka recede in the distance. Each one then quietly said his office or beads in honor of our Lady, "Star of the Sea", after which all proceeded to admire the picturesque scenery presented by the blending of the waters with the beautiful islands that seemed to give a welcome to the passers-by.

It was one o'clock when we turned the southeast cape of Flores and struck out, westward, over the open sea. We held our course, however, so as never to be more than two miles from shore. The view that met our gaze was

magnificent, as we passed from the sea lane which we had been traversing in the morning, out into the broad expanse of ocean. Three or four colossal rocks, only a few hundred yards from one another, reared themselves above the surge. To our right, the turn in the sea lane of Flores was marked by the towering volcanoes I have already mentioned. Nestled at the foot of these volcanoes were a number of native villages, the inhabitants of which make their living chiefly by fishing. Every one of them, our missionaries assured us, was thoroughly well-disposed toward the Christian religion. All along the water's edge we saw their *beroks* or fishing smacks.

So far, we had had exceptionaally smooth sailing, and if I thought at all of the lugubrious prophecies of those we had left behind, I felt as if I ought to congratulate myself. Little did I dream of what was to happen in a short time.

Things *began* at one o'clock. Father General, who had not, on any of our previous trips, shown the slightest symptoms of sickness, was now the first to succumb, and became very ill; and none of us were particularly joyful, once the waves began to rock our boat. *Miseria est vita hominis super mare* — "miserable is the life of man on the sea" — expressed our sentiments exactly, when we realized we were not likely to reach Lela before midnight.

Twice we landed. The first time, we dropped anchor for half an hour at Pantay Oa, not far fram the kampong of Heva, in order to give our little motor a rest. Three hours later we ran into a quiet bay, because the pounding of the waves had caused our motor to behave badly.

At this point (5.30 p.m.) several of our party took some refreshment, but anxiety about the hours ahead made their meal flavorless. Father General was too ill to eat, and I fasted voluntarily, in order to escape seasickness.

In continuing our voyage, we steered a course as close to shore as safety permitted, in order to avoid the strong current. The sun set, and tropical darkness, which knows but little twilight, enshrouded us. A little after seven o'clock, the sea, without any warning, suddenly became rougher. There came a few puffs of warm wind, a few drops of rain, and then the storm broke, accompanied with such a downpour that the ocean seemed to have been inverted! The waves rose higher and higher, and like a plaything, like a cork in the turbulent waters, our boat was tossed now this way, now that. Every once in a while a wave broke over us, leaving us breathless. With quiet courage, the man from Sikka steered away from the coast, in order to escape the greater danger of being dashed against the rocks or reefs.

We held to the westward course, hoping that the storm would abate: but, instead, it became even more furious, and the waves were terrifying. Now we began to grow uneasy. Particularly were we concerned for Father General, who was sitting on one side of the boat, huddled up and in utter misery. From the very beginning we had silently been imploring the good God to help us; but as the situation grew worse, and indeed, with death staring us in the face, Father Hundler began the sorrowful mysteries of the rosary. How earnestly came those words from our lips: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

The hour of our death! The words stood out before us in bold relief. This might be our hour! Priests, Brother, men — all might come within a few moments to the end of our earthly efforts, far from home and kindred! Had we not, but two short years ago, read of the missionary bishop who went down in the Bay of Biscay, with twelve of his missionary priests — Fathers of the

Holy Ghost — on their way to the African missionary fields? Sorely indeed had they been needed, and sorely were they missed. This fate was now confronting us, and sure to be ours unless the storm abated.

We came to the end of the sorrowful mysteries, but the storm still raged as furiously as ever, the waves beat as mercilessly. Our motor, however, was obeying so well that we felt we were making progress, and that we must be near Bola, where we were to spend the night.

"My Jesus, mercy!" I said, in a loud voice. And the others answered as loudly and as earnestly: "Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation!"

"O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I put my trust in Thee," I cried; and they joined me with "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!"

Seldom in our lives had we mingled ejaculations so prayerfully with the rosary as we did that terrible, that never-to-be-forgotten night of peril on the sea!

At last, far off in the western sky, there seemed to be a slight clearing, and we could distinguish the hamlets along the shore. Picture our surprise and our disappointment when we found that our little boat had, in spite of all its efforts, moved hardly a hundred feet from the locality in which the storm had overtaken us. Obviously, it was useless to continue this battle with the storm and the waves. We found ourselves, before a highly precipitous and rocky wall, from which many sharp coral reefs projected into the water. God's kindness and mercy had indeed kept us safe, or we should long since have been dashed to pieces upon these ruthless obstructions.

The Brother and the helmsman exchanged a few words; and then, as quickly as he could, the helmsman turned the boat about and made a quick dash for the bay we had left the previous evening, there to seek shelter and

safety. The storm continued, though not so furiously. But a new danger now confronted us. The "*Leo*" was filled with water; indeed, the tiny vessel was entirely submerged.

"Cut the ropes and let it go!" cried one or two who saw that is was sinking and might draw our motor-boat down with it.

But others opposed the idea of abandoning the trailer. These looked upon the *Leo* as a life-saver, for its weight of water had steadied our motor-boat during the storm, and had certainly held it back from the rocks toward which we had been steering.

Yet, in spite of this, it seemed such a hindrance that a knife was already on its way to sever the ropes that bound it, when the helmsman intervened. With a mighty effort he pulled the little boat up to ours, then seized it by the prow and turned it over. Thus emptied of at least a quarter of its load of water, the *Leo* was saved.

After retracing our course for an hour or so, we noticed that we had missed the bay that was our goal, and had to start westward again. Then another misfortune confronted us — our motor stopped; but we were only too happy that this had not occurred in the midst of the tempest, for then our cause would have been hopeless. Fully an hour was consumed in getting the brave little engine into order, so that we could make our way inside the sheltered bay.

Now, gradually, the rain ceased. The sky cleared as fast as it had become overcast. Stars peeped out, and even the moon looked down upon us. We cast anchor, tired but sleepless. Only then did we glance at one another, and in spite of our situation we were tempted to laugh. We were dripping wet, and looked like vagabonds or pirates who had just escaped capture. There was no time to waste, however. We must change our clothes at once,

and try to get a little rest. Quickly we dipped the water out of the *Leo*, and with all speed the man at the helm made for land, hoping to find shelter for us in some native huts. He was not long in returning. There were but two houses in the vicinity, and these had been long abandoned and were in such condition that their use was out of the question.

To pass the night in the boat was, therefore, the only alternative — a night *sub divo*. The first thought was, of course, about a change of clothing, in order to avoid taking cold. We pulled out of the two trunks that we had with us everything that would answer to the description of wearing apparel. But the scene that followed! Not every one of us had taken a change with him, so each person seized whatever came to his hands, whether it was too long or too short, too big or too little. Nicety of fit gave no one any concern, any dry garments really made us feel a little better. We improvised a bed for Father General, in the open space in the middle of the boat. Father Van Cleef found a corner in the engine-room, into which he crept to sleep. The other three lay down on the benches, around Father General's cot, not, however, without giving hearty thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for having protected us so well. I fell into a fitful sleep, but, on account of the rocking of the boat from one position to another, no one else could close an eye. Then, too, it became very chilly, as it usually does at night in the tropics; and Father General suffered much on account of this, in spite of a single blanket — the only blanket we had with us — with which we covered his bed. I had on a thin suit of pajamas, the trousers of which were buttonless and stringless. Fortunately, I found a piece of string and tied them about me. I must have awakened at least twenty times during the

night, and in the light of the moon and stars I could distinguish along the shore the luxuriant growth of the tropics. The feathery palms moved like phantoms in the breeze, casting all sorts of weird shadows, while cockatoos kept up a constant noise in the trees along the water's edge and on the slopes of the mountains. Shrieking night prowlers flew gayly over the shimmering surface of the bay; as if rejoicing at our ill-fortune. But even restless sleep has its compensations. When I awoke for the last time, — about four o'clock, — the Southern Cross was stretched directly over us, on a deep blue sky. *In cruce salus*, I thought. Surely this was the omen that the rest of our passage was to be good.

All were awake at five, and anxious to quit this forsaken and lonely wilderness as quickly as possible. Shortly before six o'clock, therefore, our *Bintang Laut* was chugging its way westward again, over the very waters on which we had been tossed but ten hours before, as helpless and fearful playthings of angry winds, furious waves, and driving rain. Loudly we chanted the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, commending ourselves to the protection of the Holy Ghost for the rest of the voyage. Three hours more and we should be in Lela (between nine and ten o'clock), and our hearts rose high in glad anticipation.

But it was not to be. Although the sea was not rough, it was against us, and our sturdy little motor, which had served us so well in the hour of danger, stopped at least a dozen times; and every time we had to lie to, in order to make the necessary repairs. Our progress was slow, and the three hours grew into four, and the four into five. The nearer we got to the Cape of Sikka, the more restless became the waters. Father General was still so miserable that he stayed on his cot, saying his

Office lying down. The rest of us said our Office the best we could. We had hopes of reaching Lela before noon at least, so as to be able to offer Mass. But when it came to eleven o'clock, and there was no visible prospect of our being able to reach our haven before twelve, three of the Fathers ate their breakfast of bread and bananas. Father General did not touch food at all; and indeed, food would have aggravated his already weakened condition. As for me, I continued to stand fast by my resolve to eat nothing, in order to avoid any possible ill consequence.

Shortly before noon, we rounded the dreaded Cape of Sikka, from which project lines of rocks and reefs of coral far out into the sea, threatening with ruin and destruction all who pass unwarily. But even then we were fully two miles from the wished-for goal. It happened that the tide was running its very highest before Lela. On this we had not reckoned at all, or we should have disembarked at the Cape of Sikka and made our way to Lela on horseback.

Higher and higher still rose the tidal breakers. Never in all our ocean trips had we seen such waves, one following the other so rapidly that there seemed no point of division. As we came nearer, we saw a number of Fathers and several hundred natives watching us from the shore. They were in great distress for us, but helpless; and in fact, our situation seemed much more dangerous to them than it appeared to us. Often we vanished completely from their view, for several seconds at a time; and then fear filled their hearts, for they thought each disappearance was the end. Even our three experienced seamen began, little by little, to have misgivings. Although they did not betray their feelings by words, we read clearly their anxiety on their countenances. Every now and then the heavy

Along the Seashore. The "White Boat" (Gemma) at anchor.

The Former Radjah of Ndona, and His Two Sons

spray drenched us; and had one of those waves broken upon us, instead of shooting over, we should have been engulfed.

The little *Leo* was being dashed into our vessel with such force that we did not know what damage might be done. In the midst of our perturbation over this second "perils of the waters," our men stopped and cast anchor. At the same time a *berok* put out to us from the land, manned by two natives whose strong and certain strokes brought the canoe ever nearer, in spite of the dashing waves. They had come to take us ashore, one by one. Father General declined the invitation to be the first to make the landing, and beckoned me to try; but it was no easy task for the two natives to get near enough to our boat for me to jump aboard. I waited for what I thought to be the right moment, and even succeeded in throwing my socks and shoes over. My clothing gave me no concern, for we were now as thoroughly wet as we had been the preceding night, and our only thought was to save our lives, if possible. So seriously situated were we, indeed, that not one of us even smiled when our hitherto undaunted and jovial Father Hundler yielded his scanty breakfast of a few hours before to the demands of Old Neptune. After failing in several attempts to make the leap into the *berok*, I thought the distance over which I had to leap was sufficiently short for me to try to make it. But they cautioned me, again and again, to wait. Wave followed wave. Presently the *berok* did come closer. In a few seconds I was in a heap in the bottom of the craft, while the two brown oarsman put all their strength into the oars, in order to avoid being dashed either against the motor-boat or the *Leo*. Fully two dozen more of the half-naked brown boys stood to their waists in water, in order to seize the *berok* and tug it to land, when, after

a few minutes' strenuous labor, we were near enough for the next favoring wave to carry us within their reach.

I got out of the shell half-drowned, with greetings and questionings hurled at me from all sides by our anxious brethren and others. Robinson Crusoe himself could not have appeared more forlorn than I, standing in their midst in my light and soaked pajamas, barefooted, and with my socks and shoes, also dripping, in my hands. Thoughts of my appearance, however, left me when I looked back over the waters, to the motor-boat, and realized what great danger it was still in, with all its occupants. I found myself repeating the verses from the 88th Psalm: *Domine Deus virtutum . . . Tu dominaris potestati maris, motum autem fluctum ejus Tu mitigas* (O Lord God of hosts . . .Thou rulest the power of the sea: and Thou alone canst appease the motion of the waves thereof).

Accompanied by Father Glanemann, I walked to the mission station which I reached at exactly ten minutes after one o'clock. My first task was, of course, to put on other clothing, so that I might appear like a human being once more. My next thought was of the church, in order that I might give my heartiest thanks to the Lord our God, who had protected and saved us. Offering Mass was, of course, out of the question at this time of day. But not until this moment did I begin to realize my starved and exhausted condition. I had heretofore been too excited to think of myself. Yet the burning thirst I suffered was greater even than the pangs of hunger. My gums were entirely dry, and when the first attempt was made, I found great difficulty in swallowing.

Fully two hours were consumed in getting the others on shore, one at a time. As fast as they came, they at once put on dry clothing and, without a word, went into

the church. Indeed, our Father General, the third to land, would not have it otherwise than that he should receive holy Communion, though it was then two o'clock.

Thus ended our venturesome journey by sea from Larantuka to Lela. What happened during the course of it will be remembered by every one who made the passage, as long as he lives.

CHAPTER XX

A Harrowing Experience

We stop at Paga and Mau-Looh — Father Flint's mat-house — On to Mbuli — An Islam town — Up the magnificent Keli Mutu — The crater and Dante's Inferno — The most beautiful country in the world — The daughter of the kapala — We strike a mountain range — The reassuring native — In a veritable trap — Hours of anguish — We arrive at Sukuria — The native's mentality.

Needless to say, the Sunday and Monday that followed saw little exertion on our part; but on Sunday afternoon Father General felt sufficiently recovered to bless the new school in the Sisters' compound, and we accompanied him in procession under the beautiful palms.

After Mass at half past six o'clock, we left in our motor-boat, going westward to Ndona, though we were to make stops at Paga and Mau-Looh, two native villages lying close together. We could see Father Flint's station at Paga away up on the hill; but the breakers at this point are rough, so we decided to make the landing at Mau-Looh. Here we had and odd and pleasing reception. As we approached, four beautifully decorated sampans and one *prahu* (sailing-boat) came out to meet us, and on some of these boats the boys were performing really graceful little dances, while the shouts of greeting and the cheers extended from the boats to the land where crowds of people were gathered with our good Father Flint himself. All formed an escort to the station at the top of the hill, and we were deeply gratified here, as well

Fr. Fries Ready to Set Out in a Sampan for a Coastwise Trip from Lela to Ndona

Father Flint and a Few Natives of Paga, Flores, before the Entrance of His Mission Station

as at Paga, to see the pleasure manifested by the people over our coming. We were strangers to them, of course, but they knew that our Father was made happy by our visit, and they were so devoted to their missionary that they shared all his pleasures. There was real poverty on all sides in this station, but everything was extremely neat. The Portuguese Dominicans had worked here also, for many years; and there were relics of their occupation, everywhere, — old religious articles, and even manuscripts, that were held in high esteem. The church, school, and rectory were in one house, built of nothing more substantial than bamboo and straw. There were some songs and recitations, as usual, and we appreciated to the fullest extent the evidences of the excellent training given them by the missionaries. The sea from the top of the hill was a magnificent sight, and we were told that there was always a pleasant breeze, day and night. Could it be possible that we had been tossed like corks on those alluring waters only a few short hours before! Indeed, but for God's great mercy, we should be lying beneath those waves that now glistened so peacefully in the sun.

At five o'clock we laid the cornerstone for the new *pastorie*: the ceremony was but a simple one. The chapel, we were informed, was to be started as soon as the *pastorie* was finished; and certainly one could see that the necessity for both was very real. That night Father General, Father deLange, Father Flint, and I huddled into the corners of the so-called station. The others remained overnight in the *pasangrahan* — that is to say, the native inn or guest house.

At six in the morning, on Wednesday, we went down again to the coast, in order to leave for Mbuli harbor, our

next goal, whence we were to go inland to Djopu. Everything was singularly quiet. The sea was at ebb — it had receded for fully half a mile, and apparently not a soul was stirring in the *kampong*. The natives were in no hurry to rise — why should we be? There were plenty of bananas, sweet potatoes, fish, etc., ready for the gathering and taking; and the fresh, cool air enticed one to a long, morning nap. We arrived at Mbuli about nine o'clock, and were surprised to find no one waiting for us. The breakers at Mbuli were always rather strong, but we were fortunate in arriving at the right moment; and although we lay at anchor a short distance from the shore, there seemed no anxiety on the part of any one to come out in *sampans* to assist us. We saw the natives gathering in two's and three's on the shore, and we were commenting on the difference of this reception from the last, when we were told that the reason might be because Mbuli is *all Islam*. After some hesitation and much consulting together, a few of the people left their huts with paddles in their hands; and presently a boat pushed off to take us ashore. Not until we were on land did we notice a small troop of natives, led by our Father Schütte, coming on horseback down the slope of the mountain range that lies beyond Mbuli. But when we did see them, our minds were at once set at ease; and as the four natives were ready to carry Father General and Father deLange up the incline, the rest of us went on horseback to Djopu, where we were received by Father Eickmann, who was the new (temporary) pastor there. Father Preissler was also with them, quite ill with fever, having come in from a neighboring station an hour's journey distant. The horseback ride from Mbuli to Djopu had been so pleasant and had led through such a picturesque forest that I enjoyed it immensely; and it therefore took but little

discussion to settle our mode of traveling for the next day. Father General, Father deLange, and Father Preissler were to proceed to Ndona in the motor-boat, the following afternoon, while Father John van Cleef, Father Hundler, and I would go on horseback, via Sukuria.

The formal celebration and reception at Djopu was arranged to take place the next day, so we made use of the remainder of the present day to climb the famous Keli Mutu. There were six of us in the party — Father Hundler, Frater Buis, Brother Willibrord, and I, with two native boys. Horses carried us most of the way up the 4500 feet — sometimes we walked, particularly to admire the glory of the mountain and sea and sky that spread itself before us. We left at three in the afternoon, and arrived at six o'clock, just in time to enjoy a long peep into the wonderful lakes deep down in the craters. An inferno indeed — worse, yes, more sublimely terrifying than anything I had ever imagined. My Dante studies came back in vivid fashion. Flames like serpents, and dragons breathing fire — spears of darting light: and heavy, molten, restless, bubbling waves! Surely hell itself could be no worse in fiery punishment. And then, the surroundings! I thought of Sodom and Gomorrha.

Lying prone we had to drag ourselves up to the rim of the crater, for fear of pitching forward. Then, when it came to the point of bending over, to look into the cauldron below, one shrank in terror, for the whole appearance of things caused a shudder to pass through the entire body. There was no sign of vegetation anywhere, except for a few scrubs of the sort artists depict when they wish to describe a "no man's land" or a dead man's gulch," or something of the sort. I thought of *Prometheus Bound* and of an illustrated poem called *Chaos*, which attempted to show our Western continent as it

would likely appear after a judgment which the present materialistic age would bring about if carried to its logical conclusion.

The crater of Keli Mutu is a vast bowl which is divided, far below, into three distinct divisions, which have probably resulted from separate eruptions in times past. In each of these weird divisions of infernal wastes is a large lake; and upon looking down from our first point of vantage we could see two of them, with a ridge between. At times, partially hiding the scene below, sulphurous clouds of smoke and vapor arose, making a deafening sound as they issued forth from the depths of the pit to the regions of pure air and our common life.

The first lake — how shall I describe its fascinating terror and its weird beauty! The whole watery waste was of a deep blood-red tinge, with a sort of phosphorescent iridescence, and the walls that rose up from it on all sides were of the same color; but the red was mingled with streaks and stripes of gold! Oh, this picture was a marvel to me; I wanted to continue to gaze, on and on, and yet I could hardly bring myself to remain another moment hanging over this edge of fury. But after a time we slid back some way, and then reconnoitered a bit, until we reached another side of the crater's edge. Here we looked down and beheld six sulphurous fissures, deep, deep, along the lower sides of the crater-cavern, and these constantly shot forth sword-like thrusts of yellow and bright red flames. The second lake was, in contrast to the first, of a deep mysterious green color, with walls of a lighter green rising up on all sides.

Then there was the third division and its lake. This watery expanse was bluish green in color, like a great mother-of-pearl set in a case of dark blue velvet; and there was a dark, foreboding, and portentous background

Kampong of Pema, a Kampong Half-way up the Keli Mutu. The people (formerly fierce advocates of Islam) are all Christians.

A Glimpse into One of the Crater Lakes of Keli Mutu

of high cliffs which rose abruptly from the waters, on the side just opposite us.

Many visitors declare the scenes of the Keli Mutu to be the most magnificent in all the East Indies.

Inevitably, these mountain lakes within the bowl of this crater have made a deep impression upon the minds of the natives. They have named them, in turn: *tiwu ata polo* (lake of the bewitched), *tiwu nua muri kooh fai* (lake of young men and maidens), and *tiwu ata mbupu* (lake of the elders). They say that the great god, *Kondeh-Ratu*, presides over the whole crater region, and that to him is given the judgment of all mankind at death. If one appears before him who has met a violent death in battle or in some noble manner, such a one is destined for a higher place than Kondeh-Ratu is able to provide: he is therefore sent into the presence of the 'Great High' himself, and there enjoys perpetual bliss in the midst of his ancestors. But if the death should be caused through some ignoble means, then his soul is consigned to the 'lake of the bewitched' (this is the place of murderers, suicides, and the like); this lake is said to be very cold. Young folks who die natural deaths are sent to dwell in the midst of the 'lake of young men and maidens'; this lake is said to be rather warm. Finally, the old people are sent to the 'lake of the elders'; here it is also cold.

After wandering around a bit — for the sight was one we could not long bear to look at — we made a fire, and with the horses near by, we prepared a frugal supper and waited for the moon to rise. At eight o'clock the orb of the evening rewarded us for our vigil; and only one who has taken a similar journey can know what that trip from the top of the mountain looked like, with the stars and the deep-blue sky above us, and the moon making everything as vivid as day. Halfway down, we

stopped at a native inn, where the proprietor treated us to some "moonshine" of a different sort — made from a certain palm tree. Djopu station was regained at ten o'clock. We had traveled eighteen miles, over a portion of the most beautiful country in the world.

The next day, March 16, we had Solemn High Mass, the sermon being preached by Father deLange; there was a great crowd of natives present, who recited, sang songs, and presented gifts, two native women bringing a basket of eggs and six chickens to Father General, while the tiny tots presented him with flowers.

Just as the celebration ended it was time for us to begin our adventurous trip to Ndona, forty miles over glorious mountains and through beautiful forests. I was sorry for the poor travelers who were so content to trust themselves to the treacherous rolling of the billows, but they were quite satisfied to take what they called "the simpler way." Frater Buis, who was engaged in building three new schools in this section, was to accompany us to Ngela, which meant that he would be with us about two hours. On the road to Ngela we stopped in a valley where there were some sulphur springs — used by the natives for medical purposes, especially for the healing of wounds and sores. I was told that these sulphur springs came from the crater seas of the Keli Mutu.

We finally arrived at Ngela. It was situated on a straight and narrow plateau with a glorious view of the ocean. We paid a visit to the house of the *kapala*. His daughter was dying and twenty or more women were lamenting and screaming about her bed — most of them, I was told, doing so because it was customary, and not from grief. The girl was about eighteen years old, and as she had already been under instruction, and wore Our Lady's medal about her neck, Father van Cleef gave her

conditional baptism, and we left, accompanied by hundreds of natives, with again as many children, as we rode on horseback through several villages until we finally reached the main road. The people really astonished us by their evidence of love for our holy religion, and on all sides we were repeatedly asked for churches and schools. We distributed holy pictures and religious articles and at least made the little ones to whom we gave them very happy.

Frater Buis left us here and we rode on for about an hour, the road leading around hills and mountains, every step displaying a new view of the ocean, until we reached another mountain range. Father van Cleef stopped at the trail, telling us that this was a short cut directly up the mountain. "It will save us at least an hour's time," he said, confidently, and naturally we were glad to make use of it. He hailed a passing native, then, to be sure; and on being told that all was perfectly safe, we started.

Next to the perilous journey we had taken so short a while before via wind and wave, no other experience in all our travels equaled this. We moved on, gradually, and very slowly — up, up, until at last we were in a veritable trap, rocks and a stony trail before us, and on either side deep precipices. It was not until the next day that we discovered what our actual danger had been. For a man on foot it would have been a task to climb that trail — yet, here we were on horses! We did not realize the danger until we were in the heart of it; we were hemmed in on all sides, and every movement had to be carefully considered. The full horror of the situation seemed to strike us suddenly — each one experienced a similar shock almost at the same moment! Father Hundler was the first to dismount — quietly and silently submitting himself to whatever lay before us. Cautious-

ly we followed his example, and step by step, pulled the horses after us, for they were not in the least disposed to follow. However, we held the reins but loosely, for at any moment a horse might slip and go plunging down into the abyss, dragging his leader with him if the reins became entangled. Father Hundler, being first, had the advantage, for I was in constant fear of his animal's falling back on me, or even carrying me with him in his struggle. Again, when my horse obtained a surer foot on the trail, he would take a long step forward, so that three or four times I was in danger of being pushed over.

The very worst plight of all was that of poor Father van Cleef. He was far behind us, and as his little horse was burdened quite heavily, the risk was so much greater. He called to us several times to come to his assistance, but we dared not do so, for to attempt to turn on that narrow ledge would have been to invite catastrophe. No one could afford at that moment to take his absolute concentrated attention off the trail, and the thought of going back even a few yards of this stretch gave me a momentary nausea. Again and again I told myself that we were attempting the impossible — that we must leave our horses and scramble back as best we could without them. But there was a half-hidden conviction that we should never be able to get back — and so we went on. At last, at seven o'clock, we reached the top, trembling from exhaustion; and with a prayer of heartfelt gratitude Father Hundler and I threw ourselves down to rest for a few brief seconds. It took Father van Cleef another half hour to reach us and we were very glad to remain for some time longer, until our tired horses as well as ourselves regained strength, and our nerves became quieter.

We were, as I have mentioned, bound for Sukuria, where we intended to remain in a *pasangrahan* over night. After this climb — which seemed to have lasted an eternity — I was positive that we were near our destination. Not so! At least two hours more of traveling lay before us — and only one thing gave us a ray of cheer: nothing ahead could be so bad as that which lay behind! Darkness had set in and there were only a few stars visible through the thin clouds. The moon, that had been so kind to us on our delightful journey the preceding evening, refused now to put in an appearance. It would not rise until nine o'clock, Father van Cleef informed us, and so we resolved to make the best of things and proceed. We mounted our horses and had passed over at least two or three dozens of wooden bridges, strung across the deepest precipices, cheering each other up occasionally, when, finally, we reached the *kampong* of *Sukuria*.

The village was along the slope ahead of us, and we could hear the voices of the natives expressing their surprise that there were travelers out so late! To be frank, I was rather inclined, in my dazed state, to be surprised myself! Another fifteen minutes and we were outside, on a sort of plateau, where we saw the *pasangrahan*. With a heartfelt *Deo Gratias* we got off our horses — and just then the tardy moon peeped out at us inquiringly over the mountain range. We had a native supper, each prepared a corner for himself, rolling up in the blankets we had used on our horses, and about 11 p.m. we stretched out our tired, weary limbs, after having once more thanked Divine Providence for the protection accorded us during this perilous adventure.

It was the hardest part of the mission trail. When we questioned why the native had not warned us, since he must have been fully aware of its difficulty, we were

told that it was sufficient for the fellow that *we wanted to do it!* In other words, he would not contradict even an implied desire, no matter what the possible consequence might be. We were white men, — if we wished to climb mountains and cross impossible trails — well, could any native stop us, or say we could not accomplish it?

And behold — marvel of marvels! — we had *accomplished* it, though it cost us some hours of anguish to learn the composition of a native's mentality.

CHAPTER XXI

Pagan Unrest

St. Patrick's Day — Superb marvels of Nature's handiwork — The local temple — The gods of the people — Animism — Pagan discontent and longings — A dangerous experience near Ai Kipa *—The return to Ndona —The 'coming in' of the Fathers, preparatory to the retreat — The conference — Outline for the rest of the volume.*

St. Patrick's Day in the Netherlands East Indies! There was some difference between greetings on the top of this mountain and the 'top o' the mornin' greetings offered on the feast day of this popular saint in our own country. We said Mass at four o'clock, then had breakfast, or what passed for breakfast; and at half past six we were ready to continue our trail, our horses being in good trim after the night's rest.

Now we were to see the very thing that had tempted us to take this overland journey — the truly magnificent scenery of Flores. I assure my readers that, though I have been in the Alps and in many of the beautiful mountain ranges of our own country, this section seemed, for the moment, to fairly outrival them all. Valleys along mountain ranges, bridges, precipices, waterfalls, natural formations, huge rocks against an intensely blue sky, — all were presented in unrivaled beauty before a background of gorgeous sunrise. This point of vantage of which I speak we reached in little more than an hour's ride from Ndona. Frater Buis told me that, many and many a time, when he could find for himself an hour

or two of respite, he came out to this place, to feast his eyes and his heart's emotions on the wonders of God in nature. And indeed, the thing that flashed into mind, after I had overcome the first period of emotion, in which I found myself entirely unable to speak or indeed to consider anything definitely (because I was held in the thrall of wonder and awe) was the memory of Beethoven's great chorus, *"Die Himmel ruehmen des Ewigen Ehre,"* for it seemed that, for the moment, nothing but music could in any way afford means of expressing the supernal glories before us.

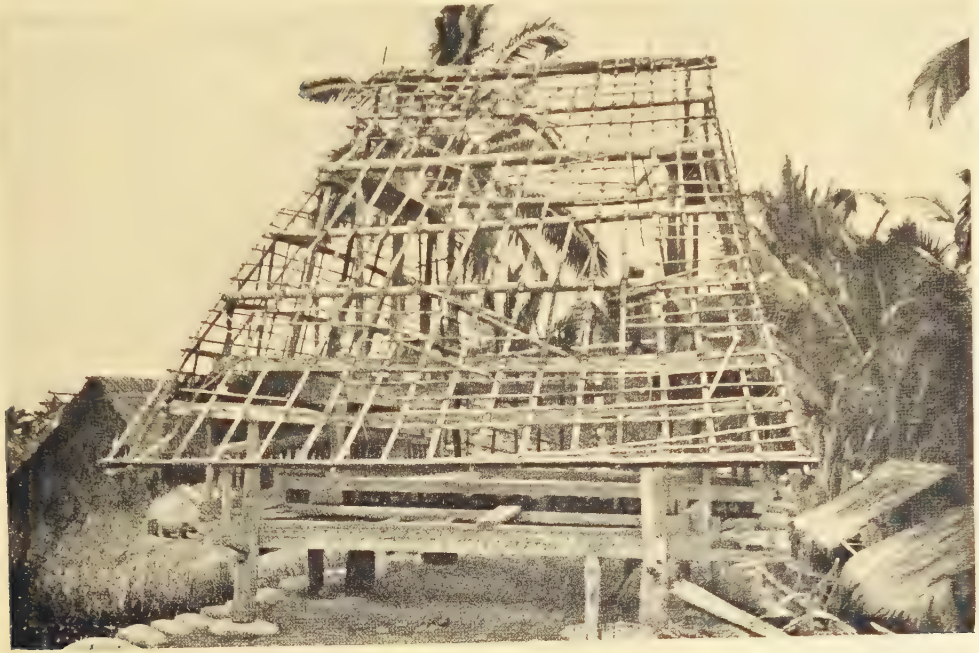
Far and away stretched the glorious lands — hills and dales, then rolling valleys, and everywhere a luxuriant green and a freshness of verdure — of palms and tropical plants of every sort and variety. For the altitude here, in conjunction with the nightly fall of heavy dews, keeps all vegetation, as it seems, in a state of perpetual springtime beauty and freshness. On many sides I beheld mountain streams, and here and there mild torrents: then again, graceful waterfalls amid rocky ravines and darksome gorges. Beyond, far and away reached the blue-green ocean, until its colors merged into a misty grey towards the southwest, and mingled with the regal brilliance of the cloudy hues, which the sun, not yet high in the skies, supplied. Again the imagination began to work, and I thought of the great Oriental Ode of Francis Thompson, which begins

"Lo, in the sanctuaried East," —

and again my feelings almost overcame me.

There, stretching afar out into the deep was a great peninsula, and at its very extremity a truncated mountain, rising majestically out of a wild region of foliage and high trees, and exhibiting a vast plateau of splendid pro-

In the Village of Ngela, where We Found the Kapala's Dying Daughter



Showing the Construction of a Spirit-house Called Sao Keda in Flores

portions just below the fleeting clouds that passed over it. Farther inland, towards the mainland, — and helping to mark the sweep of a great and beautifully blue bay, rose Mount Keo, smoking defiantly into the sky, with lower sides shining like tarnished bronze and the upper portions a waste of blood-red and dreary ochre.

But it is useless to talk of such sights as these. Inevitably one feels foolish after the endeavor. Only poets should set down those things which are living poems in themselves; and frequently it were better if even the poet would remain silent.

Soon we descended into a little village, and here I at once took notice of the local temple (*sao keda*). Through arrangement with the village chief we were permitted to enter; but there was little to be seen, except a crude statue or two representing the local deities. I am told that it is strictly forbidden for women to enter these edifices or even to approach to touch them. The gods of the people (or, rather, the *spirits* which they worship) are various; but they may be, in some manner, categoried into three groups, as follows: (1) the *Mata Ria*, or 'great god'. He is the benefactor; he knows everything and observes the good and punishes the wicked. Then (2) comes the *Nita Pai* ('the bitter god'). He is the doer of evil, and is consequently held in great awe and a sort of base reverential fear. The natives offer him multitudinous sacrifices, hoping to appease his anger or predisposition against them. Finally, there is the *Wiela Ledga* ('Moon-Sun'). He is the god of light, the quasi-guardian angel. He is everywhere revered and worshiped.

Then, of course, one must recall how the very beauties of nature, which I had been ascribing with veneration to the great Creator and Father of us all, have tempted

and perverted the minds of the people, so that they find ghostly powers investing these very forms of God's loving kindness and tender mercies to the children of men. In other words, we must say that their religion is largely animistic. For instance, we remember the ideas about death and the fire mountain, also about the lakes of Keli Mutu, and again, about the waringa tree and its associations with the birth of a child, etc. Of course, it would be possible to go on, extensively, into all this; but of principal interest for us is the fact that none of these things satisfy the people. In spite of their natural joyousness of spirit, there is always noticeable a certain look — an expression of wistful longing: Christian tourists and missionaries have often remarked it. It simply indicates to us that they are no longer satisfied with what they have in the way of spiritual consolation. They dimly realize that theirs is not the *true* religion: and so their disposition is always to be, as it were, ready and waiting to embrace a new faith.

Thus the question arises: Who is to give them this faith? The Mohammedans or the Catholics?

But I had been speaking of entering a local temple, and all this talk has led from it. However, it is evident that we must presently take up in earnest this last question to which our considerations have brought us. Which is it to be for the Little Sunda Islands, Mohammedanism or the Catholic Faith?

* * *

I had sometime since discovered that my mount for this day was an excellent one — the little horse served me well, and I had reason to be very glad of his capabilities, before we reached the central mission that night. The way home led close to a most dangerous point,

known as *Ai Kipa*, and the roads were rocky and frightful; but only once did my little pony show any nervousness, and at that I dismounted and followed him, up along a narrow trail at the edge of a steep precipice. But soon we were safely on our way again.

We reached Ndona at ten o'clock, and one can imagine the reception accorded us when we told of our experiences and adventures. Father General and the others, whom we had left at Djopu, caught the motor-boat at Mbuli, and had arrived the night before at eleven o'clock. We also found Fathers from different outlying places who had come in the meantime, and all were ready for the annual retreat to be given by Father General. Our visitation tour on the island of Flores was ended — that it terminated without a fatality was an act of God's mercy which we did not appreciate to the full until we saw how the other Fathers took the story of those long and anxious hours.

From Friday until Monday — March 17 to 20 — our Fathers continued to come in for the retreat, and we were made happy by each arrival. Some of them had been on the roads for two days, others more than eleven. Father Verstraelen came from Timor on a Dutch boat of the *K.P.M.*, — he had been out during the storm of our experience, and had known one discomfort that I, at least, had avoided — being terribly seasick. During these days I was engaged in taking pictures of the people around me, but I found it increasingly difficult to get them to pose.

Before our retreat there was a missionary conference, during which I gained a new insight into missionary life as it is in all its concrete reality, with its problems, trials, and conquests.

In the next few chapters I want to make, therefore, a general report of much that I learned during the sessions of this conference. And so, I intend to treat, in a more or less detailed manner, of the actual facts of life as they are met and dealt with, day by day, by our missionaries of the Little Sunda Islands. First, the outstanding problem for them is the steadily attempted encroachments of Mohammedanism. Then I wish to speak particularly of the lives of the Brothers and Sisters, in their own special departments of service. Throughout the entire book the labors of the Fathers have constantly been brought to notice, but the conference opened up, in a very special way, the actual significance of the life of a priest who is following a missionary career; it showed his peculiarly trying and difficult problems, and the trials of seemingly thwarted effort, as I had never seen them before. Furthermore, the educational work of the Fathers in this mission is of almost unique importance and interest, and is very intimately allied with the direct work of Christianization; therefore I should like to describe it at some length. In conclusion, a brief description of the visit to Timor, and of the work there, will be in order.

CHAPTER XXII

Mohammedanism on Flores

Two hundred and thirty-five million Islamites — The Cross and the Crescent — "Rather Turkish than Popish" — The Moslems of to-day — The lax ones — The real sons of Mohammed — The fanatical natives.

It has often been stated that "every man's world is bounded by his own horizon." In no one thing is this truer than in the matter of religion. The Christian at home is apt to think that Christianity in its various forms is the dominating power in other parts of the world as well as his own. That traveler *par excellence*, the missionary, who works amid people professing Confucianism, Buddhism, and Islamism, and daily beholds the multitudes who adore their god or gods while he stands as a solitary representative of the true Faith, truly can tell you that there are other religions, mighty, irresistible within limits, defiant; religions which, by very principle, antagonize Christianity, challenge it, attack it, and alas, very often all but exterminate it!

The most active and fanatical of all this imposing array is younger than either Buddhism or Confucianism, — is one that from its incipient stages up to the present time has bitterly opposed Christianity. This is the religion of Mohammed, called Mohammedanism or Islamism or Moslemism.

Hardly had Mohammed, the founder of Islamism, closed his eyes in death, when his successors, the mighty

caliphs, always mindful of their prophet's teaching that "one night spent in arms is worth more than two months of prayers," successfully continued their master's conquests and subdued, within a period of a century, all Syria and Palestine (A.D. 637), Egypt (A.D. 640), Persia (A.D. 651), the coast of Northern Africa (A.D. 707), and even Spain (A.D. 711).

The Crusades of the Middle Ages were organized in order to wrest the spots sacred to all Christians from the defiling hands of the Mohammedans. The intrepid Crusaders really succeeded in conquering Palestine; but mightier caliphs arose, and more than once the Moslems crushed the Christian power; and henceforth, up to the present day, Mohammed has reigned where Christ was proclaimed king. Mohammed reigns not only in the land trodden by our Savior and drenched with His blood, but also in Africa, where sixty millions honor him as their great prophet; and in the regions of Arabia, Asia-Minor, Persia, and surrounding countries, where thirty-one millions of natives call him the mightiest *nabi* (Prophet). Mohammed reigns! Yes, he reigns over thirty million souls of China and Turkestan, over sixty-two millions of India, over thirty-three million inhabitants of the Netherlands East Indies, and over sixteen million Islamites scattered throughout the various other nations of the world. Mohammed has not won these two hundred and thirty-five million souls through exemplary life or sublimity of doctrine: he has subdued them through the intolerant fanaticism of his followers, "holy wars," liberal moral laws, and ruthless dealing with every one who would not accept the belief of Islam.

In the Netherlands East Indies to-day there are over thirty-three million Mussulmans. This astounding fact finds its explanation, first, in the hardiness of the Arabian

trader, who is able to obtain a foothold where no one else would thrive. Wherever he goes, be it for business or pleasure, he is a missionary first and last. The second explanation is summed up in that anti-Christian motto of the Dutch Calvinists of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries — namely, "Rather *Turkish* than *Popish!*"

Indeed these thirty-million Moslem converts (for it is what they are) would, very likely, have been Roman Catholic converts, had the Netherlands East Indies belonged to Spain or Portugal rather than Holland. The Mohammedans carried on a busy trade with the people of the archipelago, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; but during this period their religious activities remained principally confined to the seaport towns and villages. They had no rivals, and felt that the future of these islands was in their hands. Then came the Portuguese, and with them the religion of the Cross.

The *Cross* and the *Crescent* prepared for a battle that both realized was unavoidable. To all appearances, the Cross, planted upon the soil drenched by the blood of martyrs, was destined to emerge victoriously; but then an unexpected enemy, the Calvinists, appeared in February, 1605. Although nominally Christians, they treacherously joined the infidels, and made it their boast, a few years later, that they had entirely obliterated Catholicism from the Netherlands East Indies. The historian, reading the Calvinist enactments of those days, is astounded at the virulent spirit of fanaticism and intolerance that breathes from every page of these decrees. Yet in spite of the fact that they have labored hundreds of years with every possible assistance, their number of converts has yet to reach the 650,000 mark. This pre-

sents a striking contrast with the Philippine Islands, where the Spanish friars in the same lapse of time brought over nine million people into the true fold of Christ. The thirty-three million Islamites living to-day in the Netherlands East Indies constitute a bitter realization of the Calvinistic maxim: "Rather *Turkish* than *Popish*."

In the succeeding centuries, religious intolerance reigned unimpeded on the islands, and every Catholic priest was barred from their shores.

However, though religious freedom was at last proclaimed by the government, the missionaries had to endure unprecedented calumnies and bitter attacks throughout the entire course of the nineteenth century. At the present day, though when compared to former times the Catholic missionary is found to have much liberty, it is not yet a matter of choice where work will be taken up for the government has divided the islands between the Catholics and various Protestant sects. In order to prevent discord, each Christian denomination has its own well-defined boundaries, and no missionary is allowed to transgress these for the purpose of proselytizing.

But to judge adequately of the present-day situation of Mohammedanism on Flores we must know the various circumstances and forces which are embodied in their fanatical opposition to the Catholic missionary.

At the outset it must be made clear that the Dutchman of the twentieth century is not the Calvinist of past ages. The Catholic Church in the Netherlands now flourishes wonderfully, and Catholics are beginning to occupy important offices. This circumstance at home brings a favorable influence to bear upon the body of officers in the colonial territories of the Netherlands East Indies.

To-day the Catholic missionary is revered and respected everywhere. Many officers are found free from prejudices and from Masonic or Calvinistic affiliations, who readily acknowledge the fine work the Catholics are doing. They realize that the Catholic missionaries and Sisters succeed in civilizing the natives, in equipping them with proper knowledge, training them to be efficient workmen, and in inculcating a spirit of precise obedience to the laws of the State.

The Moslems, likewise, are fully alive to the situation, and endeavor to counteract this development by instilling a holy Moslem zeal into the "faithful." During the past decade they have achieved marvelous results. The bloody cruelties perpetrated in recent years by the Islamites against the Bulgarians and the helpless people of Asia Minor and Persia, are household facts; yet, far from shaming him, such achievements go largely to make up a Mohammedan's glory: they are signs of the approval of Tuwan Allah (God). Every Mohammedan has a number of stories which deal with the mighty conquests of Islam; and these tales, illustrated by fantastic pictures of battlefields and rehearsed with readiness and exaggeration, find eager listeners. The danger of coming in contact with the Christians is pictured in glaring colors; the stories of their own "faithful," and the fact that there are in the Netherlands East Indies many thousands of Moslems who read a great deal but know very little, have been sufficient to create a sentiment in the archipelago which has resulted in the formation of an association known as the "SARIKAT ISLAM," now composed of more than ONE MILLION members. The fraternity has spread throughout the length and breadth of these shores, and to-day it is a real menace in many places. Revolts and tumultuous gatherings are not infrequent, and white blood has al-

ready been shed. It is no easy task to ferret out the purpose and aim of the organization, but beyond doubt these are of a political and religious character.

The mighty influence which the Sarikat Islam exerts on its members is in turn reflected upon the heathen. And as there are at present some thousands of Sarikat Islam members on Flores, one can readily realize what difficulties the missionary must grapple with in contending against this influence. If to all this we add the wrath and bad blood stirred up in Mohammedan circles by the unheard-of success of the Catholics, we can understand even more fully why they stop at no effort in opposing the spread of our holy Faith.

However, not every one of the forty-five thousand Islamites of Flores is a rabid fanatic. We must needs separate them into three classes. There are those who are merely so in name. Outside of the fact that they are Moslems, they are in blank ignorance of the doctrine and duties of Mohammedanism. This class of "believers" numbers on Flores about twenty (?) thousand persons.

The sceond group are the Arabs, the real sons of Mohammed, highly revered by every Moslem. From among them the *imams* (priests) are selected. They are hardly a thousand strong, but they are the Mohammedan missionaries, not so much by words as by deeds. We may style the third class the fanatical natives: Buginese, Sumbawanese, Macassars, and Florenese, who live in close and continual contact with the Arabs and the *imams*. As a result, they are entirely under Mohammedan influence. This class may be called the fruit-bearing family for the faith. From among them the singers, the prayer-instructors, the catechists, the story-tellers, in short, all the propagandists are selected. These fanatics number about

twenty-five thousand. These three groups and their activities we will now set forth.

A. *The Lax Ones*

A lax Mohammedan is a peculiar mortal. We might say he is neither flesh nor fish, and an Islam only by misfortune. Should circumstances change, he will change. His appearance reminds one more of a heathen than of a Moslem. It is true that waving locks no longer adorn his head, as would be the case if he were a heathen; but that is the one and only distinguishing sign. For the rest, he is as dirty and naked as a heathen, unless he belongs to some higher class: in the latter case he is dressed just like the pagan nobility.

Lax Mohammedans are generally tolerant and kindly disposed toward the missionary. Conversion is not unusual. In our boarding-schools we have a few Ismalite children of such parents, — some of them have already been baptized, or will be in the near future.

It is through these lax Mohammedans and through the converts we have among them that we have gained some influence in a few of the Islamitic sections. Thus for instance, Mbele, the district chief of Nduri, though once a Mohammedan, is now a good Catholic; his family however, still remain Islamites. While attending our boarding-school at Ndona, Mbele received baptism and has since married a Catholic princess, the sister of King Pius, and has shown himself a fervent champion of his rights and a zealous promoter of Catholicism. Nor will he permit any derogatory words against the missionaries in his presence. Toma, one of the village heads, once a Moslem, is now a fervent Catholic; and other future chiefs of that same Mohammedan district are at Ndona attending school.

Among our teachers we have a few who have renounced their former Mohammedan doctrine. In gratitude for the precious gift of the true Faith, they zealously instruct the children of their respective hamlets and bring many a child into the fold of Christ. Quite a few Islamites of this kind attend our day schools, and some of them have already expressed the wish to become Catholic; but some influential Mohammedans — always to be found among them — continually keep them from taking the step. However, we have hope for the future. Rev. Father Schoorlemmer, in 1921, had the joy of baptizing three Mohammedan scholars of our day school at Ruteng.

The king of Kangai, — Mohammedan in name, heathen in customs, half Christian at heart, — is another example of a lax Moslem. He was the first to assist Father Haarmann in erecting his church. And so rapidly did the building progress because of his encouragement that in nine weeks the church was completed. These lax ones are very ignorant concerning the tenets of Mohammedanism. They actually neglect the commands of praying and giving alms; and many of them do not even despise a bit of pork, though it is so strenuously forbidden by the Koran.

In villages where laxity prevails, a trifle is enough to change the mind of the populace. We have villages, like Pemo, Waku-Odja, Wolo-Mari, and others, where, through some trifling, insignificant occurrence, the missionary (who was formerly *taboo*) is now heartily welcomed. If all were as lax as these twenty thousand, there would be no reason to look gloomily into the future.

B. *The Real Sons of Mohammed*

The Arabs, as we have said, are the true sons of Mohammed. Born and reared in the land of the prophet,

speaking the language of the prophet, and observing the doctrine of the prophet, they are indeed rank Mohammedans at heart. But their appearance is by no means repulsive. Many make favorable impressions, with their imposing figures, their clear, dark eyes, slightly curved noses, well-trimmed moustaches, round chins, and light brown complexions. These advantages, combined with the pleasant mode of speaking and a most gracious manner of gesticulation, win them many devotees among the heathen. They are not, of course, missionaries in the strict sense: their main purpose is to make money. Nevertheless, their accomplishments preach for them.

Quite a number of them are *hadjis* (i. e., Mohammedans, who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, the holy city of the Islams); and as *hadjis*, they wear a white fez instead of a red tarbush. This is a cherished distinction for every true "believer." And it is a fact that the *hadjis* are impressive, indeed, with their white caps and glaring dresses. When an Arab meets an *imam* (priest), he kisses his hand, while the imam says *"Assalam alaikum"* ('Peace be with thee'). And the Arab answers, *"Wa alaikum assalam"* ('And with thee may there be peace).

Our missionaries have not the slightest doubt of their piety. It is easy to ridicule their exterior behavior and seriousness, but to call them hypocrites is unjustified. After having closely and repeatedly observed them, our missionaries are of the opinion that almost all of them are really convinced that they, and they alone, have the true and only faith. The following facts will bear out my statement.

Each must pray, — and an upright Moslem prays seriously. He has his chaplet in his hand, as the Catholic has his rosary. On this chaplet he recites daily, some hundreds of times, the Mohammedan dogma as expressed in

the formula: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." The doctrines of Islam concerning God — His unity and divine attributes — are essentially those of the Bible.

Besides the formula of this creed, the recital of which is necessary for salvation, there are five other prayers, to be said respectively before sunrise, at mid-day, at four in the afternoon, at sunset, and shortly before midnight. These prayers our Flores Arabs strictly observe. The forms of prayers and the gesticulations are prescribed in their liturgy. They perform their prayers looking toward Mecca, preceding them by the washing of the hands and feet; failure to do this renders the prayers ineffectual. Every missionary who has lived or traveled in Mohammedan countries has seen, at the call of the muezzins, the multitude falling down to prayers, either in their *medzigitis* (mosques), in the streets, on the sea-coast, the steamer, the train, or elsewhere. In short, when the hour for prayer strikes, every Mohammedan sets everything aside and falls down, just where he is. He faces the jeering laugh of the crowd and the mockery of the unbeliever. If in nothing else, surely in this the Moslem may easily serve as a shining example to millions of Christians.

"Once, on account of an accident," a missionary told me, "I returned home on horseback rather late in the night and casually passed a Mohammedan mosque. It was the month of Ramadan (month of fasting) and I heard the multitude inside murmuring their prayers with unique devotion. I could not refrain from observing them for a moment, before I continued my journey. 'Poor, erring people,' I thought, but added, 'yet how devoutly they pray!'" Public prayers, led by an *imam*, are made on Friday and, in the month of Ramadan, in the mosque.

The women are never present. Women seldom pray, and never in the mosque. Home, and only home, is the Mohammedan woman's realm.

The month of Ramadan is the month of fasting.. In that month the Moslems commemorate the giving of the Koran, and the retreat of Mohammed on Mount Hérat. The fast is very rigorous: from sunrise to sunset the use of any food or drink is strictly forbidden; neither are tobacco, perfumes, or pleasure-seeking allowed, — even the swallowing of one's spittle is prohibited. The fast is obligatory even for the school children, and one must often marvel at their serious adherence to this precept. In our school at Endeh (Middle Flores) nearly all our pupils are Moslems. When one of our missionaries first visited the school, in the month of Ramadan, he noticed how the children left, one after another, in order to expectorate. He was about to comment on this, but deemed it more prudent to inquire first of the teacher, who answered him: "Sir, it is the month of fasting, and therefore, even their spittle may not be swallowed." Of course, the missionary refrained from any remark, for any restriction upon a holy precept of Mohammed would arouse their indignation, the consequences of which were not to be overlooked.

This fast is by no means a trifling matter. Toward the end of the month one can discern many a Moslem who has lost both weight and strength. At the end of Ramadan, however, comes the great feast-day — the *Bairam*, — the "breaking of the fast." Then all sins of the past year are forgiven, Tuwan Allah then pardons all. Splendid meals are held during the day and other pleasures brighten the night. On this day the neophytes are received into the Mohammedan community. On this day, too, alms are more generously distributed among the

poor Moslems and the new converts; and this is the reason why it is of such paramount importance. The giving of alms is always highly recommended, but on the feast-day after Ramadan it is obligatory. How can these alms be better spent than in making new converts? During Ramadan, is, therefore, the opportune time to gain as many proselytes as possible, who on *Bairam* may become Mohammedans. Anticipating some fine donations from their Moslem friends, in the shape of a red tarbush, clothing, a chaplet or money, or being anxious to participate in the banquets of that day and to attend public worship in the mosque with the wealthy Arabs, they, the poor pagans, are frequently persuaded (and little wonder) to become Mohammedans.

From all this we may conclude that, although most of the Arabs are neither catechists nor preachers, every one of them is a practiacl propagator of his faith.

C. *The Fanatical Natives*

It is rather difficult to describe the "fanatical natives," for although they are aborigines of the Netherlands East Indies, they are by no means all natives of Flores. Many come from Celebes, Sumbawa, and other islands, and therefore show, more or less, Malayan characteristics. In their way of speaking and acting they manifest widely divergent traits. From close contact with the Arabs, they have adopted many practices peculiar to the Arabs; and this has produced results which are by no means always to their advantage. The people of Endeh, for instance, have an affected manner of speaking, while their business-like, avaricious natures and their atrocious dealings with the poor mountaineers are repulsive. These fanatics have been and still are the terror of the pagans. For fear of them, the natives have had to migrate, in the

past centuries; and even to-day, in spite of government vigilance, conditions are far from agreeable. The unlearned and simple pagans are continually robbed by these fanatics. However, we will not enter into the details of this subject, for the present they are only of interest to us in so far as they are characteristic of the followers of Mohammed.

The fanatics dwell in smaller or larger villages along the coast. In the villages such as Larantuka and Maumere, where the Catholic population dominates, the Moslems live in a separate quarter. Their influence on the Christians is restricted; but on the other hand, they feel much stronger just because of this unity, and it is simply impossible for our missionaries of Larantuka and Maumere to enter into any relations with them. In other places, such as Endeh, Pulau-Endeh, Nanganpandan, Reo, Labuan Badjo, Borang, and many others, where almost the whole population is Mohammedan, any other than negative mission work is for the present entirely out of the question. By negative work we mean the prevention of any hostile acts against the missionaries. This we achieve by means of our Catholic teachers in Mohammedan schools. For the remainder we cannot exert any influence upon them. To oppose their propaganda directly would be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

Happily for us, the Moslems cannot use the sword. Nevertheless, the sword doctrine appeals to the natives. The story-tellers relate scores of fantastic tales about the gigantic deeds of Mohammed and his successors against Christianity. With lurid pictures to illustrate their tales, they dwell upon the miraculous results obtained during the past years; upon the revival of faith in Mohammedan circles; upon the longing desire of millions to enter their ranks and so on. Nor do they omit to add that the

Great Sultan will appear very soon in the Netherlands East Indies and also on Flores, in order to expel every foreigner and to establish the realm of the children of Mohammed. Father deLange has recently heard similar utterances from the mouths of the ignorant pagans, who asked him whether this were true or not. Even their demands in the League of Nations are well known, and heralded as the first prophetic omens of future victories. The beginning of this illustrious campaign has already been made by the founding of the Sarikat Islam. Backed by the support of this organization, the Moslems stand undaunted in their attacks upon Christianity and heathenism. Unless they are checked, only the future can reveal whither we are drifting in the Netherlands East Indies.

Buoyed up by their prosperous association, the fanatic Moslems of Flores are more active at present than ever before. Early in the morning, young Islamite catechists leave the coast-villages to instruct the pagans in the mountain hamlets. They patiently teach them the prayers, the chant, and the catechism. Difficulties concerning doctrine and precepts are made and solved. What flatters the mind and heart of the pagans is time and time again repeated, what sounds harshly in their ears is forgotten or omitted.

A special topic to allure the listeners is their panegyric on the great prophet Mohammed:

He, the mighty *nabi* (prophet) is the wonder of all ages, —

He, the key-bearer, who unlocked heaven for mankind;

He, the redeemer, petitioned from God by Abraham and announced to the world by Christ;

He, the noble knight, who performed his nocturnal journies through the realms of peace on the winged steed "El Borak" (the Sparkling);
He, the high priest, who had spoken and prayed with Abraham, Moses and Jesus Christ in Solomon's Temple;
He, the chosen one, who had mounted to the cerulean blue on a ladder of light;
He, the divine legate, whose forehead had been sealed with the prophet's sign;
He, finally, the only one worthy to be mentioned in one with God Almighty in the Moslem creed: "There is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet."

Another topic to enchant the listening crowd is the description of heaven. The Moslem catechist, who has studied his catechism zealously, dwells with real delight upon this subject:

"Death is the bridge between time and eternity, the sweet and happy eternity. The tired wanderer enjoys in heaven perpetual youth, beauty, and vigor. He is wrapped in garments of the richest silks and brocades, and adorned with bracelets of gold and silver. His mansions are embellished with silken carpets and couches. His food is served in dishes of gold, and the supply of wine and sweet liquors is inexhaustible. Paradise is the empyrean with streams of milk and honey, gushing springs and fountains, over which the murmuring foliage hovers. Everlasting music and singing entrance continually the celestial denizens. But all this glory is as naught compared to association with the charming black-eyed girls of paradise. These maidens, resplendent and beautiful, formed from pure musk and free from all natural contamination

and inconveniences, are always willing to fulfil their desires and each Mohammedan in paradise has seventy-two at his disposal."

This narrative entirely enthralls the native imagination, and through it many a poor man is deceived and converted.

In fact, the number of conversions to Mohammedanism is yearly very great, and would be even larger could the Moslems nullify that one insuperable drawback, — namely, the prohibition of pork. The natives like meat, because they get it so seldom. Not every one can keep a buffalo (carabao), and goats are few: so the easiest way to have a bit of meat, now and then, is to own a few pigs. Every native can afford one or more. But to the Mohammedan the use of pork is strictly forbidden, and from this the pagans shrink. I do not exaggerate when I state that thousands on Flores have been prevented from becoming Moslems on account of this prohibition. Needless to say, we are glad of it, and in so far as it is derived from the law of Moses, we owe a thousand thanks to God that He gave this command to the Jewish people.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Conflict of Cross and Crescent

The Mohammedans averse to our school methods — The lot of Mohammedan women — How wives are secured — Daily abuse and insults — Hard struggles of the Christian converts — Astonishing results of the missionary's labors.

Before we had our standard schools in Flores, the children whose parents wished them to have a thorough training were sent to the Jesuit school at Muntilan, on Java, or to the Catholic school of higher training at Menado, on Celebes. This was totally against the wishes of our Moslem neighbors, and they tried various ingenious methods to prevent the sending away of the boys, and also to depreciate their education after their return. But now that all but the very highest normal branches are taught in our own *standard* or boarding-school at Ndona, we find the opposition to the training scarcely less insistent. And the Mohammedan opposition against our day juvenile schools is felt even more keenly. There is no compulsory school attendance on the islands, therefore the Islamites are at liberty to incite the natives against the idea of sending their children. Of course, in districts where they have little power, they achieve little; but in sections where their influence predominates, it is difficult to open a school; or, if there is one established, it is equally difficult to maintain it with a sufficient number of pupils. Almost every missionary complains of the Mohammedan opposition he meets with in his mission.

Enough has been said to indicate the lot of woman in the Mohammedan religion; it presents one of the least attractive sides of the doctrine of Islam. People of Christian countries can scarcely gain an adequate notion of the inferior state of women in heathen lands, and much less can they realize how deplorable is the condition of women among the True Believers, as the Mohammedans call themselves. In striking contrast with their pitiable lot is that of our Catholic womanhood! *Assalam alaikum, ja Maria, penuh nimat:* "Hail Mary, full of grace," is wafted unto Mary thousands of times every day from our 70,000 Catholics on Flores, and Mary, graciously listening to the prayers, smiles upon her children in this poor missionary country. The missionary sees how that smile changes *hel-wild* creatures into pure and faithful women, and men, who as heathens never loved their wives, as Christians cherish them.

But how different it is with the Moslems! Wife and husband have no love for each other; she is a servant, he is the master; she is the slave, he is the lord. True, Mohammed commands that kindness should be shown towards wives and slaves, but at the same time he permits his followers to do that which of its very nature excludes any love or kindness. Each Moslem may have four lawful wives at one time, and these wives he may divorce whenever he pleases. Besides these, he may have as many slaves and concubines as he can afford.

We need not enter into detail to show how this wholesale polygamy destroys the holiness of matrimony, dissolves the family tie, lowers the dignity of woman, and dooms her to a shameful seclusion. A maiden in the eyes of a Moslem is an inferior being; unmarried, she is not much more than a business article; once married, she is the obedient servant of her Moslem master. The Mo-

hammedan girl is kept totally ignorant. School is strictly forbidden, her one and only mission being to serve. Her advice is not asked for, and she never advises; her objections are not listened to, and she seldom objects; she has no power to command, so she never commands; she is first, last, and foremost a subject of her lord.

It often happens that one village is not sufficiently well-stocked with girls to provide for the harems of all the men, and the latter are forced to look elsewhere for a few extra wives. On Flores the deficit must be drawn from the inland mountain hamlets. The Moslem, once bent on securing a set number of wives, is never at a loss for ways and means to accomplish his purpose. The favorite means is to call in the assistance of a Moslem catechist. He knows where the choicest beauties are to be found. If the Moslem is rich and influential and can make it worth while, the catechist (I have seen them time and again) will visit the villages, especially Endeh and Braai, and return with two or three girls secured by fair means or foul.

Another method in great favor among the Moslems is to lend rice, salt, tobacco, clothes, and money to the pagans, until the latter become hopelessly entangled in a sea of debt. Of course, the pagan cannot pay, and then the Moslem adopts a menacing attitude. The debtor has one avenue of escape left: he can clear himself by offering one of his daughters. In his distress he usually consents, and the Islamite adds another wife to his harem.

Usually, however, the fanatics are not content with having secured the maiden. They now direct their efforts to gain the friendship of the whole family, in order to win all to Mohammedanism. With flattering and honied words, they are generally successful. During the first weeks, when the relatives visit the girl, common

conversation and the giving of presents is carried on; the following months see a more intimate friendship; then religious conversation and discussion; next, argument; further menace, in case of wavering; and finally, conversion. The Moslem returns the visit to the village of the family, and thus some influence is gained in the hamlet. In just this way the Islamites have won over several villages — for instance, Wolowona, Radawuwu, Luadaara, Pemo, Ngela, Woona, and others. Nay, more, the villages which have been totally or almost Mohammedanized are closed to the missionaries, unless some special event occurs through which the Moslems lose their hold on the people.

In spite of the dearth of girls in the Mohammedan villages, they sometimes make the sacrifice of one to gain an influential pagan, as will be illustrated by the following story. (Names are fictitious, though every word of the story is true.) Kimba, a very prominent native, was, until 1919, very kindly disposed toward the missionaries. His son attended one of our boarding-schools and became a Christian. The Mohammedans, knowing Kimba's influence and hearing that his son had been baptized, planned to win him over. They began to visit him at his mansion, daily; money flowed, clothing was given, honors paid, carriages were always at his disposal, — but Kimba, our staunch friend, was not thus to be persuaded. At last a very beautiful Mohammedan girl was presented to him. As was expected, the poor pagan, although fifty-five years of age, immediately fell in love with her. For her he became a fanatical Moslem. And in addition to the maiden he must have received a considerable purse, for he was able to buy a plantation with seven hundred fruit-bearing palm trees.

Once an Islamite, Kimba began to display a zeal such as we have seldom observed in any Moslem. Through his influence the whole surroundings were terrorized; and as the population of the villages under his domain were still heathen, he started his propaganda. He gave three young girls to a young friend of his, Gero, who had been baptized long before; and as Kimba had succumbed, so did Gero.

I hope I have helped to make it evident that the life of the missionary is, so to speak, one long, eventful, and difficult journey that finally ends before the judgment-seat of God. Every mission has its own difficulties. One of the bitterest crosses the missionary of the Little Sunda Islands has to bear is the insults of the Mohammedans.

The Christians are usually called "dogs" or "pigs" (impure animals in the eyes of these fanatics) and the missionary is considered as impure as they. The priests are regarded as foreigners, intruders, violators of their religious rights, enemies of Mohammed and his followers, foes of the people. So, on every occasion they must be scoffed at and scorned. The Moslem has a myriad of insulting and base expressions ready at hand for the ridiculing of priests, Christians, and the Catholic religion in general.

Passing through a Mohammedan village, the inhabitants gaze at a missionary as though they had never before seen a white man. It often happens that, when he has reached the village limits, their cries of abuse and mocking laughter follow him. If one chances to meet these fanatics on a lonely road, they are bold and often personally insulting. In pagan villages the arrival of a hated missionary is announced, and as soon as he comes near, all the people withdraw to their huts and do not again appear

until the "great dog" has departed.

Should Moslems pass the Christian chapel while services are going on, they imitate the singing and praying in a provoking manner; or set up their own Mohammedan songs, so loudly that our prayers become almost inaudible. This is not done by the aged Islamites, but by the young folk who daily pass our Ndona station on the way to market.

I have already described how the Moslems converted Kimba, whose son had been baptized some time previously. As Kimba had become a rabid Islamite, he could not permit his son to be a Catholic; so he tried every means to win him over. First, he gave him a great amount of work to do on Sunday, so that the boy could no longer attend Mass. Once estranged from the missionary, Diga was ashamed to come to the station. His father then began to threaten him. He repeatedly told him: "My boy, if you remain a Catholic, my house will no longer harbor you. I will depose you from your office and will disinherit you. But if you turn Mohammedan, you will be my successor, and I will permit you to marry whatever maidens you wish."

This was more than Diga could withstand. He yielded to allurements, and succumbed to threats; he soon became a Moslem, and anxiously awaited the fulfilment of his father's promises. He selected his first bride from the village near our mission station at Ndona. On the appointed day, the bride and bridegroom were brought from the house of the bride to that of the husband (this is the usual procedure at Moslem marriages). They had to pass our mission station, and this was the main purpose of the celebration. They wanted to heap contempt on the Catholic priests, and they succeeded. For about fifteen minutes they laughed and scoffed at the inhabitants of this sta-

tion; but the Fathers silently prayed for the poor renegade who was thus openly showing his ingratitude.

In Ndeto-Soko our missionaries had a good school of catechumens, where there were a few girls of about eighteen years. After they had finished their course, they were baptized, and henceforth tried to do their duty faithfully. Kimba, having heard of this, directed his secretary to secure one of these girls. Nothing was easier for Toka, who cast fear wherever he went. The pagan father of the girl, unconscious of the fact that a Catholic must marry a Catholic, sold his unfortunate daughter to Toka for a goodly sum. The missionary, hearing of this, set out at once for Ndeto-Soko, and found Toka still there. The priest called the family together and expounded to them the Catholic doctrine concerning marriage. The exposition pleased the pagans, but not Toka, who burst forth into a torrent of filthy and dirty language. The Father refuted all the accusations, and finally the money was returned to Toka, who left, but only to lie in ambush for the Father. When the priest drew near, Toka sprang out, brandishing a dagger, and made for him. Unafraid, the missionary stood his ground. Grasping the upraised arm of the infuriated man he exclaimed, loudly: "Toka, Toka, think what you are about to do." This admonition struck to the heart of Toka, and the dagger fell from his hand. The missionary, after a few kind words, continued his journey.

Indeed the scorn and contempt on the part of the Moslems are bitter to the missionary, but if patiently suffered, the advantages are surely greater than all the hardships entailed. They force the missionary to steady watchfulness and untiring and ceaseless prayer and sacrifice while the thought that the good Lord will repay his sacrifices spurs him on to new efforts.

But if every Catholic school is a thorn that pierces the heart of the Moslem, every priest is a sword that cuts it in twain, and every Christian a stone upon which he stumbles. And since there are over 70,000 Catholics on Flores and Timor, we can in some manner understand the hostile attitude and scorn and revenge to which the Moslem resorts. But the matter is worth some further exemplification.

Certain mountain villages of the sub-division of Maumere, where the population is a mixture of Christians and pagans, were continually frequented by some Mohammedans of the coast. The innocent mountaineers were subject to much fraud, and many of the girls were drawn to Mohammedan villages, and then forced to marry Moslems. Struggles were inevitable, but victory lay with the mountaineers. Soon the Mohammedans sought revenge, and burned down a whole town. It was a considerable loss for the poor villagers, but a greater for the Moslems; for the mountaineers swore perpetual enmity against them. This incident, though it happened long ago, is still vivid in the minds of the people. It has been related throughout all the villages, and the consequence is that the Moslem fears to approach them. This, of course, is to our advantage; because of it we are able to boast of great success in this sub-division. Their wiles in this case returned upon them, like a boomerang.

His Lordship, the Right Rev. J. A. Verstraelen, vicar apostolic of the Little Sunda Islands, writes, in a letter dated January 22, 1924, about a visit which he made to the island of Adonara: "From Hada-Rewa (Lomblem) we made our way to the territory of the Mohammedan king of Adonara, who rules over a great part of Lomblem. The people are still pagan, though the king tries to win them to Mohammedanism. He has strictly forbidden the

chief of Wai-puka to permit any religious instruction in the schools. The chief told me this. I, however, asked the children who had already received instructions whether they wished to become Catholics. They unanimously answered: 'Yes.' Then I explained to the chief that the king had no power over the religious freedom of the people; and to show this, I immediately baptized twenty-two children, of whom I took three to the boarding-school of Larantuka. Every one of the twenty-two received a medal upon his breast, to show that Christianity was to maintain its hold upon this village."

A teacher complained to a missionary that a baptized child of the village had been kidnapped by a *hadji* under the pretext of espousing her to a Mohammedan youth of his village. The Father at once made for the *hadji's* residence, and demanded the restoration of the child to her parents. After long hesitation the *hadji* submitted; but he determined to get the girl at any price, just because she had been baptized. He returned to the family and forced them to yield, and menaced them with serious threats of what he would do if they should again claim the girl. He succeeded in frightening them, and the missionary could do nothing. The girl is now receiving a Mohammedan education.

Elizabeth, another young girl of marriageble age, was sold by her pagan parents to a young Mohammedan. Although she lived in purely pagan surroundings, she was an extremely strong and courageous girl, and obstinately refused to marry the youth. The parents, thinking it to be a childish caprice, tried to force her by scourging, but Elizabeth remained steadfast. The frequent repetition of the beating would not sway her, and her parents, fearing lest they should lessen her value, returned the money to the wooer and left her in peace.

The new converts in Islamite villages have had at times hard struggles. Quite often they come to the missionary, and show bruises and torn clothes which they have received at the hands of the Moslems. Another method of persecution is to secure an increase of the taxes of Christians living in those territories ruled by a Mohammedan king. Our missionaries tell the people that our Lord will certainly punish such evil deeds; and in fact this has come true. One king, on account of his unjust behavior, has been deposed from office; and another, who dealt treacherously with the missionaries and maltreated his Catholic subjects, was suddenly called to give an account before the judgment-seat of God. Little lawsuits are commonly decided by the Moslem rulers, in favor of the Mohammedan or pagan party. The Moslem possesses a marvelous mental dexterity in lessening his own offense and enlarging that of his Christian opponent.

In view of these difficulties, so peculiar to every missionary in pagan-Mohammedan countries, we may well ask with astonishment: "But how is it that every missionary in the Little Sunda Islands has baptized, in the past year, twice as many pagans as, say, a missionary in the most flourishing mission in China?" Again: "Why has every missionary in these same islands had six times as many communions as any missionary in an equally flourishing mission in China?" And a question may also be asked in a similar manner concerning confessions heard and other sacraments administered on the islands. It is indeed almost a miracle. One reason I was given for this is that the very fact of the unheard-of injuries inflicted upon the missionaries and Christians by the Mohammedans and the patience exercised in enduring them has helped to bring about the unusual spiritual result. Sufferings have always been the most fruitful means of grace.

Christ Himself has redeemed the world by His sufferings and death. It can not be otherwise than that the sufferings of His missionaries call down innumerable blessings from *above*. We have, therefore, every reason to thank our Lord in that He rewards the sacrifices of His dear friends in such a beautiful manner; and we should pray that this spirit of self-sacrifice may continue to burn in the hearts of all the future missionaries who will be chosen to give their lives for His cause on these wonderful islands in the South Sea.

CHAPTER XXIV

An Inestimable Service

An opportune transfer of a feast — Brothers Lambertus and Joseph and their stories of mission labors on Flores — A mission above the clouds — Temporary hardships — Rapid building operations — The "Twelve Apostles" and the later "disciples" — Great missionary success and great success with the schools — Father Schoorlemmer in Badjawa — The building of the pier.

Sunday turned out to be the nineteenth of the month, therefore the feast of St. Joseph was postponed until Monday; but we were to begin our mission conference on that day. However, I knew that the Brothers would certainly celebrate, for is not St. Joseph the special patron of all carpenters, and are not our Brothers in this mission carpenters before all else? For this reason I felt that I could expect the more easily to come into their good grace on the Sunday and obtain from them much that I wanted to learn of the mission life as seen particularly from their angle of vision. And in this I was successful, for Brothers Lambertus and Joseph eagerly entered into conversation with me, and glowingly related their experiences.

Brother Lambertus had been in Ndona since 1915, when he accompanied Msgr. Noyen to this section, in search of a suitable place for the erection of a school. Therefore he could point with pardonable pride to the beautiful Ndona mission station, since he had been its builder, from start to finish. He told how, for the first month after their arrival, Msgr. Noyen had shared with

him a mean little native hut, and how they had got on together, in almost primitive fashion. The people were all pure pagans and were for some time entirely at a loss to know how to account for these white interlopers. But little by little the missionaries were able to convince the ancients of the village that their intentions were of the best, and that they only desired to give their services for the benefit of the inhabitants, and neither to plunder or to exploit them. Soon after came confidence, then friendship, with good-will and mutual aid everywhere expressed. With the proffered assistance it became possible to begin to build and really to set in action their plans for good work.

Such things as they required for building, they had to fetch in a rude cart, pulling the vehicle themselves, all the way up-hill from Endeh. As there was at the time no bridge across the river which divides Ndona from Endeh, the whole question of transportation was upon occasions no light problem: sometimes they were forced to make a crossing by fording when it looked as though cart, materials, and people would be swept down-stream by the swiftly moving current.

Brother Joseph is a thoroughly sanguine type, and his bubbling optimism which showed itself at every departure of his narrative, when his turn came, caused me to shout with laughter, a dozen times, during that Sunday morning chat. His whole story was so interesting that I am going to give it in full, especially because it will serve to set forth in the most convincing manner the principal point that I would like to make in this chapter, — that of the great importance of the position and tasks which the Brothers on the missions have to fulfill. Of course, the one obvious fact that the Brothers are the builders of all the external features (churches, schools, houses, etc.)

of the missions establishes the prominence of their labors without further ado; but I wish to tell more than this. So, now to revert to Brother Joseph.

Since I told him that I looked to him for an "official" report of his doings, he mockingly began in this wise:

"Behold Brother Joseph, born *Segerink* (the family name) baptized *Gerard*, sent to school at Losser (Holland), *trained* to be a farmer, *called* to become a Brother, *professed* as Joseph, *changed* into a painter, *sent* out to the missions (at the tender age of twenty-two!), *incorporated* there among a band of carpenters; finally, as such (that is, a carpenter) ordered (after being on the mission just one year) to proceed to the new mountain mission of Toda-Belu and there to erect the necessary buildings, and, having finished this task, to proceed to do a similar job for another mountain mission called Badjawa! There you have a variegated history in a nutshell! But life, from then on, has been perhaps more prosaic, yet not less arduous. However, let me return to the story of Toda-Belu.

"It was on May 5, 1920, that I went with Msgr. Noyen (may he rest in peace!) and Father Ettel to open a new mission station in this part of the sub-division of Ngada. Toda-Belu with its immediate environment is a pleasant place, is four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and often from one to three thousand feet above the scurrying clouds. It is surrounded by densely populated villages, backed by extinct or active volcanoes, and watered by silver-pure springs; while the soil is so fertile and the climate so agreeable that the missionaries are now able to raise nearly all the vegetables of the temperate zones. But this last is a part of my story, and I am anticipating. For white people, it is truly a most favorite and desirable spot.

"The Dutch government has made a footpath from this place down to the shore; but because of the lack of bridges, this path can only be used on horseback or on foot; and all building materials and the like must, therefore, be carried by the people to the station — a distance of more than twenty-seven miles. Of course there are shorter paths, but they are in such condition that one is fortunate if he succeeds in ascending or descending safely without attempting to carry any freight. In one such path the traveler must climb part of the way between tree limbs, on a bamboo ladder, and then jump down, passing onward and upward along the trail.

"As for us, on that day, our coming was expected, and a little 'grass house' had been erected previous to our arrival. This grass house consisted of one large chamber. After Msgr. Noyen had returned to the central station, Father Ettel agreed with me that it should be divided into two parts, by means of two posts: '*This part* will be called your chamber,' said Father Ettel, 'and *that part* mine.' Thus each of us had a room. Then Father Ettel declared, 'We must also have a chapel!' and he erected a provisional altar, stretched an altar cloth in front of it, and said, 'This part of my chamber will be used for a chapel, and the rest will serve for my sleeping-room, my parlor, my *everything!*' And since there was only one table, Father Ettel said again, 'Let us put the table between the posts, so that I may have two thirds of it, and you, one-third.' And so he did, and he called the two thirds, *his table*, and the one third, *mine*.

"You see, the whole tale runs along quite in Old Testament style — it often makes me think of the first chapter of Genesis, just as my own personal historical record seems to resemble the beginnings of some of those Old Testament genealogical tables.

"Well, as I was saying, we had the grass house nicely proportioned between us, yet we had no idea that it would be sheltering us for more than a few weeks at the most. But right here let me tell you that those few weeks were greatly extended — in fact, they grew and grew until we had dwelt in this little hut for upwards of a year and a half. You see, it had been expected that we should obtain timber and boards for our buildings, with the arrival of the next steamer, at Endeh, below; but the only thing that the boat brought for us was tidings that our lumber contractor had gone bankrupt. As a consequence, our missionaries were obliged to seek out, first, a new and reliable lumber company, then to order anew, and finally, patiently to wait for the arrival of the new lot of lumber and boards: but their waiting, down below, was nothing to ours, up in the clouds.

"During the fair and dry season, from May to October, the grass house was fairly comfortable; but when the rainy season began, abundant showers descended upon an abode that was not fitted to withstand water. By day this was not so very disagreeable: but at night it often happened that we two had to take up our beds and wander about, hoping to find some spot above which was as yet impervious to water. One can imagine how anxiously we longed for our new home, and how thankful and glad we were when we entered our new building — the 'parish house,' — in November, 1921.

"And now about the people. The pagans in Toda-Belu are truly original and independent in their ways. It was only in 1917 that they made their first acquaintance with the guns of the soldiers. Before that time, the white man was not known; and before that time the Catholic religion was not known; yes, yes, before that time

Brother Joseph Builds a Schoolhouse on the Plains of Toda Belu

Sister Ludgarda, S.Sp.S., Performing Samaritan Services

Brother Joseph, 'Contractor and Builder,' with Eleven of his "Twelve Apostles" of Spade and Shovel, Saw and Chisel, Lime, Mortar, and Cement

might and heathenism reigned, overcoming everyone and everything.

Since 1917, the Dutch government has taken residence in Badjawa, and has endeavored to civilize these people; and since 1920, the Catholic missionaries have taken up their abode among them, bringing to them the dearest treasure on earth — the Catholic Faith.

"In many respects these people differ from the other tribes of Flores, the principal distinction between them being caused by the climate. In their location, it is cool; below, it is warm. The cocoanut palm does not grow in the highlands while elsewhere there is a veritable sea of palms. The consequence is that the people above are comparatively industrious, while below they are lazy. Again, the highland people are extremely dirty, while those living along the coast are comparatively clean; and this last is, at the least, also true of the natives in the villages which are situated on the banks of rivers.

"Their fashion in dress, especially that of the women, in and about Toda-Belu, is very modest, consisting of one large, woven garment tied over the shoulders. This is the only garment they use. It is the same for all. Their customs are naturally heathenish. The wife is the slave of her husband. She has been bought by him for a prize — anywhere from two hundred to three thousand dollars. She enjoys a certain freedom; but this freedom is exercised in serving her husband faithfully. A white man who has the same means will, perhaps, purchase an auto: a native here who has the money buys a wife. The native King of Badjawa — *Pea-Mole* — has five wives. This alone may serve to convince you of the low estate of the women. Only Christianity can redeem the world from this.

"Nevertheless, the people have a good character. The Fathers are often amazed to note their natural virtues; and it is true that even in the few years of their residence they have already gained the friendship of most of them. In twenty-four villages they have erected schools, and in many more the Fathers have baptized children. And they could baptize many thousands more, if they were certain that they could give them a Catholic education.

When we first arrived at the grass house, we were almost immediately encircled (at a respectful distance) by curious natives who thought us officers of the government. Father Ettel, when at Ndona, had written down many words of their language, and had some of them ready at hand, but by far the larger number were still in his note-book! But even I was totally without linguistic resources, and seeing the natives staring, I uttered some broken words in their language.

"'Hey! Tuwan! Hey! Tuwan!' they at once began; and then solemnly assured one another: 'They know our language! They must be good men! Sure! Sure! Of course!'

"Astonished, laughing, and summoning courage, they began to make friendly advances. Soon they closed in upon us, and then we had for the first time an opportunity to become aware of the loathsome odor that accompanied them. Sad to relate, this is not the sole opportunity of the sort that has been ours. With streams supplying hardly sufficient water for drinking purposes and the ordinary necessities of cooking and the like, the people do not bathe; moreover, the comparative cold makes them wish to retain the dirt upon them, in order to keep warm. In fact, some of the people in the mountainous districts actually rub mud into their clothing until it

forms an impervious texture which serves well to keep the cold blasts of wind from their bodies.

"It was not long before they began to come with all kinds of lawsuits, supposing that we — 'Most just, most holy, and learned white men!' — would be entirely competent to decide these matters in an honorable manner. Father Ettel declared, again and again, that he had quite another purpose in coming to them; and finally, notwithstanding their disappointment at his failure to make good in a judicial capacity, he truly gained their favor, and this favor has continued to this day.

"But I wanted to tell you that, upon getting the news of the failure of the first lumber supply, I felt that I had to scurry around to find other work. But it did not take long to supply the want. With a number of boys whom I secured, I began to break the ground behind the grass house and to plant potatoes, beans, carrots, greens, tomatoes, and so on. After a few weeks there was a flourishing garden, with all kinds of greens and vegetables coming up; after four months, we ate our own potatoes, beans, carrots, and the rest. That *was* a consolation. In fancy, I began to build aircastles concerning this fertile land; already I saw a hundred cows grazing, — and horses, and sheep, and goats! This, I thought, will supply all our mission stations with meat, milk, and butter! Further, I actually went on to grow all kinds of fruit as well as vegetables.

"In the meantime, Brother Gallus came upon the scene, and it was really left to him to carry out my dream; for, after ten months, the new timber arrived. By that time I had gathered about me, from all over Flores, what I came to call my band of 'twelve apostles'. Among these were some comparatively good carpenters, and we now started to measure, to saw, to plane, to glue, to join to-

gether, to nail, and to erect a priest's residence, also a 'hospital' (this has been used, up to the present time, for a chapel, — because there are no sick up there, — a school, and a storehouse).

"But as I said, Brother Gallus succeeded to my garden and farm dreams, and he succeeded in making the most of them come true, too. Why, at present, a very considerable amount of farm products (I want here to especially mention potatoes, because we were formerly obliged to buy all the potatoes we had, from Java, and at great expense) is delivered, every season, from this Toda-Belu farm to all our mission stations in Flores.

"As for me, I felt it to be a glad day when they brought over our poor pieces of furniture from the grass house into the new parish home. During the first days of living in the new quarters, we felt as happy as children with a mouth and two hands full of candy. We could hardly realize what had, *finally*, actually come to pass. — no grass beneath, above, nor around: but a cemented floor, a water-tight roof, and white walls! Oh, this was too much!

"Of course, we were even more glad to have a special chapel for our Saviour. During the first year and a half, it had been impossible to retain the Blessed Eucharist, but now we had a place; and to have this good Friend and Consoler in the tabernacle is, for the missionary, more than a compensation for all he has left, and for all he has to endure.

"Then we built the school. It contains five large rooms, and accommodates one hundred and fifty pupils. Every room has large glass windows; this is in marked contrast to the other boarding-schools, all of which are situated, without exception, *below* the clouds, it is frequently cold, and closed windows are therefore needed.

This school building looks like a palace in the midst of the poor native huts. Hundreds of natives have come here, just to pass the station and to stare, amazed and wondering, at the buildings. According to their opinion, our institutional buildings are the most beautiful structures on earth. But of course, they have no knowledge of the world. Their world is the village and some twenty villages around it.

"A storehouse was also found to be necessary, for we found it impossible to buy corn and rice from the people more than twice a year: therefore, an abundant provision became necessary to fill one hundred and fifty hungry stomachs, twice a day, for upwards of one hundred and seventy schooldays.

Father Ettel's success with the people was so unexpected and so complete that he soon required an assistant; and this we received in the person of Father Schoorlemmer, who was sent to Badjawa and its surroundings for his field of activities. But there was no house for Father Schoorlemmer at Badjawa — not even a grass house; and he began his ministrations by sleeping in the office of the government officials, and spending his days among the ill-smelling huts of the natives. Thus seven months passed; but in the eighth, the good Father had to be brought to Ndona for the benefit of his health. Thereupon I received orders from Ndona to erect a priest's house in Badjawa; so I hurried thither with my 'twelve' and some lately acquired 'disciples,' and there, during the ninth and tenth months, I built a parish house. In the eleventh month Father Schoorlemmer returned to his beloved Badjawa, and found there his own *sweet home.*"

The success of the mission work in Flores is, as we shall see in another chapter, largely owing to the magnificent school system, and the sub-division of Ngada par-

ticipates in its advantages. For the year 1922, thirteen new schools were ordered to be erected. Brother Joseph first thought he could never get so many buildings ready; then he began to make plans. He divided the "*twelve* and the disciples" into five groups, and sent them out to different districts, to start work; then he traveled rapidly from one place to another, to give commands, to correct, and to help. It was a hard job; but the harder the job, the sweeter the reward. In October, 1922, thirteen new schools were opened, and five hundred and twenty heathen boys and girls entered upon their hours of study, to receive a good foundation of education with a staunch religious background. It is precisely this feature which is so conspicuous in our missions. All our school children — with the exception of a few already converted to Mohammedanism — become Catholics; and since this happens with the consent of their parents, it is easy to discern what is the attitude of the natives toward Catholic priests.

But soon after the opening of the schools, orders arrived from Ndona to shut down all other building work for the time being. The condition of the mission safe was such that, even with a spy-glass and the lantern of Diogenes, one could not find a banknote in it. There was nothing there but unpaid bills. "Try to help yourselves," was the advice urged upon us. But how? Happily, there came government officials to our Fathers, asking whether Brother Joseph and his men would not build a pier for them on the south coast of Flores, near Aimere. Of course, under the circumstances in which the missionaries found themselves, they said that he would. So, on a certain morning in October the Brother again gathered his "*twelve* and the disciples," and spoke of the new job; then he prepared everything they needed, and proceeded

to *slide down* from "above the clouds," some four thousand feet, into the sea water on the south coast. The pier was to be one hundred and seventy-five feet long and twenty feet broad! No trifle, that! With only a few tools and one hundred and twenty natives, Brother Joseph and his men — none of them with any experience in the work before them — started in. Neither he nor any of the natives could swim, yet they had to be in the water and to constantly take advantage of the ebb-tide, because, when the water was high it was too deep. Sometimes, even during ebb-tide, the water was from six to seven feet in depth. The natives were afraid of the water, especially because they got so cold; so Brother Joseph had to set the example. Working time changed every day, according to the tide; and it happened that they were often in the water as early as five o'clock in the morning, and continued there until eleven. The Brother could not leave, or else it would be said: "The Tuwan gets cold — he goes! Let us follow!" and all would give up their work.

No sooner did they finish their task, day after day, than they dropped down in the sand on the shore, and remained there until their clothes were dry again. Often, also, they inadvertently swallowed a draught of sea water, with, not infrequently, some unpleasant results. Yet their work advanced and was at last completed, and the result has been pronounced excellent. The pier stands staunchly out in the waves, and invites the passengers of the steamers to visit the shore.

This report of the Brothers' life in Flores very largely appertains to the experiences of Brothers Joseph and Lambertus, but it has included a sufficiently ample view of life and labor as distinctly characteristic of the brotherhood in general to really serve its purpose. Moreover,

I have here and there introduced several others among the Brothers, in different parts of my narrative throughout the book. For instance you will remember how Brother Willibrordus captained us on our perilous sea passage from Larantuka to Endeh. Again, you will recall Brother Theophorus' excellent work in Ili. But these accounts have been introduced just as the circumstances and opportunities of our trip allowed. Many other labors equally attractive and full of worth must remain, to be recorded at another time. In all, there are fourteen Brothers laboring either in Flores or Timor. A Brother is so often referred to as a priest's 'right hand,' and he is surely all of this on the missions. He takes the place of the good deacons of old, during the time of the apostolic mission tours of such as St. Paul, who ever had Mark at his side, as scribe and messenger and a performer of innumerable services. For it is true that, without Brothers, the missionary priests would have to give time and energies to housing and building, to farming and manual labor, and to a hundred and one other external matters of a material nature, which would be sure to reduce the value and extent of their spiritual services by at least one half. And so it is on Flores and Timor. The Brothers largely attend to the upkeep of the mission buildings and grounds, frequently have oversight of the boy converts and pupils in certain departments, as, for instance, in the technical schools and agricultural branches. And all along through their labors runs the stream of spiritual power and influence which their very lives call forth.

CHAPTER XXV

"Whose Names Are in the Book of Life"

Sisters' temporary accommodations in Ndona — Sisters' early reception in Ndona — The boarding-school (selection of girls) — Discipline — Encouragement to marriage — Scope of training for the girls — Kampong visits — The Sisters' services in the larger institutions — Their crowning achievement — Exemplification of gratitude.

Between the hours of conference, on Monday, I found time to visit the Sisters, to visit their boarding-school for girls, and to learn a very great deal about their social work.

It has already been stated that the Sisters of Heythuizen (Franciscans) from Holland had been in the islands since 1879, and that the last of their community left in April (some of them after over forty years of inestimable services) of the year in which this book is published (1925). There were eighteen Franciscan Sisters in the community at the time of my visit. It is hoped and even ardently expected that they will be succeeded. in Larantuka, by a community of our own Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. But thus far our Sisters have located only in Ndona, Lela, and Djopu, on Flores. On Timor they have but one station, that is Lahurus. In all, there were twenty-seven Sisters, S.Sp.S., in Flores and Timor when I was there.

The Sisters' general accommodations and surroundings as I found them at Ndona were none of the best, although there were not wanting indications that more satisfactory conditions were in store for them. But for the

time being they were living in what had been an old barn — a structure which had reached a very dilapidated condition. In no one portion of the building was the roof in a sound condition; therefore there was not a room in the house which could be kept dry and comfortable during the rainy season. *Camping* out under such conditions generally does very well for a few days or a week; but even then, a *wet spell* is generally sufficient to greatly dampen the ardor of enthusiasts. But when it comes to putting up with this sort of thing as a regular sate of affairs, month in and month out, then the whole picture takes on a different hue. Moreover, all the attending circumstances of a lark or a season of pure sport are lacking. But for all that, the Sisters have something far more potent to keep up their courage and their real liking for conditions just as they find them: they have the supernatural motive of working for and along with our divine Lord, for the salvation of souls: and they have the inexpressible privilege of possessing our Lord's constant Presence, in the Blessed Sacrament, with them, by day and by night.

When the Sisters first came to Ndona, they were by no means received with a vociferous or uproarious welcome. On the contrary, they had first to face an almost severe attitude of reserve and unresponsiveness to every attempted friendly approach. But the Sisters lost no time in making it evident that they had come to serve the interests of the people; and as has repeatedly been the case with the Fathers, they very soon won the confidence and real friendship of the women and children. Then the attitude of distrust and withdrawal changed to one of extreme respect and almost veneration, for the people began to look upon the Sisters (the blue habits helped to encourage their credulity) as something a little more than

human, — which, indeed they truly are, in the best sense of the word.

Of course, this great confidence among the people which they have won reacts most favorably upon the work of the missionaries themselves; and the combined forces of priests, Brothers, and Sisters tend to win the people rapidly for all the good things that are in store for them. Particularly do they show appreciation of the benefits which our holy religion is fast bringing upon them; and they are likewise coming to recognize the inestimable benefits of the educational advantges that are now freely offered.

Great is the work which is accomplished in the girls' boarding-school, both here in Ndona and in the other centers; but because of lack of accommodations and other considerations, great discrimination is used in selecting girls for these schools. Those who show great aptness for study; those who are well born; and who will doubtless become the wives of kings' sons or of sons of village chiefs: such young persons are principally chosen; for the great desire and need is to establish some truly Catholic families among the natives as soon as possible, and to provide the grammar schools with competent and trustworthy native women teachers.

The Sisters are able to exercise excellent discipline in the school. The pupils are divided into three classes: the little ones, the younger girls, and the grown-ups. As a rule, the children come to the school and there remain with the Sisters until the time of their marriage. Indeed, a goodly number of the older ones in some of the boarding-schools are already espoused when they enter. Again, it may be that a catechist, or a Catholic native student of the boarding-school for boys, upon graduating, desires a pagan native girl for his wife. He then arranges to

send her to the Sisters' boarding-school, in order that she may not only be trained in religion and become a true Christian, but also that she may be made proficient in the western arts of cookery and housekeeping, and may receive, besides, a sound elementary education, at least.

From what has been said, it is at once evident how desirable and even necessary it is for missionaries to secure marriages between the Catholic girl students of the Sisters' schools and the boys of our Standard boarding-schools: for without attaining something of this sort it is impossible to expect that a mission will develop into a permanent Christian center. Here then, as has been hinted at, comes into play one special function of our boarding-schools on Flores and Timor. When the young people arrive at the marrying age, or when they are about to graduate, if they have not already become espoused, the young men are often advised to secure for themselves wives from among the students at the girls' boarding-school. It is quite apropos to mention here that, with an eye to this future contingency, the young men are frequently seen rather sharply scrutinizing the lines of girls whenever there is an opportunity — for instance, when they appear marching up to the chapel for certain feast-day celebrations.

If a young man at last becomes persuaded that he will surely seek out some one for marriage, then he approaches the priest and informs him of the matter. At once the missionary in charge communicates the fact to the superior of the girls' school, who, in her turn, proceeds to inform the favored one, or as the case may possibly require, to select a suitable match for the young man. If, upon the first meeting, the young man proves to be a bit diffident and bashful, then it devolves upon the Sister to assume, as one other among the very many novel and often

seemingly incongruous tasks which the Missionary Sisters are bound to accept, the gentle office of 'match-maker'; and this role she usually fills with entire success and satisfaction to all concerned.

As for the school training, it is thorough and excellent in every detail; and sometimes I have been tempted to think, since my visit to the schools on Flores and Timor, that the education there is better in many respects than that we now give our own children at home. To-day we indulge in so much *dabbling*, in our elementary schools, — teaching, instead of fundamentals principally, little stray bits of information in every branch of science, and art, and æsthetics, and what not. Not that these things should not be taught, but they ought not to be introduced until a thorough grounding has been secured in the sheer rudiments of all educational pursuits. I mention this here, because conditions on the Little Sunda Islands are such as to conduce to the practice of the earlier and more homely educational methods of our forefathers. For, although the young boys and girls training in the boarding-schools are those of the better class, most of them being destined for places of more or less responsibility among the people, nevertheless, the very plan of living and the ancient customs of the people all tend to lend dignity to the more practical and sometimes even lowly branches of education. So it comes to pass, in the Sisters' schools, that the girls are taught to read and to write and to spell, and also to 'figure'; but furthermore, they are trained to sew and to weave, to wash and iron, to make dresses, to make sleeping mats of home production, also baskets for carrying and storing produce; again, they are taught how to plan and manage a garden to the very best advantage, how to cook food that will be wholesome and palatable, how to order a household aright, and to

care for matters of personal hygiene — cleanliness, and the rest.

As for the religious training, it appears to be well-nigh perfect, and this is principally shown in the actual outcome of their work, not only as may be observed upon examining the girls in the schools, but on inspecting the homes in many parts of the islands, — homes really originated, set up, and fostered, one might say, by the standard school system and all that goes with it. Seldom indeed it is that a girl leaves the school; and if by chance some stray one is drawn away by temptation, the happening only serves to confirm the rule and the generally acknowledged condition of fidelity among the girls. Again, the social loss to a young girl who fails to make her course has now become so great that the Sisters have little or no difficulty in maintaining a high standard of discipline and deportment among them. Of course, the road to success in these matters has been strewed with difficulties, and patience and untiring labor have been exacted of the Sisters; but the dear privilege of leading the young to Jesus sweeps aside all obstacles, and the bitterness of early trials falls so rapidly into the past that they are soon forgotten in the joys of spiritual gains that are daily being made manifest before them.

I have said that the Sisters have generally succeeded in winning the confidence and gratitude of the people. This has largely come about through the regular visits which they now make through the kampongs, visiting the sick, applying healing remedies, attending to slight wounds, making suggestions here and there for more practical household arrangements, setting now and then a difficulty to rights, and so on through a great list of works of charity which are eagerly and gratefully received. In fact, it has now come to pass that, if by

any chance the trips of the Sisters are delayed or interrupted for a time, anxious inquiries are soon sent in, to know when the Sisters may be expected again 'on the rounds'. To illustrate the extent of the gratitude these ministrations have brought forth, let me relate a single incident.

Not too long a time ago came the golden Jubilee of a Sister's profession as a religious. In some way the matter became known to the pupils, who at once set themselves to consider how best they might give evidence, on this occasion, of true gratitude for what had been done for them. Finally they decided upon a plan of action, and proceeded to go out into all the countryside, privately informing their friends, everywhere, of the event which was to happen to the Sister upon a certain date. Upon hearing this, many different methods of showing love and good-will were got under way; and when the day of the celebration arrived, the good Sister was simply stormed with visitors, both young and old, rich and poor, all extending to her best wishes and bestowing upon her some little token of affection. The young women among those well-to-do had taken up a collection which amounted to some sixty dollars, — this was really a prodigious sum in the eyes of most of the people, — and this was offered to the jubilarian, with appropriate manifestations of the extreme delight on the part of both givers and receiver.

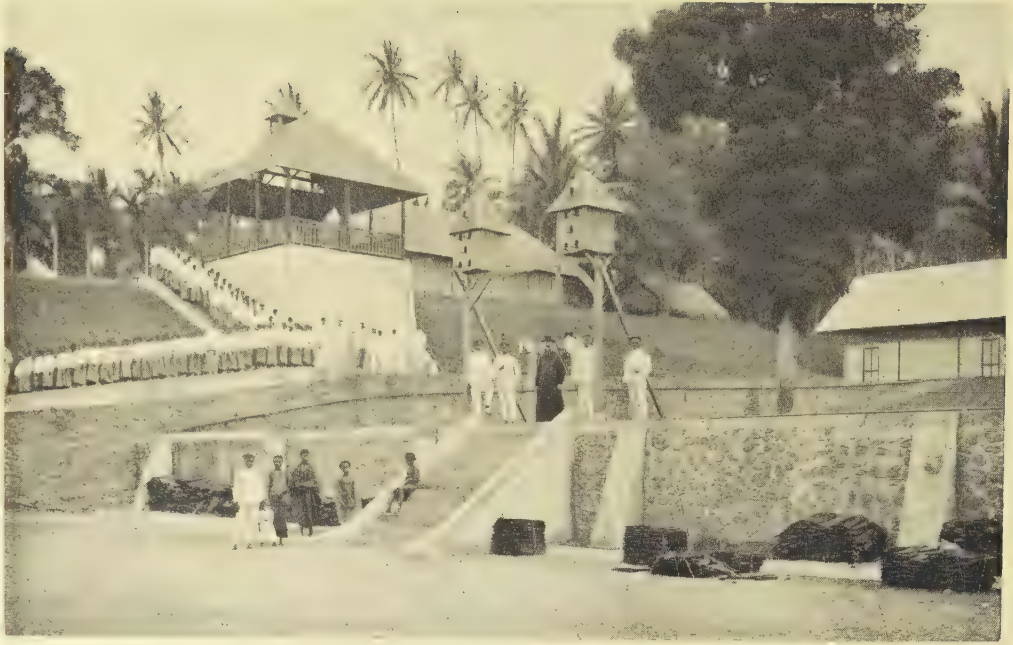
The Sisters' activities reach out into many, many departments. But beyond and above all, the Sisters' intimate guidance and fostering care of the young girls is their most important service. That the Catholic girls of Flores and Timor are growing up into virtuous and unspotted womanhood is the crowning tribute to the missionary efforts of the Sisters, — "whose names are in the book of life." (Phil., 4:3.)

CHAPTER XXVI

A Unique School System

Personal benefits of the conference — Attraction of the school system — Its origination — The general plan — The missionaries' part — School expenses — Inspection — Statistics — Standard schools — Aids and hindrances by the way — Chief difficulties — Achievements — Unique achievements of the pupils — Recreations (the dance) — General and detailed results of the operation of the school system — Direct and indirect benefits of the mission — Christian loyalty — Maria Gili — A native clergy.

The discussions of our mission conference, following as they did directly upon our visitation of the various mission centers of Flores, were of the utmost value, for they brought home to us again the real life of the missionaries, with all its attending problems, trials, and conquests. Particularly was I given an insight into the marvelous school system which prevailed all over the mission field; and I was at one and the same time astounded and delighted to note the absolute co-ordination which the Fathers established between the concepts of religion, and the close inter-relationship maintained between religious and secular studies. I became convinced that the school system was one very characteristic feature of the whole mission of the Little Sunda Islands, and I proceeded to inquire into it as fully as possible. I learned that the system had been planned by the Dutch government and turned over to the missionaries, to be carried out under the supervision of government advisors and overseers. This



The Pupils of the Ndona School on Their Way to the Chapel

In the Yard of the Boarding-school of Ndona

whole plan of action and relationship between government and mission is, so far as I know, unique in the annals of Catholic missionary operations, the world over.

The whole scheme was largely brought into a state of actual practice through the efforts of the missionaries. It became at once evident that, to make the school plan possible at all, it would be necessary to provide many teachers; and to this end boarding-schools (normal-training schools) were demanded at once. Happily, boarding-schools after a fashion had previously been established in the mission centers of Larantuka, Lela, and Lahurus (Timor); and the currriculum of these schools was immediately changed and standardized by the government, so that the training of teachers for the grammar grades might be begun without delay. Aside from the fact that a long-standing arrangement whereby certain distinct sections of the islands were assigned for Protestant missionary endeavors exclusively, and certain other sections given over for exclusive Catholic administration, the only requirements made of our missionaries in the operation of the schools was that they should be under the direct supervision of the school superintendent of Macassar, and subject to the right of the civil officers to inspect the schools. In addition to this provision for inspection, the government appointed a missionary school inspector for Flores, and another for Timor, with the understanding that these should make it their sole business to go from one school to another, to see that the attendance was regular and that instruction was maintained at the proper standard. These two missionaries were allowed salaries of $60 a month. Moreover, the mission itself employed, for every sub-division or section, one inspector at its own expense. This was done because the sub-divisions are

too extensive to permit of a sufficiently thorough inspection by one school visitor for the whole; besides, the difficulties of traveling are numerous. At the time of my visit, there were five such assistants, for the respective out-districts of Flores, Manggarai, Ngada, Endeh, Maumere, and East Flores.

Concerning the school expenses, the government declared its willingness to erect elementary schools at its own expense, wherever it could be shown that the people actually demanded them and had a sufficient number of children to warrant a school establishment; it also offered to pay for teachers, for school inspectors, for school equipment (furniture, etc.) and supplies, and for renewals of supplies. On the other hand, the duty of the missionaries was to furnish sufficient teachers (i. e., to establish training-schools for the education of native teachers, etc.) and to care for the entire administration of the school system. These regulations have been carried out, and today actually represent the prevailing conditions concerning the schools.

Of course, the support of the schools comes, as a matter of fact, from the people, since they are taxed by the government for this purpose.

There were in January, 1922, 72 elementary or grammar schools on the island of Flores, and 20 on Timor (of course, Catholic schools only are here enumerated). But, remarkable to state, the number of schools on Flores was increased during the year 1922 by 60. This fact alone suggests the opportunities which the present school system affords to the missionaries. As has been intimated, it is understood that missionary work is carried on in direct correlation with the school work; therefore it is at once possible to note what a wonderful advantage for

the general uplift of the people this government plan and aid is to the Fathers.

The resident (local administrator of the government, with headquarters at Kupang, Timor, for the whole island section in which our mission is located) had at the time of our visit an ideal plan in mind, according to which, within ten years from 1923, there should be one school established for 1000 of the inhabitants. If this plan were to be carried out, the island of Flores would have 430 schools in 1932.

The salaries of the school teachers (they are all natives) has ranged, in accordance with the original government regulation, from ten to thirty gulden per month.

Besides these elementary or public schools, we have at present in the vīcáriate apostólic of the Little Sunda Islands five standard (boarding) schools on Flores (in Larantuka, Lela, Ndona, Toda-Belu, and Ruteng respectively), and one on Timor (in Halilulik). In accordance with government regulations adopted in 1915, the government pays (a) the expense of erection and equipment, and three quarters of the expense of upkeep of these standard schools, (b) also three quarters of the annual expenses for teachers, and finally (c) provides for the conveying, after ten years, of all property rights in these schools over entirely to the missions.

Wonderfully helpful as the whole government plan of school administration in co-operation with the missionaries is, yet its very excellencies bring about almost insurmountable difficulties for the missionaries, as they are situated at the present time. Only a brief consideration of the real necessities involved will serve to explain the nature and extent of these difficulties.

In the first place, there are upwards of nine hundred pupils resident in the five standard (boarding) schools

just mentioned. The responsibility rests upon the missionaries to supply all that is required for living (daily food and the like) in these institutions; this requirement alone calls for an expenditure of some twenty-four to twenty-seven thousand dollars, even when an allowance of only eight to ten cents a day is made.

In the second place, it is obvious that, for every circuit of four or five schools opened, the missionaries are obliged, from the Catholic point of view, to provide there for a complete parochial establishment — resident priest, church, priest's residence, etc. What will it profit to give religious training to the children, and to baptize them, without securing for them assurances of proper spiritual guidance and ample provision for the frequent reception of the Sacraments, attendance at Mass, etc.

For these reasons there frequently arises an extremely embarrassing situation. On the one hand, there is the opportunity to open schools; and on the other the inability to profit by it, because of lack of priests and missionaries, utter lack of means available for building purposes and the like, and often, as yet, lack of native teachers available for new schools demanded. Here again, it must be noted, is for the present a real difficulty. For the most part, teachers must have at least completed the five-years' course which is prescribed for the standard (boarding) schools, and, in addition, at least the first two years of a normal course which is offered in our two-years' course at Larantuka, Lela, and Ndona. Those who wish to train for higher studies and for secondary-school teaching are obliged to receive at least two years more of normal-school training at Ndona.

Therefore, to sum up the whole outlook upon the school situation and its direct effect upon the civilization of the people, one must take into account that the people

are in themselves, for the most part, remarkably ready for the school-training and for the acceptance of our holy religion. This vineyard of the Lord simply teems with ripe fruit. Again, from the one side, every possible facility is offered our missionaries to come into direct contact with the people — that is to say, all the facilities which a friendly and liberal government might reasonably be expected to offer.

On the other hand, the fact that thousands of graduates which the schools are already turning out yearly are able to read and are constantly anxious for new instructive works by which to advance their education presents a great problem. There is a dire want of suitable reading matter presented in the proper form for their mental digestion at this period; and because our S.V.D. Press has not yet been inaugurated in this mission (because of lack of funds), contrary to the case in most of our other mission fields, the Mohammedans, especially through their famous society *Sarikat Islam*, are quick to see their advantage, and they bend every effort to scatter broadcast literature which is obnoxious to morals and faith, at one and the same time.

And just here comes the great rub. The huge obstacle of obtaining means and men to establish these centers as truly Catholic parishes constantly stares the missionaries in the face, and this at the very moment when they positively know of the success which is bound to reward their efforts in every case where they are able to provide priests and churches for these localities. Thus, with the missionaries of the Little Sunda Islands, even in spite of the fact that they appear to be, outwardly, far better situated as to missionary aid than many another mission field, their need of funds is, from the particular viewpoint which we have been describing, even greater

than in other fields, simply because they have a sure harvest standing ripe before them, and they feel that both reason and religion demand that it shall be gathered *during harvest time.*

* * *

Now I have told you what the school system actually is and how it operates, but I am bound to lead you somewhat more intimately into the actual life of the boys at school, with particular reference to the standard or boarding-schools, where the boys remain continuously and where every least incident of their daily lives is bound up with the significance of the school.

I think that, without the direct testimony of one who had been there and had seen and noted all, it would be extremely difficult to conceive of the possibility of training these pagan and newly converted boys to carry out in detail and to perfection such a complete system of school administration as was being daily worked out at the several boys' schools I visited.

In the first place, the best native teachers procurable are employed for these boys' boarding-schools. In the school at Ndona I found six such teachers. All had passed through a course of nine-years' study (the last two years had been spent at one of the principal colleges in the Netherlands East Indies — in Menado, on Celebes) and had graduated with honors. Moreover, their pedagogic training has been excellent; they know how to prepare their lessons and to present them most effectively, and, what is the chief consideration, to secure the desired results. Finally, they are pious men, worthy of the respect of all, and by the very exemplification of their lives they influence the boys towards noble ideals.

With what has been said, it naturally follows that the discipline is excellent; yet, for all that, one certainly does

not look for such achievements as I witnessed, and as others have acknowledged. At the last official visit of the superintendent of schools, representing the Dutch government, 40 students out of 54 passed the State examinations authorizing them to teach in the public schools. The official unreservedly praised the standard (boarding) schools given into the charge of our Fathers, and highly commended the intellectual abilities of the boys. And it must here be definitely stated that, in truth, no mean credit attaches to the boys themselves; for, though they are possibly not quite so keen and quick as our lads at home, yet their gifts of memorizing are far superior, and their close application to study is also very noticeable. On this last score I was told that the boys had frequently to be driven from the schoolroom, after the noon meal, in order to procure for them a proper amount of physical relaxation after a morning's close application to textbooks. Exact obedience and precision in carrying out all that they do help to speed the progress, discipline, and self-control of these former free children of nature.

But when all that has gone before has been said and done, I have not yet begun to tell you what these students actually accomplish in their school life. In order to make my narrative the clearer, let me call to mind, for a moment, the ordinary conditions under which our pupils at home carry on their studies. Every possible thing in the way of convenience is provided for them, before or after they enter upon each day's work, to facilitate their efforts and to allow them the maximum amount of time for sheer study and recitation. They never dream of assuming any responsibilities concerning the school itself — its general upkeep, such as the cleaning of the rooms, halls, etc., the removal of waste paper, the filling of ink-wells, the erasing of blackboards, sweeping, dust-

ing, scrubbing, and the rest. Indeed, our American boys and girls frequently complain bitterly because of the tedious strain to which they are put merely to prepare and recite their prescribed lessons in a satisfactory manner.

But with our boarding-school students on Flores and Timor, everything connected with the maintenance and general upkeep of the schools (aside from the providing of funds and procuring of supplies) is assumed by them. They understand that they are not at school for the sake of intellectual development *merely*, but that they must learn to *carry on* in life, in all ways, and especially through direct demonstrations of systematic action, good order, neatness, and practical administration. Therefore, they are obliged to learn to help themselves in every respect. Now then, let me enumerate some of the things that they do:

First, they prepare their own meals.
Second, they set their own tables and wash and wipe their own dishes.
Third, they sweep their own schoolrooms, halls, etc., and mop the floors.
Fourth, they wash, iron, and mend their own clothes.

In short, they do everything to be done about the schools. Neither cooks nor servants nor even Sisters are required for them, so far as these things are concerned. Every one takes a bath, every day, after the *chores* are done, and everything, even the playground, is swept clean. Thereafter, you will see the students emerge, immaculate in their white suits.

But all this by no means indicates that 'Jack is a dull boy,' or that 'Jill is a dull girl'. They have their recreation, to be sure, and plenty of it. They do not go in

for modern games to any great extent, because these require too great an outlay of money for equipment, etc.; but they are just as well content with their own more primitive forms of amusement. Their chief recreation consists in dancing, according to their own ancient forms of ring dances. They are not familiar with our old-fashioned "square" dances, nor with the "round" dances of the latter half of the nineteenth century, much less with any of those more modern and obnoxious forms which are called "rags." But let me describe to you somewhat just what their dances are.

First, the mode of dress has a good deal to do with the form the dancing takes, and still more with its charm of effect. Not that, in their case, either the dress or the dance changes radically, but the style of the one (as is, most unfortunately, the case at home) inevitably determines the type of the other. All wear the undergarment commonly seen elsewhere throughout the island: it is called the "kain." But our students wear also the white "badju," a thin, white, short coat.

All gather around the prompter, or perhaps he is more properly called the "cantor," for he chants a certain refrain, in a more or less impromptu manner, to which the dancers respond with appropriate gestures. If at any time the cantor pauses, the dancers then continue to sing out the last refrain given, always accompanying the words with the corresponding figures.

On Sundays and holidays the boys go out for walks, just as our boys do at home, either to the woods or mountains or to the seashore; but I think they travel most frequently to the shore, for there there is always an opportunity for a dip in the ocean blue.

* * *

Now that you have seen what the school does for the boys, or, possibly, what the boys do for the school, I want to go on and show you how the school system as a whole becomes the nucleus for the widespread ramifications which the combined education and religious program involves. For it must always be borne in mind that the missionaries' work is, first and foremost, the saving of souls, and to this purpose they gladly employ every legitimate and worthy means made available. So let us turn to note just what the actual outcome of the school system is.

First, it calls to the missionaries all the upper classes of the people — kings, chiefs of villages, notables, and the like. All these people have the Gospel message presented to them, and this *principally* through the channel of the boarding-schools. Thus the rulers of the people are, first off, secured for the Faith; and they lend a mighty influence toward the ultimate complete Christianization of all the inhabitants. The sway and control of these local potentates is no mean affair; for although they are obliged to comply with the general regulations of the Dutch government, they in all other respects hold their original control over their subjects. For instance, King Pius, of Ndona and a number of tributary sub-divisions, rules over 100,000 people. He is himself an exemplary Christian, and is of the greatest assistance to our missionaries in the spreading of the Faith among the natives. When our vicar apostolic, Msgr. Verstraelen, made his first visitation to the district of King Pius, after his appointment as first missionary bishop of the Little Sunda Islands, that ruler besought his Lordship, saying, "Tuwan Uskup (Bishop), please send more missionaries to my kingdom; for all want to be converted, and I want to see all Catholics, before I die."

The king of Sikka has jurisdiction over 60,000 native souls, of whom 30,000 are now Catholics.

But with the gaining of kings, and kings' sons and daughters, it not only comes to pass that the country falls under Christian rule, but furthermore, it requires of the missionaries that they shall supply increased facilities for the conversion of all the people. For instance, there are many outlying kampongs where there are no schools; but obviously the spread of Christianity is needed there as elsewhere. Here is where the work of catechists comes in; and catechists are one particular and most important product and outcome of the school system. In all the standard or boarding-schools there is a special course for catechists, quite apart from the department of normal training for teachers. And it will speedily be seen just how important and invaluable are the services of these catechists; for they not only teach religion in the outlying districts, but they hold classes in Christian doctrine, for *grown-ups and girls,* in other settlements. A traveling catechist will cover four or five kampongs a week, giving instructions and preparing the catechumens for the far less frequent visits of the priest. Here I will pause to explain that by far the greater number of our school pupils are boys — probably 75% of them, at least. It is not that there are no girls available, and it is certainly not that they are unwelcome in the schools; but the mothers are loathe to part with their assistance in the garden and about the house; and since school attendance is not compulsory, the missionaries must in every case abide by the decision of the parents. But the girls are no less in need of religious instruction than the boys; consequently here lies a special task of the catechist. Moreover, there are large villages in which many *grown-ups* are desirous of becoming Catholics. Here again is

a special need for catechists.

And thus one comes to see how the school system reaches out and at last vitally affects the very constitution and disposition of the families themselves. Sometimes the children are first secured for Christ; sometimes parents and children come into the Fold at once. However the case may be, a great change in the home is immediately felt. How great this change may be no one not really acquainted with the whole missionary situation in these parts can fully realize. Only the missionary can realize what it means to have a number of good Christian families, all leading exemplary lives. But here is one instance where figures tell something that is truly significant. During the past year our priests have heard 276,000 confessions and have distributed 905,000 Communions in this vicariate, — proof ample of the effects of Christianity in the homes. Moreover, morning and evening prayer in the homes becomes the custom, and a remarkable purity of life comes to be manifested, together with a true readiness to make sacrifices for the Faith. How great sacrifices are required under certain circumstances, one narrative will help to indicate.

Maria Gili was instructed and baptized by Father deLange. Her parents were pagans. In 1923 Maria was sold as a wife, to a pagan who already possessed a wife. However, the marriage contract was signed and settled by Maria's parents, and she was ordered to obey their will. But she boldly told her parents that she was a Christian, and that, as such, she could not marry a pagan who already had a wife. However, this was no reason at all in the eyes of her parents, and she was simply forced to fulfill her part in the contract. Upon her refusal, she was tied to a post in her bedroom, and her proposed husband was given free access to her. She,

however, showed such admirable wrath at this intrusion that, though he returned each night for several nights, she succeeded in controlling him with her eyes and tongue. At last he complained to the parents. Then they put her to the torture, giving her the lash. But she succeeded in escaping, and made her way to the convent of the Sisters. Nevertheless, she was, after a time, recaptured, and then tortured more cruelly at first. As a final outcome, she was given her choice — to accept the man or to suffer death. She at once chose the latter alternative. But shortly after this crisis, even after the death tortures had begun, she was suddenly, for some unknown reason, set free. She at once fled again to the Sisters, who treated her with the greatest kindness, and kept her with them until long after her complete restoration to bodily strength.

* * *

In time (and may God speed the day) a native clergy will put the crown on the combined work of the school system as it is operated by our Fathers in direct relation to their missionary labors.

The most prominent and the most pious of the pupils who finish our day schools are sent, if they wish it, to our boarding-schools. This action constitutes what we may term the first "sorting" among them. After boarding-school, the best graduates are offered a further normal course of four years. During this time they are also taught a modern European language (i. e., Dutch), and throughout this whole period they are carefully scrutinized for their several abilities or defects. At present the Fathers have 50 students of the department. From among these, the most promising and the most pious are again selected as prospective candidates for study looking towards a native priesthood. At the present time the Fa-

thers have eight such young men — brilliant in talents and noteworthy in the love of the religious life.

I shall make an end here of our study of the schools on Flores and Timor. I have endeavored to show the principal and outstanding results of this wonderful educational system which is in operation in this mission field, and to indicate what a mighty champion of religion education may become when applied and appealed to through proper methods.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Trials and Triumphs of a Missionary Priest

Embarrassments and humiliations consequent upon dealings with the government — The placing of responsibility for missionary success — The question of assumption of the responsibility — Living conditions of missionaries — Difficulties of travel (inaccessibility of the kampongs) — Difficulties with the dialects — The Malay the official language — The bishop's report.

As has been intimated in the preceding chapter, the progress of the missionaries on Flores and Timor would upon first consideration appear to be certain and comparatively easy; but immediately it was shown that the very advantages offered through the schools and the general attitude of the government demand a proportionate outlay of means and men which it is, on the whole, heartrendingly difficult to procure. And it is no less painful and humiliating for the missionary frequently to be forced, because of lack of funds, to refuse repeated requests for native catechists; and this is the more so, because the missionary knows that, unless he is able to meet such demands, the Mohammedans will not be slow in seeking to supply the lack after their own fashion.

It appears, I think, convincing to all that, under such conditions, following as they inevitably do upon the direct appeal of the people for educational and religious advantages, there is evidently a great opening for Christian charity to respond to the call, at once and adequately. As I say, all will agree that even ordinary honor and

respect for our common Faith would demand that this need be met without question. But the ability to respond does not rest entirely upon the missionaries. Indeed, their only proper position in the matter is that of willing volunteers who are offered for the service and sent out for it by Holy Church; but Holy Church, through its Faithful (in donations and free-will offerings of all sorts) has ever esteemed it a great and blessed privilege to furnish the ways and means to the missionaries to carry out those things for which they are sent. Under the present condition of affairs, unless the body of the Faithful in America and Europe come to realize these necessities and contribute in some thoroughly efficient manner, to supply the financial assistance required for the opportune work set before the priests on the field, these laborers in Christ's vineyard will simply be forced to present the situation in a light decidedly unfavorable to the very position and standing of Catholic Christendom, and especially disadvantageous in the eyes of Protestant and Mohammedan antagonists, as well as of the natives themselves. Without the slightest consideration of augmenting the work, it has been shown that about $28,000 is needed merely to feed the students in the boarding-schools. If the required catechists for the present work are maintained, another $12,000 annually is required. Then there are questions of the building and upkeep of churches, of the support of priests, of the providing of suitable abodes for the workers, of the amounts needed for the administration of charity — medicines, clothing, etc. These are but a few of the expense items which must be met by the missionaries, through funds received almost solely from contributions of the faithful. And the faster the mission develops, the greater becomes the requirement for

increased facilities for religious training and for the spiritual and pastoral care of the people.

At this point something more should be said about the living accommodations provided, in many instances, for the missionaries. This matter has been touched upon in several places in this book — for instance, recall the experience of the priest in Toda-Belu, who, with Brother Joseph, lived in a simple grass hut for over a year and a half. Again, there was Father Schoorlemmer of Badjawa; he was brought almost to the doors of death because he was obliged to carry on his work, month after month, with nothing resembling proper living conditions provided. But these are by no means exceptional cases. Our bishop in the Little Sunda Islands has simply been without the money to build priests' houses, and the majority of them spend at least a large part of their lives under living inconveniences of the most distressing kind.

Another feature which makes the missionary work especially difficult is the fact that the kampongs or hamlets are so inaccessibly situated, being for the most part found upon hillside districts or directly upon hill-tops. In each of these kampongs, when one is traveling in the outlying districts, there are likely to be found anywhere from five or ten to sixty or seventy families; but frequently there are but few. In consequence, the visits of the missionaries consist of one unending series of ascents and descents, the way almost always leading through a veritable jungle-tangle, with deep abysses, overgrown trails, fallen trees, washouts, and impassable torrents to create problems all the time.

Thus it comes about that the missionary lives about half his life on horseback. He is constantly exposed to the hot tropical sun, and very frequently to the mighty

torrid storms. He ascends rocky mountains and fords dangerous rivers, then, if on a tour, finishes out his day's labor by sleeping on the irregular bamboo floor of a shed, after having eaten whatever the chance of the occasion or the good-will of the natives may have offered him.

Because I was especially interested, I inquired particularly about the mission trips abroad. It seemed to me that my few experiences of traveling from place to place had shown very clearly how arduous and wearing this sort of thing must be, year in and year out; and so I asked for details.

Two days before a long trip — and a "long" trip lasts anywhere from six days to six weeks — provisions and necessities are gathered together: bedsheets, blankets for the night, one khaki suit, of underwear at least three pair of everything, for perspiration renders it necessary to change often; all the articles necessary to say Mass, for baptism, and for the last Sacraments. Also some rice, potatoes, beans, and a few conserves are taken, and with them some kitchen utensils, plates, forks, spoons, etc., in case it is found impossible to buy food in the villages. These necessary articles are packed in kerosene cans, well covered, so that, in the event of rain, or while wading the rivers, they may not be spoiled by getting wet. No box is heavier than forty pounds, and two boxes must be equally heavy, as they are loaded on each side of the horse. A wooden saddle is laid on the animal's back, and the boxes are tied together. A boy usually leads the horse on the way. But on the island of Flores men carry the articles, and no horses are used.

In the primeval forest the path is narrow and rugged, and is sometimes very steep, with here a stone, and there the trunk of a tree, making progress difficult. At other places the branches hang so low that the horse cannot

get through. But the guide is always provided with a big knife. The dense leaves of the trees keep back the sun's rays, and wild fowl and a deer or two occasionally enliven the journey. High above, little groups of monkeys, young and old, small and large, can be seen jumping swiftly from branch to branch. The boys who lead the horses with the provisions have to be careful that the boxes do not crash against the stumps of trees.

If the people know of the coming of the Fathers, groups of men and women, boys and girls, come to greet them, singing the prayers, as they call it.

Spending the night in a Christian village is not so bad, a missionary assured me. A long shed is his bedroom. Mats are spread out. The people cover the open wall of the building with leaves of the *tuak* tree, so that the rain during the night may not bother the Fathers. The bed is the floor of the shed, made of split bamboo laths, which are about two inches apart. These laths are never equally thick; they have knots, and one lath will be higher than the other. It is not a soft mattress, but a soft mattress would be too warm for this climate. The wanderer, tired from the fatigues of the day, soon closes his eyes. No millionaire on his quilts and cushions could enjoy a more healthful, refreshing rest than does the missionary on the *bali-bali*. In the morning there is no dizziness, because the missionary has slept in the open air; he is rested and prepared to say Mass. The sun has not yet risen, there is no breeze, the candles burn undisturbed, and the priest may offer the Holy Sacrifice with devotion. The heathen onlookers do not understand the ceremony; but in places where there are Christians, they receive holy Communion most devoutly.

In many ways considerable difficulty arises from the fact of the great difference in dialect, and sometimes this

is felt even upon going comparatively short distances, perhaps from one kampong to another. In Flores there are five distinct dialects spoken. In East Flores they speak Solorese; between East and Central Flores, they speak Sikkanese: in the Endeh district they speak Lionese. Finally, there are the Manggarai and Ngada dialects in respective districts farther west on Flores. The Dutch, feeling the need of an official, administrative language, have chosen the Malay tongue for this purpose. At first sight it would seem that this dignity should rather fall to the Javanese language, which is spoken by more than twenty-four million persons, while Malay is the mother-tongue of some four millions only. Javanese, however, is far from easy; its grammar and syntax are complicated: it contains modes of speech which vary as one addresses an inferior, an equal, or a superior. The Malay language owes its selection to its extreme diffusion — a result due to its own qualities and that of the Malay race.

It is not only the language of the various Malay groups established in Malacca, Perak, and Singapore, and throughout the whole peninsula; it is also understood in Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Flores, Timor, and the Moluccas, and in all the southern portion of the Philippines; by millions of persons, in short, all of whom belong to rich countries with an extensive trade. The widespread use of this language, in comparison with the limited number of Malays, is due to the simplicity, the suppleness, and the harmonious pronunciation of the Malay tongue. It has a great facility of assimilation, so that wherever it has been adopted it has acquired terms borrowed from the dialects which it has replaced. We may discriminate between two kinds of Malay. One is the literary language, which is written in Arabic characters; a refined, subtle language, full of fine shades; a ceremonious, dig-

Father Stenzel, S.V.D., and Class Immediately after the Conferring of the Sacrament of Baptism upon Them (at Rowo-Reke)

A Catechetical Class, Made up of Old and Young, Gathered about the Base of an Old Waringa Tree

nified language, as difficult to learn as any other Asiatic tongue. The other is the "low Malay," "vulgar Malay," or *laag-maleisch*, as it is known in the Indies; a language sufficient for those who are dealing with ordinary matters, enabling them to travel everywhere without an interpreter, and to converse intelligibly with the natives: this may be acquired in a few months.

* * *

In closing this chapter I think it most appropriate to present the latest report of Bishop Verstraelen, showing the exact status of the Little Sunda Islands mission as it is at the present itme. It shows the results thus far obtained for sacrifices made, and reveals the foundation that has been laid. Upon this foundation the future labors in the islands must rest.

First is given a plain statement of the number of baptisms during the past year. There were 12,176 of them; this raises the total number of Christians in the entire vicariate to 78,000, Then the confessions are given, — 275,471, — and also the Communions, — 905,367. The very figures plainly set forth the attitude of the people (the pagans) towards the Faith, and they also reveal the genuinely Christian spirit of the converts.

But more than this, it is also remarkable to note the longing and craving of the people for spiritual happiness. The bishop traveled a great deal during the last year (1924), confirming in all 8,394 Christians. Everywhere he was received by the pagan inhabitants with kindness and even enthusiastic good-will, all of which appeared to his Lordship in the light of convincing testimony as to the desire of these people to be enrolled under the banner of Our Lord.

This attitude of theirs appears in a still more favor-

able light when a comparison is made of the records of the past five years.

In 1920 there were 7,908 baptisms.
In 1921 there were 7,299 baptisms.
In 1922 there were 6,046 baptisms.
In 1923 there were 7,308 baptisms.
In 1924 there were 12,176 baptisms.

Whence the surprising increase of almost 5,000 baptisms for this year over any of the foregoing years? There were very noteworthy reasons for the sudden gain, among which must be reckoned particularly the attitude of the pagans toward the Faith, as was mentioned above, then the untiring zeal of our missionary band, and last but not least, the generous assistance of kind benefactors.

But the baptismal records of these last five years also tell a remarkable story. You will observe the deplorable decrease from 1920 to 1922. Why this? Because the missionaries were sadly crippled in their labors. Of necessity neglected by former friends in Europe, who suffered from the shocking consequences of the war, means were scarcely found to secure the bare living expenses of the mission, and it became absolutely necessary to dismiss most of the catechists. The debts of the mission grew alarmingly, and apparently, unavoidable disaster threatened our mission.

But in this utmost distress God showed Himself a providential Father, and much help began to reach the mission from friends secured in the United States; however, the work for 1922 was sadly depleted.

Moreover, embarrassing conditions generally predominated in the mission, far into the middle of 1923. For all that, an increase of almost 1,300 baptisms is to be

noticed. This was, however, but a beginning of new achievements.

As soon as the natives perceived that catechists were available once more, they flocked to the missionaries and petitioned them for instructors for various local districts in the islands; therefore the bishop permitted the Fathers to employ more catechists. How astonishing has been the result! Twelve thousand, one hundred and seventy-six pagans have entered into the harbor of truth during the past twelve months! Among them are not fewer than 4,529 adults, — men and women — and here is undoubtedly the most magnificent feature of this marvelous hastening towards the Faith. Indeed, the missionaries almost experienced a stampede; but the pity of it was, that they could not fully avail themselves of this exceptional opportunity to lead a whole army of 500,000 people into the fold of Christ. Now the harvest is ripe. now the people are well disposed; now the opportunity is favorable: but it has been found impossible to comply with the wishes of the hundreds of thousands of natives; and this is the more deplorable, because the Mohammedan missionaries are always about and always on the alert. As soon as they ascertain that natives who have applied for a catechist have been turned away with a reluctant refusal (because of the missionaries' lack of funds), they approach them and gladly offer their teachers. Thus many souls have been lost through Mohammedan interposition.

While the mission now supports one hundred and sixty-five catechists, that many more are absolutely needed to furnish instruction to all that want to be instructed. Just remember that 12,560 adults at present attend the instructions, but that thirty times as many are yet eagerly waiting for religious teaching. Just remember that

21,323 children follow the catechetical classes, but that ten times as many do not yet enjoy this favor, all because there are not sufficient funds to support more catechists.

Reference was made in the beginning to the great number of confessions and holy Communions received, as ample proofs of the genuine Catholicity of the Christians. In truth it is most consoling to learn of the piety of the new converts — their faithful attendance at Sunday Mass, frequent reception of the Sacraments, morning and evening prayers at home; remarkable purity of life, and the spirit of making sacrifices for the Faith. These are the external evidences which indicate that the Faith has totally permeated them.

* * *

If one really reads between the lines, nothing speaks more eloquently of the trials and triumphs of the missionary's report. Here all the longings, all the disappointments, all the patient, hopeful waiting, all the good things, come about and to come, are laid bare for him who would take heed. The very poignancy of the distresses and the glory of the successes really show, as nothing else in the world can show, that the bearing of the message of Christ abroad constantly inspires the missionaries to ever greater effort and sacrifices. And in realizing the working of this leaven among them, one is bound, I think, to accord them no sparing measure of sympathy and commendation.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Away to the Island of Timor

The quietude of retreat — Glad tidings — Somewhat about Msgr. Verstraelen — We set out for Timor on the Gemma — On the way — The dolphins — The landing at Atapupu — Halilulik — Seko Gobo — Father Kerkhoff from Tubakki — A holiday — Certain characteristics of Timor.

Following upon the mission conference, the retreat opened Friday evening.

In the midst of the retreat, on Monday, at dinner time, came a half-hour of interruption which became a real occasion of rejoicing. Father General announced that a cablegram had been received from the Mother House at Steyl, carrying the news that the Holy See had raised this vigorous and growing mission of the Little Sunda Islands to the status of a vicariate apostolic, and that Father Arnold Verstraelen, S.V.D., the present superior of the mission of Timor, had been appointed the first vicar apostolic, succeeding the late prefect apostolic, Msgr. Noyen, S.V.D., who had died in Holland, on February 24, 1921.

Prior to his coming to the Netherlands East Indies, Msgr. Verstraelen had been a missionary in Togo, Africa for six years, and at this time of his elevation to the bishopric he had already labored nine years on the island of Timor. The news brought general satisfaction and comfort, and congratulations were at once showered upon the new bishop-elect. Then all returned quietly and thankfully to continue the exercises of the retreat. This

period of grace was a boon to the missionaries, not only because of the fact that their own superior general was with them as retreat master, but because they had not been privileged to meet for a retreat, for the past several years.[1]

The formal closing of the retreat and the renewal of vows took place on Thursday night; and on Friday morning, after our Masses, silence was broken, and many were the plans mapped out for the future. Immediately afterward, Father General and I, with Bishop-elect Verstraelen, after receiving a little farewell celebration and the farewell cheers of our confrères and the natives present, went down in buggies to the Endeh harbor. It was proposed that we should go to the island of Timor to continue our visitation of our Vicariate of the Little Sunda Islands. We were to make the trip from Flores to Timor on the *Gemma* or as the Dutch and natives call it, the "white" boat, because of its color.[2] It is a government steamer of about one thousand tons, with a crew of thirty-five natives and four white officers. We were in-

[1] It may be of interest to some to have here an account of the consecration of Bishop Verstraelen. Naturally, he desired to return to his home country (Holland) for the ceremonies, in order to be among relatives and friends of his native diocese. He arrived at the Mother House at Steyl in August, 1922, and after some weeks of travel abroad among his people, completed arrangements by which his consecration was to take place on October 1. Bishop Schrijnen of Roermond, the ordinary of the home diocese and of the Steyl mission house, performed the consecration; and Bishop Diepen of 's Hertogenbosch in Uden (where a new college and novitiate of the Society of the Divine Word is situated) and Bishop Hopmans of Breda (in which diocese our Society has recently erected a new seminary of philosophy and theology) assisted.

[2] The regular line of steamships of the *Koninklijke Pakketvaart Maatschappij* (K.P.M.) are all black in color, while the government boats are painted white. Therefore the islanders conveniently distinguish between the two by simply speaking of the "white" boat or the "black" boat, as the case may happen to require.

formed that the boat had cost a million gulden ($400,000) and that it costs nine hundred gulden ($360) a day to keep up the service and running condition of the steamer. The boat had arrived in Endeh harbor the preceding night. All missionaries may take this white boat to any point of the islands, and are required to pay only a nominal sum for meals and bed, and for the trip. Certainly the government is very courteous to our Fathers in this part of the world. As we arrived in the harbor we were taken over to the *Gemma* in small boats, and we found, when we reached it, that the officials were present, as a school conference was about to take place on shipboard. Father deLange and Frater Buis attended this conference, together with the government officials already present. There is a real danger to the entire group of islands in their ever-growing Mohammedanism, and the danger is not alone to Christianity, but to government control as well.

Our steamer moved eastward around the volcano of Endeh, and then along the entire southern coast of Flores from Endeh eastward, first proceeding to the island of Alor, port of Kalabahi. There was with us on board a certain Dr. Rodenwald, a German physician who had been formerly a physician in Togo and who consequently was familiar with the work of our Society and personally acquainted with not a few of our Fathers. He was to leave us at Kalabahi, where he had been sent by order of the Dutch government, to examine malarial conditions there and to study the situation in order that proper measures might be taken to suppress a plague which was spreading with alarming rapidity on some of the islands of the Netherlands East Indies. Early in the morning on Saturday we passed by the island of Pantar and thence proceeded straight for Alor. As we approached, we had

what was to me a wonderful experience. There were a hundred or more dolphins in the water, ahead of us, and at least as many on either side of our boat, all swimming in the same direction as we were traveling, and all apparently endeavoring to make equal speed with us. It created the impression that these fish were actually pulling the steamer. The sight was so much the more beautiful because the water was fine and the bright sunshine shone directly upon their glistening, oval backs. It seemed as though they gloried in sporting in the sun's rays.

At ten o'clock we anchored off Kalabahi (Alor), leaving at two in the afternoon for Atapupu, our port of destination on Timor. As we neared the end of our short sea trip, the genial captain of the *Gemma* carefully explained to us the invariable course which a steamship was required to take when approaching the port of Atapupu from afar. The town itself is completely surrounded by high mountains, and in the far distance one can discern a steep cliff that appears to be cut off directly from two huge rocks which rise out of the sea. The course of a vessel must be turned in the direction of the cliff, if the hidden and treacherous rocks that lurk all about the entrance of the harbor are to be avoided.

It was late when we disembarked from the *Gemma* and for the first time set foot on the island of Timor.[3] In the company of Catholic natives who hailed from

[3] The word *Timor* means *East;* and I may mention here also the explanation of the word *Flores.* Flores is called *Tandjong Bunga* in the Malay language — which is the name of a cape on the eastern part of Flores, meaning Cape Flower. The Portuguese who arrived at Tandjong Bunga on Flores, for the first time, found that it was covered with a rich vegetation and flowers, and so called the whole island *Flores.*

The Harbor of Atapupu, Timor

Ai Lolok, King of Middle Timor, and Family. At the time of our visit the king was receiving catechetical instruction. He and his household are now Christians.

everywhere thereabouts, along the shore from Atapupu, we walked to our mission station.

It is a good thing that the mission station has been established inland, for Atapupu is a sweat box and a veritable mosquito nest. The government officials do not live at Atapupu, but in Atambua, which is about a thousand feet higher up in the mountains, twelve miles to the south, and very beautiful. We found that most of the Atapupu residents were Chinese, and each had his little *toko*, doing business which extended as far as Atambua. Our mission station was beautifully situated and very quiet and homelike.

On April 2, Passion Sunday, we went to our second station, Halilulik, via Atambua. As Atambua is twelve miles from Atapupu, so, in turn, Halilulik lies some fifteen miles farther, which meant twenty-seven miles on horseback. The scenery is picturesque and romantic; hidden dells, with greenery of delicate shades; sturdy trees; thick undergrowth; beautiful flowers and rich ferns. We stopped at the house of a Mr. Mueller, who is a Catholic and a Dutch captain; we regretted that he was not at home, but his good wife had sent a messenger to us, requesting us to stop in order to rest a little and have dinner before proceeding farther south. We were glad to avail ourselves of this hospitality, and a pleasant surprise came to me in the shape of meeting with Father Henry Lewen, a former classmate of mine, who had just arrived at Mrs. Mueller's from his mission station Halilulik. Our joy was mutual, for we had not seen each other for eleven years. Father Lewen had been sent to Togo in Africa first, and was then transferred here.

We enjoyed a good bath and a rest, and then after a short while the children of the "Desa"[4] school, with the *guru*, or teacher, soon appeared to offer Father General a welcome, with several songs and a war-dance by six boys. The physician of the town and the lieutenant — both fine men — were present, also.

At 2.45 p.m., we were off again for the second part of our trip to Halilulik and found conditions very similar to those we had encountered previously. We now discovered ourselves in a lonesome, swampy, forest-like district, and had to cross a number of rivers, the water reaching to the horse's breast in several places, while the whole stretches were so muddy that the poor animals could hardly plough through. Besides, we had to make our way through several sections grown thick with high "alang-alang" grass. It was after seven, and darkness had set in when at length we arrived at Halilulik, our central mission station of Timor. From afar the one hundred and eighty boys of the boarding-school, having been notified of our coming by Father Lewen who had gone ahead, gave vent to their joy by shouting, whistling, yelling, etc. The Catholics here were more than delighted with Father Verstraelen's appointment, especially since he had been superior of the whole mission district in Timor. About an hour later Brother Sales came in from Tubakki, another mission station, as far south as Atapupu is north of Halilulik. This Brother is a real giant, and the natives and children enjoy many little jokes over his "bigness." I, for one, pitied the poor little horse that had to carry him.

April 3 and 4 — Monday and Tuesday — were spent in inspection of the station. The buildings were very practical and real models for tropical countries. Although

[4] "Desa" is the Javanese word for *kampong*, i.e., village. Hence here it indicates *public* or "grammar" school.

Msgr. Noyen visited the radja of this place in 1913 it was not until 1918 that Brother Lucian arrived and began to cut the first logs for a home for the missionaries. Cement had to be hauled from Atapupu, and, as we had seen, there were no roads for wagons. Everything was carried on horseback, and each horse bore a *piccol* — one hundred and twenty-five pounds. All the work was done by Brother Lucian, who, with Father Lewen, managed the whole station of Halilulik. The excellent sluices, etc., by which the distribution of the rich mountainous water is regulated throughout the mission compound, is due to the skill and efforts of Brother Willibrord (now in Flores). A large school has been erected, also a dining- and play-hall, with a kitchen and storehouse for the boarders. Half the play-hall serves as a chapel, and on Sundays the doors are opened, so that the entire hall is filled. A large dormitory has been erected, each child having his own place and sleeping mat, which he rolls up in the morning. This station is comparatively new, and in addition to the dormitory for boys, the missionaries hope soon to build a boarding-school for girls close by.

Halilulik is the mission station that boasted, not so very long ago, of a "miracle worker" — Seko Gobo, by name. Seko Gobo was a Timorite, who by a series of mental gymnastics, arrived at the notion that it would be extremely pleasant to be a god with power to raise the dead to life. A few such miracles, he concluded, would bring him no end of respect and advantages, and would, incidentally, serve as an easy method to stock up on rice, food, clothing, money, trinkets,) and what not. The plan no sooner entered his head than he started a rumor afoot, extolling the magnitude of his powers. The fame of the "miracle worker of Halilulik" was shortly

noised among the credulous natives. Losing no time in making inquiries, they dug up their deceased relatives and carried them to the all-powerful "god."

The missionary, Father Matthias Berschbach, also heard this wondrous news, and decided to investigate. When he arrived on the scene he noticed that about fifteen skeletons were laid out, awaiting the resurrection, and more were expected hourly. Being human and curious, he joined the crowd that surged into the god's hut, and there a wonderful scene greeted his eyes. Numerous relatives and friends, amid noisy disputes, wild gestures, and verbal combats, were on hands and knees, arranging the bones in the natural order, so as to have each bone in its proper place: lest, after resurrection, some unfortunate would have to limp around on a pair of uneven legs, or be afflicted with some similar calamity. Finally, after much haggling over a few stray bones, all seemed to be set to their satisfaction. Then they shuffled out, to leave the wonderworker alone.

The god then hastily rolled up his shirt-sleeves and began to work furiously, greasing and smearing the bones with clay, red paint, and cajuputti oil. Mopping the sweat from his brow, Seko dashed out and excitedly shouted: "The bones revive! The bones revive!"

The people, fearing to cross the threshold of his "workshop," peered at the bone pile through the open door. Sure enough, the bones had already taken on a brightened color, and the fresh odor of the cajuputti oil added not a little to the conviction that their eyes did not play them false. The faith in the new god rose high, and every one was on edge with expectation. Seko's wild promises worked them into a veritable frenzy. The psychological moment for Seko had arrived. Quick to seize

it, he demanded sacrifice, gifts, homage, as became any decent god.

"Good people," he said, "you long to see your loved ones. Ah, yes, I can raise them — I've done it a thousand times; and now yonder bones only wait a final word from me, and they will spring into life. But will a god help you if you do not first bring gifts? Does not sacrifice become a god? Do you expect evrything and wish to give nothing? Hie yourselves off, then, and fetch gifts worthy of a god and of one who has power over life and death."

In their excitement the people trampled over one another in their mad desire to be first with their gifts. Some brought rice; others, corn; still others, palm wine, money, trinkets, blankets, whatever they could lay their hands on. Though they were in feverish haste, Seko calmly sat in the shade, smoked his pipe, and watched the gifts pile up. While he smoked, he dreamed. His dreams were, however, rudely disturbed by his devotees with their shouts, queries, and demands. Evidently their faith was greater than their patience, though to all demands and expostulations he had but one answer: "Not yet."

But the hour was so tardy that one old chap in the name of the rest gave the god a piece of his mind. Another, convinced of the humbug, made up his mind to beat a retreat. Seko was, however, equal to the occasion, and, casting promises to the winds, he began to threaten his clients. Placing his pipe behind his ear, he leaped up and shouted:

"Let any dare to desert this place! Let him do so, I say, and he will rue the day! Before he reaches his hut my revenge will descend on his luckless head and will strike the life out of his worthless body. Go if you dare!"

Seko won the day, and the mob cowed at his feet, preferring to stay and take a chance at starvation rather than call the god's mighty wrath on their heads. A few days elapsed in this way, and, though the bones had not changed, the people clung to the spot, some in fear, some in disgust, and others with the expectation that they would really see their deceased relatives come to life and would learn the secret of that mysterious region beyond the grave.

But the same rumor that had brought Seko such a thriving trade now brought him disaster. The government officials, ever on the lookout for such incipient rebellions, hearing of the "great deeds," sent a troop of soldiers to investigate. On the very day on which Seko had faithfully promised to do the miracle, the soldiers appeared on the scene, and penetrated the god's palace before he could effect an escape through the back window. In the twinkling of an eye Seko was captured. His hands were bound behind his back and, with a rope around his neck, he began his march to headquarters. Seko was put in jail.

The people, recovering from their astonishment, made a scramble for the bones, and went back to their homes. These incidents are strange and preposterous, but the story is true and goes to indicate the low standard of civilization that still obtains on these realms of heathendom. The one and only remedy for such ignorance and superstition is the sane and sober doctrines of Christ.

On Monday afternoon Father Kerkhoff came over from Tubakki. This missionary priest had been, for fourteen years after his ordination, working in the dense primeval forests of Brazil, South America. As he was a Hollander, he was transferred here. Tubakki was the only one of our Timor stations we did not visit, and that

The Mission Compound of Halilulik, the Central Station of Timor

A Catechist Engaged in His Daily Task — Expounding the Essentials of Christian Doctrine to the Natives

is why Brother Sales and Father Kerkhoff came to us instead. Tuesday was a free day for all the boys, and a great feast was given the Catholic natives around the station in honor of Father General. A big carabao (water buffalo) yielded up his life for the occasion, and the meat was prepared and distributed, so that everybody got a piece. Then there was a dance by women and girls, each holding a sort of drum under one arm as she danced. The whole crowd was led by two men dressed as warriors who constantly waved swords. This was a peculiar dance, and one we had not yet seen.

Our Timor mission field has a few odd characteristics. The eastern portion of Dutch Timor — that is, the Belu, and the north central Timor districts, were given to us by the government for pastoral care and mission work. The rest is in the hands of the Protestants. Two languages are spoken in our districts — the Tettum language in Belu, and the Davan language in north central Timor. Altogether, we have 80,000 people under our care — or about one fourth of the whole Dutch Timor population. Up to this time we had been working in the Belu district, with four stations: Atapupu, Halilulik, Tubakki and Lahurus. In north central Timor no resident priest has yet been stationed owing to lack of personnel.

CHAPTER XXIX

The End of Our Mission Trail in Timor, and — Adieu

Our last mission station — A slippery road — The clouds open — A scorpion bite — A mixup of boats and a real adventure — We reach Larantuka — A last farewell — Something about the Celebes — Macassar and its exports — Predominence of Mohammedanism — The eight priests of the district — Waiting for a boat to Sydney, Australia — Reminiscences of Blessed Spinola, a missionary of olden days.

After Mass on April 5, and at quarter after six in the morning, we were off, via Atambua, to our last mission station in Timor — Lahurus — which is about six hundred meters high, the most beautiful and the most healthful place in all the Timor district. This is the mission which, as we said elsewhere, Father Mathijssen, S.J., founded. At ten o'clock we again made a stop at "Frau Mueller's," where coffee and biscuits awaited us. Then we mounted our horses, with eighteen miles to travel on a very hot day, in an open country, devoid of wood or forest. The road to Halilulik had been bad, but we found certain stretches here far worse. At one o'clock we rested and ate our luncheon under the shade of a tree. Our horses, too, were tired and needed rest and food as much as we did. We found the change a welcome one and were thoroughly enjoying it when Father Schmitz arrived. He had come from Lahurus, to greet us and show us the road; so we mounted and set

off again, coming nearer and nearer to the high mountain Lakán, at the foot of which Lahurus is situated. As we passed over an elevation along the road we had to cross a mountain slope which was not quite solid. The hind feet of the horse on which Father General was riding sank into the earth, and it trembled and shivered so that we were quite alarmed, until we managed to get the animal up on firmer ground, and decided that it would be better to make the stretch on foot. For a time we had Portuguese Timor before us, on the other side of the river. Then, farther along, we were obliged to cross the river, proceeding through a narrow wedge, as it were, of country that formed a part of Dutch Timor. Near the point of this wedge, after a weary journey over rocky slopes and across two tumbling rivers, we reached Lahurus. We were congratulating ourselves, that we were safe so far, when a dark cloud that had been forming about the summit of the Lakán moved over us, and opened, letting down a torrential rain that soon drenched us to the very skin. The road was bad enough until the rain began — at first but a few drops, then a heavy downpour. When the land rises, streams of water rush down the narrow road, so that one seems to be walking in a brook; when the path descends every step counts, for the slightest error will send one flat on one's back. Our clothes were dripping water, our shoes were soaked with it — and the best we could do was to make an act of resignation. Slowly we reached the station, our poor horses with heads hanging low as if the rain had robbed them of all courage. We did not see Lahurus until we stood in front of it, because it is right behind the mountain range — and we came upon it so suddenly that we were astonished.

A change of clothing being necessary, Father Berschbach generously lent me his cassock; but a scorpion that

had taken up its abode therein objected to my use of it and stung me severely. The pain was so intense that for the two or three hours that followed I wanted to give a little native dance of my own, and I did not cease to feel the effects for the next three days. We went to church to thank God for His kind protection during the trip, then we greeted our dear fellow missionaries — Fathers Berschbach, Schmitz, and Brother Calixtus — also the four Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, who were working here. Brother Calixtus had been six years in Togo, nine years in New Guinea, and nine years in Timor. He was, in truth, the first of all our Brothers who landed in the Little Sunda Islands after we had taken over the mission field. We inspected Lahurus all day. The most significant thing here is the magnificent water supply. Right in the center of the mission compound is a big old tree, and under it a rich fountain, a babbling spring coming up in four abundant jets which send the water gushing down the mountain. The Fathers have harvested it to meet every possible water need of the compound. There are smaller springs close by. All here speak the Tettum language. The Sisters have started a boarding-school, which promises big things for the future: there are twenty-two girls.

Friday, April 7, was set for our return to Atapupu, in order to catch the "black" boat, the *Van Outhorn*, which was to take us, via the islands east of Flores, to Larantuka and the other ports west of it, thence up to the city of Macassar on the island of Celebes. From Celebes we were to take a larger steamer of the *K.P.M.* down to Sydney, and thence we would again go up to New Guinea, our next goal.

We had made this plan, but the affair developed into a real adventure. The captain of the "white" boat, the

Gemma, telephoned to us from Kupang, the Dutch seat of government on Timor, that the *Gemma* also would be at Atapupu on the day following (Saturday the 8), and that this "white" boat would carry us directly to Larantuka, without making the semi-circular sweep of the smaller islands. We decided to avail ourselves of this opportunity, because the shorter trip would probably give us a chance to stop over in Larantuka another two full days before our final departure; moreover, the shorter trip would also save us about thirty dollars in passage money.

Behold us, then, quite content over this slight change of our program. But at this juncture the tables were turned on us, for both boats suddenly changed their schedules. We were notified that the "black" boat was to arrive at Atapupu on Friday instead of Saturday, and that the "white" boat would not, after its arrival on Saturday, steam directly to Larantuka, but would make several of the eastern islands first. Thus it became evident to us that, if we were to wait and take the "white" boat, we could hardly expect to reach Macassar in time to make the steamer upon which we proposed to embark for Sydney, N. S. W.

We got up at 3.30 a.m. on Friday, said Mass, and at 5.30 were on horseback, with the hopes of catching the "black" boat at Atapupu. Bishop Verstraelen, Father General, Father Bersbach, and I set out as day was dawning beyond the mountain tops — Father Berschbach was to remain at Atapupu for Holy Week. We went back as we had come two days before, over the same rivers, across the same dangerous mountain slope, where all were again forced to dismount. A native boy took both horses here, and Father General and I went down together along that muddy, slippery path, rendered doubly dangerous because of the rain. God protected us. We got

through even the last river on horseback — one which is famous for its many crocodiles, and the scene of many a tragedy, for children have been caught here time and again by these ugly "muggers."

When we arrived at the main road to Atambua, we switched off into a short cut toward Atapupu. At about 9 o'clock we were met by the "assistant resident" of Atambua. He told us that he had arrived on the "black" boat — and added that if we wanted to make it we must hurry, as it was to leave again at 10 a.m. sharp. Hurry! How we rushed down those mountain cliffs, striving anxiously to reach the harbor. In vain! When we arrived at 10.30 a.m. in Atapupu we were told that the boat had left an hour before — and as we stood on the shore we could see it in the far distance, puffing eastward toward Dilly in Portuguese Timor. We had made the twenty-four miles from Lahurus to Atapupu in five hours — but our haste had availed us nothing.

We were now in real distress. Bishop Verstraelen, however, telegraphed, as a last hope, to the resident in Kupang, explaining our situation, and asking him that when the "white" boat, as now announced, came on Sunday, would he kindly direct a change of route that would take us to Larantuka first, so that we might connect with the "black" boat there for Macassar; unless this were granted, we should be delayed for a whole month. We awaited an answer to this request all day Saturday, not knowing how it would turn out. — —

Sunday, April 9, was a *real* Palm Sunday. Father Berschbach officiated and a crowd of about three hundred Christians were present, taking part in the procession, all carrying freshly-cut palm leaves. After Mass a message came from the telephone office, announcing that the *Gemma* would arrive at 3 p.m. This gave us some glimmer

of hope, but we had as yet no knowledge of whether the resident had yielded to our petition and given orders to the captain to take us straight to Larantuka. At eleven o'clock two breathless boys came running into the station with word that the "white" steamer was coming — that it was almost in the harbor. Hoping against hope, we hurriedly finished our dinner and went down toward the landing-place — and here some government officers told us that the *Gemma* would leave in two hours and go straight to Larantuka. What a relief after the suspense of the last three days! *Deo Gratias!*

We left on the *Gemma* at half past two o'clock, and the trip on the open sea was most pleasant. It was very quiet, and at night the moon and stars spread a brilliant pageant before our eyes. Among the passengers was the *Dominee* of Kupang — the Protestant minister here is called *Dominee*, as in Holland. He was going to the island of Alor, and so were the other government passengers, but instead of taking these directly to their destination, the government officers had kindly acceded to our petition and we were to touch first at Larantuka.

As the boat carried us onward we saw the islands of Alor and Pantar in the distance. At ten o'clock we were along the southern coast of Lomblem; then we turned north into the strait between Lomblem and Adonara. The next morning, very early, about ten minutes to three o'clock, we were before Larantuka, the moon and stars still keeping faithful watch and the big Ilimandiri surrounded by a halo of mist and clouds, its top hidden in a clinging gray mantle. We arrived three hours ahead of the time because of the current — swinging into it, the captain said, just at the right moment.

At four o'clock the roosters of Larantuka roused all from their morning dreams. At half past four and at

five the tolling of bells from the Sisters' convent and the mission church again rang out over the waters, adding to the solemnity of the hour, and to our devotion, as we were on deck making our morning meditation.

At half past five the motor-boat of the *Gemma* was let down, and took us ashore, and certainly all in the mission compound were surprised when we put in an appearance ready to say Mass. They had expected us to come later on the "black" boat, which came into the same harbor three hours later. We were more than fortunate, after missing it, to be here at all.

The last hours we spent with our Fathers at Larantuka were most precious to us. We discussed many things that had happened, and much more that we hoped would happen. God only knew how and under what conditions we should meet again. When, at half past two in the afternoon, we set out in the *Van Outhorn*, westward for Maumere, I felt melancholy — Flores was a familiar spot by now, and it was quite likely that I should never see it again.

On Tuesday at midnight we anchored in Maumere and remained on the boat until six o'clock when we went ashore to say Mass. We met Fathers van Cleef, Dorn, and Terheyden; and presently Fathers Fries, Grootmann, and Mertens came from the Maumere district to bid us a last farewell. With the six Fathers and Brothers Theophorus and Bernard we spent a pleasant day until four o'clock, when we had to board the steamer again for our next stopping-place, Reo, which is the harbor for our Manggarai station of Ruteng. Father Dorn joined us, since he was bound for Ruteng as the next superior to replace Father Glanemann, who had been sent to Ndona.

On Wednesday, April 12, we three said Mass in the cabin and had just finished when we arrived before Reo

at six o'clock. More of our confrères awaited us, — Father Janssen and Brother Francis had come down from Ruteng to the steamer, — the only two whom Father General had not yet seen; so they availed themselves of this chance to have a chat with him about their missions.

In Ruteng our Father Glanemann had only recently opened a new station, in which Mohammedanism is very strong, while the greater part of the inhabitants remain in the state of their native paganism.

It was Father Glanemann himself who had previously described to us the weird living arrangements in Ruteng and it seems well to insert his account at this point, in my narrative.

The kampongs in and about Ruteng consist of three or four great shed-like houses, and each building holds from one hundred and fifty to two hundred beings. One building, about one hundred and twenty-five feet long, contains some thirty separate families; each family is provided with its own fireplace for the preparation of meals, there is not even a single chimney for the entire thirty hearthsides! Nor is there a window or door! The roof slopes almost to the ground, and a hole is made in it, at some point or other. Down this hole every individual going to make up the entire thirty families (the hole is only big enough for one at a time) must go whenever he or she seeks "home and mother," or dinner, or whatever else may be required. Of course the same performance (only I should imagine it would be more difficult in this instance) must be gone through whenever anybody wishes to gain the fresh air. I think you will find your imaginative faculties in good trim, as were ours at Father Glanemann's recital, when you stop to consider the smoke, the odors, the heat, and the noise! The nights are cold, the water likewise: consequently the natives do not favor

bathing. But they proceed to even further extremes in their search for comfort. They rub mud into their clothes. This mud when dried, according to their testimony, prevents the cold winds from penetrating to their bodies.

We enjoyed the joke, too, when Father Glanemann told us that he is well known in the surrounding villages and finds himself greeted on all sides, particularly by the children, with the beautiful name *Ema tuwa,* "Grandpa!" Should one or other of the children be shy, and hide behind its mother's apron, it is told:

"Why fear? It is your grandpa!"

The conceptions of the natives are often unfathomable to a foreigner, but Father Glanemann is proud of the name, and could he count all those who thus address him, he says, you would agree with him that he is indeed a veritable Mathusala of grandfathers!

In order successfully to counteract the efforts of Islamism, the participation of Sisters in mission work at Ruteng is indispensable. Five years before the missionary arrived in Ruteng, Manggarai had schools in the three chief places. The children, mostly sons of chiefs, were instructed by the catechist. The missionary, during his annual visit, examined, instructed, and baptized them. Now they have left school, indeed, and many of them have followed their fathers in the assumption of the office of chief. But there are no Catholic girls in Ruteng, and there will be no Christian families until Christians marry.

Finally the time came when we were compelled to take leave of Father Janssen and Brother Francis, and of Father Dorn as well. At eight o'clock the signal was given for departure, and we said "*Salamat*" (good-by) for the last time. The motor-boat took our three confrères off to shore, and once more Father General and I found our-

selves alone, and expected to be thus for the next four weeks until we should meet more of our missionaries at Sydney, Australia. A certain Dr. Brix, a physician at Ruteng, had joined us, with the officer and soldiers of Ruteng. They were on their way to another stopping-place which the *Van Outhorn* was to make at the most western harbor of Flores, Labuan Badjo. Here we arrived at 3 p.m., leaving again at five and turning northward to Macassar, Celebes — a distance of two hundred and ten miles. On Holy Thursday, April 13, Father General said Mass in the cabin, while I served and received holy Communion. It was an exceptionally strange Holy Week for us.

Though we sighted the island of Celebes at half past ten in the morning we did not arrive in Macassar until five in the afternoon. Father Kapell of the Tilburg missionaries of the Sacred Heart is in charge of the mission station of Macassar. He awaited us at the pier and conducted us to his hospitable *pastorie*. Macassar has about sixty thousand inhabitants, and is the capital of Celebes. Near the port live the natives: Macassars, Bugis, and Malays; each in their own *kampong*, but on good terms with one another. The exports of Macassar, besides copra, consist of rattan, oil of cajuput, and macassar oil. Cajuput is a volatile oil from a tree which the Malays call the *kayu putih*, or white tree, on account of the white bark which covers it. The oil is liquid, volatile, green, transparent, with a strong and agreeable odor. To the Chinese and Malays it is a veritable panacea: they give it for rheumatism, gout, paralysis, epilepsy, toothache, etc.

Celebes has all things needful to make it one of the most fortunate countries in the Indies: an exceptionally fertile soil and a rich subsoil; an excellent climate, bays and natural harbors equally secure and numerous, and a vigor-

ous and intelligent race. The smallest village in Celebes drives an active trade in copra, rattan, waxes, gums and resins, oils and hides, and (in the case of the coast villages) dry fish and salt, beche-de-mer, and tortoise shell. The greater part of Celebes is still virgin soil; peace and order, the pacifying of the interior tribes, would enable the natives to break it up for cultivation, while the population, decimated by head hunting, would have an opportunity to recuperate itself.

As a mission station Macassar is badly handicapped by the fact that nearly all the inhabitants are Mohammedans. The missionaries of the Sacred Heart took over this mission field in 1919 from the Jesuits. Only one priest and one Brother are stationed here, and of the five hundred Catholics about two hundred are Hollanders. Indeed this island of Celebes, in spite of its rich natural resources, is a very stony and thorny vineyard of the Lord. While Mohammedanism predominates, farther up in the north there are Protestants. There are only eight priests in the entire prefecture apostolic. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Portuguese missionaries had baptized many thousands of the inhabitants, but when, in 1660, the Hollanders took possession of the island, the Catholic priests were compelled to leave, while the Catholic inhabitants were Protestantized by force. Catholics who immigrated later on, remained for long times without pastoral care, because no priest could go to them save by special permission of the government.

The residency of Menado, in the north of Celebes, is, perhaps, more densely populated and more wealthy than that of Macassar and its suburbs. It comprises all the northern portions of the island, and is divided into two districts: that of the Minahassa, in the northeastern portion of Celebes, and that of Gorontalo, with the Sangi

His Lordship, Bishop Verstraelen, S.V.D., with Father Koch, S.V.D., and a Few of the Natives of Solor Island

A Group of Native Candidates for the Priesthood (Flores)

or Sangir Islands. The capital, Menado (10,344 inhabitants, of whom 576 are Europeans, 2,784 Chinese, and 300 Arabs), is built upon a site that is perhaps unique in the world — a beautiful and spacious natural harbor, while close behind is a magnificent range of mountains. The European quarters consist of a few vast avenues, planted with magnificent trees, and running from the shore toward the mountains; the houses, even the finest, are of wood, and thatched with *attap*, so that they may not have the opulent air of the stone mansions of Batavia or Surabaya, but a cheerful freshness, which is the prevailing note of the city. The climate of Menado is extremely healthful, and the heat is tempered by the sea-breeze, so that the nights are cool. Epidemics are very rare. The number of Protestants, most of them living in Minahassa, is, at present, about 180,000, while the Catholics number but 12,000.

On Good Friday and Holy Saturday — April 14 and 15 — we were happy to participate in the last Holy Week ceremonies in a mission station. Some four hundred parishioners, belonging to the parish of Macassar — Hollanders, Malays, half-castes (half Dutch and half native) — and some fifty Florenese make up this parish. Father Kapell told us that the last-named are a credit to their home church, that they are practical Catholics, and always ready to co-operate in all festivities and solemn occasions, or decorating the church and taking part in the musical celebrations. During this Lent I had very much missed the real Lenten work that I was wont to do in the United States — the ceremonies, confessions, sermons, etc. So, on Easter Sunday, when I had a chance to sing a High Mass, I felt like crying "*Alleluia.*" Father Kapell was deacon, and Father General subdeacon. I truly oppreciated this, for I knew that such an honor would not

easily come to me again. The choir was a credit to the little parish. It was made up mainly of "inlanders" (natives) and Hollanders (teachers, military officers, etc.).

Celebes, as I have said before, has been, since 1919, the prefecture apostolic of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (M.S.C.) of Tilburg (Dutch Province), but the German Fathers are helping out. Most of the eight priests on the island are at Menado in the Minahassa district, about three days' journey by steamer to the north. Slowly we became reconciled to the fact that we had to spend seventeen days here in Macassar, waiting for the S.S. *Houtmann* of the *K.P.M.*, which was to take us to Sydney. But sometimes we worried, in spite of ourselves, over possibilities and probabilities; and we came to marvel anew at the patience of those men of God of olden times, even those of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, who had to brook terrible delays and setbacks when trying to reach their missionary destinations. For instance, St. Francis Xavier made the voyage from Lisbon, Portugal, to Goa, India, under dread conditions and delays which are well described in the older biographies of the saint's life. Departing on April 7, 1541, he arrived at Mozambique, after a tedious voyage, at the end of August; and so great was the mortality on shipboard from scurvy and pestilential sickness that it was found necessary to winter at this settlement. At length, after a swift passage across the Indian Ocean, the saint arrived in Goa on May 6, 1542.[1] And again, we recalled the life of Blessed Spinola, an Italian Jesuit. He was appointed as missionary to Japan. Leaving Lisbon, to sail around the Cape of Good Hope, a terrific storm carried the vessel so far from her course as to leave her along the coast of

[1] Cf. *The Life of St. Francis Xavier*, by M. T. Kelly (B. Herder Book Co., 1918), pp. 77—85.

England. Here Spinola was put ashore, and was obliged to wait six months before he could secure a passage back to Lisbon. Then he thought to try to reach Japan by way of America. He embarked for Central America, and after reaching there was obliged to wait for three years before he found an opportunity to proceed to Japan. He spent his time in America doing pastoral missionary work, and only reached his appointed mission field after seven years of various kinds of delays and patient waitings.

It was now April 15 with us, and the steamer would touch our port on April 30, coming from Batavia on its way to Sydney, N. S. W. (a distance of 3,232 miles), which it was scheduled to reach on May 13. After that, God alone knew when we should have a chance to travel the remaining 1,930 miles up to Rabaul (New Britain), and finally, the last 400 miles from Rabaul to Madang, New Guinea. Truly, there are long, long stretches on the mission trail!

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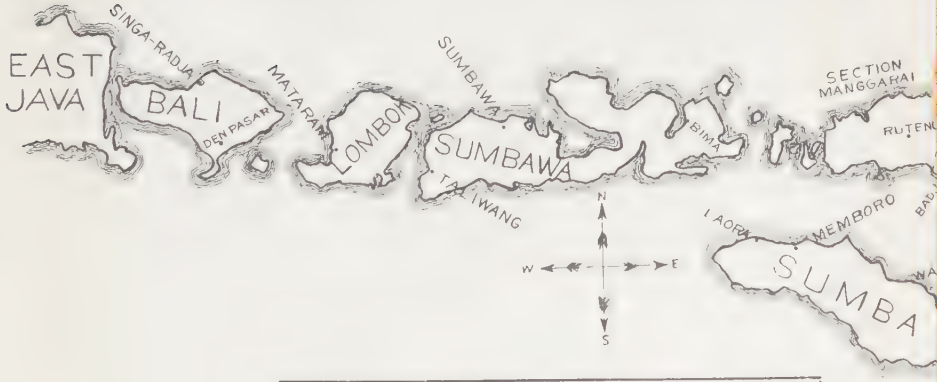

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